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TALES
OF THE
PURITANS.

**THE REGICIDES.—THE FAIR PILGRIM.—
CASTINE.**

NEW-HAVEN :
PUBLISHED BY A. H. MALTBY.
SOLD ALSO BY CARTER, HENDEE AND BABCOCK, CROCKER AND
BREWSTER, BOSTON: G. AND C. AND H. CARVILL, AND JONA.
LEAVITT, NEW-YORK: JOHN GRIGG, AND E. LITTELL,
PHILADELPHIA; LUKE LOOMIS, PITTSBURGH;
N. GUILFORD. CINCINNATI; AND W. R.
BABCOCK, CHARLESTON, S. C.

1831.

District of Connecticut, ss.



BE it remembered, That on the 8th day of April, Anno Domini 1831, A. H. MALTBY of the said District, hath deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the title of which, is in the words

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“ Tales of the Puritans:—the Regicides; the Fair Pilgrim; Castine.”

The right whereof he claims as proprietor, in conformity with an act of Congress entitled “an act to amend the several acts respecting copy rights.”

CHAS. A. INGERSOLL,
Clerk of the District of Connecticut.

BALDWIN AND TREADWAY, PRINTERS.

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THE REGICIDES.

“ We dig no lands for tyrants but their graves.”

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THE REGICIDES.



CHAPTER I.



It was a bitter afternoon in December, the air was intensely keen and piercing, the snow had indeed at length ceased falling, but the heavens looked drear and wintry. The ponds in the village of G—— were all frozen, not with that thin and glassy coating the first ray of sunshine dissolves; a smooth and substantial surface now bore the buoyant tread of the skaters. A finer snow fall had not been known in the season, the solid and beautiful substance lay in glittering expanse, on gardens and meadows, hills and dales, loading the trees with a new and feathery foliage, and covering as with a mantle, every deformity of the relentless season.

It was now four o'clock, as was evident from the appearance of the common, in the centre of the village, thronged with children who were rushing delightedly from the walls of their literary prison.

Education had not at that period reached its present state of refinement; and the joyful groups that now surrounded the school house, comprized the whole juvenile population of the village, without respect to the distinctions of age, rank,

or sex. A shout of eager merriment swelled in the air as the boys surveyed for a moment the brilliant expanse before them, and then plunged recklessly into the cold and beautiful element, dashing it about them, and venting in a thousand joyous freaks the untamed sportiveness of their spirits. But the feminine part of the company still lingered around the door.

"Richard! Richard!" cried a rosy little damsel on the platform, dressed in a green mantle and hood, "Richard Leet, I would like to know how Alice Weldon and myself are to walk home through these drifts?"

"Ah! on your feet, to be sure," replied the courteous youth, at the same time saluting her with a freshly molded ball. "Did you ever hear of any other way of walking Susan?"

"I tell you, Richard," continued the first impatiently, "I shall freeze to death before we get home, and as for poor little Alice she will perish in the first drift. If Henry were only here," she added, gathering up a handful of snow, and vainly seeking to revenge the insult, "I am sure he would teach you to treat me more politely."

"Oh there they are," exclaimed a beautiful child, who, clad in a scarlet coat with bonnet and mittens of the same hue, stood gazing through the window. "They have come at last." And with a spring of delight she appeared at the door, her sweet and merry laugh still echoing through the building.

"You will ride on my sled won't you Alice?" shouted several voices at once, as a party of them came running from an adjacent shed, dragging their rude little vehicles swiftly after them. These were quickly filled with their fair burthens,

but Alice still lingered on the step while the rest continued in vain to urge her.

“Now you may as well hold your peace, every one of you,” exclaimed a proud, fine looking lad, who at that moment came up, his handsome features glowing with exercise, “she will ride on my sled, and I will snow-ball any one that interferes, and bury him in the first drift. Say, Alice,” he continued, softening his voice, “did you not promise to ride with none but me?”

The little girl replied by springing on the sled, and Henry after placing in her lap his Virgil and dictionary, and exhorting her to hold fast, bounded off over drift and pit, nor paused until they had safely reached the gate of their home.

It was a large white building, about a quarter of a mile distant from the common, surrounded with trees now leafless and snow-clad, and presenting an air of comfort and convenience unequalled in the village. The smoke was curling warm and blue from its chimneys; nevertheless the eyes of our juvenile heroine and her knight, turned untempted away;—to the warm and springing pulse of childhood, there is many a merrier thing than the sparkling of a winter’s hearth.

The meadow on the opposite side of the street, just in front of the well finished mansion before which they now paused, was with the juvenile population, at the present season of the year, a place of extremely fashionable resort; and for two especial reasons. The one, a hill that reared itself in the center, and presented at this moment to the eyes of the wistful gazers one unbroken and towering mass of whiteness; the other, that broad and famed expanse of water that stealing from the

adjacent wood now lay, stiff and glittering on the plain.

"Oh, it would be such a triumph," murmured the proud boy to himself, "to have the first ride on Briar hill. Better than the Latin premium itself." "Are you cold, Alice," he continued, turning hesitatingly to his little charge, "I mean very cold."

"Not *very*," replied the child, but with a strong accent on the qualifying word.

"Then we will have a beautiful ride," continued the other, darting impatiently across the way just as the gay group he had left behind, appeared slowly bringing up the rear.

An irritated and impatient shout burst from them as they perceived the ambitious design. "Don't let him beat us," echoed in many an earnest tone—but it was too late. Notwithstanding his lovely little burthen, Henry Davenport toiled rapidly up the precipitous ascent, arriving again at the frozen pond just in time to welcome his disappointed rivals.

A scene of the most exhilarating amusement soon succeeded to the momentary chagrin. Sled after sled, loaded to overflowing, descended swiftly the steep declivity, bounding like things of light over the frozen pond, and not unfrequently landing its passengers in the high snow drift beyond. Then was heard mingling with the creaking snow, the loud and merry shout of the spectators on the hill, and the laugh of the fearless skaters, as they glided gracefully along on their slippery footing.

But in the midst of this interval of exuberant sport, there was a sudden pause.

"We never can have a moment's sliding,"

exclaimed Susan in a low vexed tone. "There is some one coming from the house to warn us in."

"Don't be afraid," answered Alice Weldon, as she stood at the foot of the hill pulling the mittens from her little rosy fingers and seeking to relieve them from the intense cold by rubbing them together. "It is no one but Margaret."

"At all events, we'll have another slide," muttered the disappointed Richard. "Any body that bears a message to me, can take the trouble to come up the hill, I fancy." The proposal seemed to meet with universal approbation, and with one accord the whole party scampered through the snow till they had once more gained the summit.

The person whose appearance had excited so much tumult, now rapidly approached. Judging from the testimony of her extremely youthful countenance, any one might have seen that she herself had but recently emerged from an age, when the amusement she was now contemplating, would have been shared with enthusiastic pleasure. As it was, a light and glad smile betokened her sympathy. The complexion of the young lady was exceedingly fair, a soft bloom gathered over it as she toiled up the hill, light and clustering curls lay on her forehead. The face was not one of perfect beauty; and yet there was in the light of her large blue eye, an expression of feminine sweetness, which could not fail to render that countenance lovely to those who met its glance.

"Ah! you have come to take a ride with us," exclaimed Henry in a coaxing tone, as the young lady joined the group.

“And in fine company, truly,” replied Miss Weldon, laughing and shaking her head, though her eye at the same moment, rested with a somewhat wishful glance upon a party just then descending. “A fine figure I should make, Henry, sliding down hill with a party of truants like yourself.

Susan Leet drew up her lip with scorn.

“Oh, but this once, Margaret, you cannot think what beautiful sledding it is,” continued Henry.

“Don’t tease cousin,” whispered Susan maliciously. “She is engaged to be married, you know, and would not be seen riding down hill for the world.

Miss Weldon reddened slightly. “I am invested with authority to order you all from the grounds,” she added in the same light and humorous tone. “Come, gentlemen and ladies, you are waited for at yonder mansion.”

“And we will give you a ride for your trouble,” replied Henry, while Richard bounded down the steep. “Do, do, Margaret,” he continued, as the children crowded upon the sled.

“Ah, do, here is but just room enough for you shouted several intreating voices; and the young lady, after a hasty survey, perceiving no one in sight, yielded at once to the natural gayety of her heart, and they were instantly darting along the declivity. After a short, almost precipitous descent, the slope was long and gradual, and they had leisure to survey the objects before them.

“Look, Margaret,” exclaimed Susan, at that moment directing her eye to the road beneath. “Do you not see that gentleman looking at us so earnestly? Mr. Russel, as I live,” she continued,

with an uncontrollable burst of laughter at the idea of her cousin's mortification, "and two more, coming the other way. Oh, Margaret, what can you say to the minister?"

"Stop the sled, Henry;—let me get off, I intreat you," rapidly articulated the young lady; but a moment's reflection convinced her that neither the one nor the other of these intreaties could be complied with, without danger to the limbs and lives of the whole party; and while the provoking little Susan seemed to exult in her embarrassment, laughing until her eyes streamed with tears, she was compelled to go on unresistingly.

"Good evening to you, Miss Weldon," exclaimed a well dressed youth, who approached the party just as the young lady had arisen from the bank, and stood shaking the snow from her dark mantle. The countenance of the young student was interesting, and at this moment almost handsome, for the sparkling flush of exercise had gathered over its usual paleness. "You must have had a charming ride, Miss Weldon," he continued, with an expressive smile. There was something slightly satirical both in the look and tone of the speaker, and Margaret Weldon was not the one to be ridiculed with impunity; but the keen retort that trembled on her lips was interrupted by the appearance of the other personages whose ill-timed appearance had created so much embarrassment.

These were travelers, as their well muffled appearance sufficiently indicated; and a second glance was sufficient to convince her that they were not only strangers, but persons of a far different stamp of character from those with

whom she was wont to associate. They were both youthful in appearance. The elder and shorter of the two, was completely enveloped in the folds of a huge coarse over-coat; he wore on his head a bear-skin cap, and a pair of well furred moccasins protected his feet. Two small and twinkling eyes were the only portions of his features visible, through the double and triple coils of worsted that surrounded them.

The other was attired much more carefully in the style of a fashionable cavalier, and a cloak of costly and gay materials was his protection from the cold.

But Margaret had scarce time to make these observations, ere the latter gentleman hastily addressed her.

“Prythee, my pretty damsel, have pity on a couple of errant and half frozen knights, and tell us if a certain gentleman of the name of Leet resideth hereabouts. We should have reached his house ere this, or our directions deceive us.”

The style of address was evidently not relished by the young lady, she drew up her slight form with an air of dignity, replying with an expression of cold politeness, to the forward advances of the stranger.

“My uncle, sirs, the Governor of the Colony, resides in this dwelling; whether he be the person you seek, or not, as strangers, you are welcome to his hospitality.”

There was no need of a second invitation, and the whole party now entered the large enclosure that surrounded the house. The snow had been thrown up on either side from the long straight gravel walks which led to the portico in front of the building. Miss Weldon now conducted

them across an angle of the spacious hall and throwing open the door, at once introduced them into the *keeping room* of her uncle's family. The apartment was large, unostentatiously but comfortably furnished. A well polished book-case mounted on a chest of drawers, occupied one corner of the room, and a mahogany cased clock another; while that on the remote side from the fire, was filled by an enormous cupboard, the door of which was now thrown open, revealing rare treasures of porcelain and silver. But the apartment contained objects of far higher interest to the cold and hungry travelers; a large round table in the center of the room, spread with a snow white cloth and covered with various dishes, and on the hearth a huge blaze, that, roaring and sparkling in the capacious chimney, diffused a light and pleasant glow throughout the whole apartment. Little Susan, at the moment of their entrance, was engaged in throwing down the long chintz curtains, and as the candles had not yet made their appearance, the objects of the room were only illuminated by the brilliant fire light. The other children, having previously effected their escape to the house, were now seated around the hearth, engaged in satisfying their hunger, each from a bowl of bread and milk.

There were no other persons present, and Miss Weldon, after placing chairs for her guests near the grateful blaze, and laying aside her hat and cloak, was hastening to leave the apartment.

Just at this moment the door she was approaching opened, and an elderly, pleasant-looking matron made her appearance. The good lady paused in considerable surprise at the sight of her unexpected guests.

“Mr. Russel, aunt,” said Miss Weldon, in rather an embarrassed tone, as she met her glance of perplexed inquiry,” “and the strangers,” she added in a still lower voice, “are strangers as much to me as to yourself.”

The young student was received with an air of the most cordial welcome, and from the character of the smile which at that moment illumined the benevolent countenance of Mrs. Leet, there seemed some peculiar claim upon her kindness and affection.

In reply to the urgent invitations of their hostess the strangers assured her that their business allowed of slight delay, and that they had yet many miles to travel ere their journey was accomplished, repeating also the request for an immediate interview with the Governor of the Colony.

“He is coming,” exclaimed Richard, who now re-appeared from the hall; and the next moment the master of the house presented himself. His figure was singularly erect, rather inclining to corpulency, and the frosts of time had fallen thickly on his head. The countenance, while it was marked with a degree of shrewdness and good humor, exhibited a certain unyielding look, which perhaps formed its most striking characteristic.

He advanced slowly to the fire deigning only a single glance towards his guests, and drawing the shovel from its resting place in the corner, began deliberately to separate from his boots the particles of snow that still clung to them.

“Here is Mr. Russel, my dear,” exclaimed Mrs. Leet reprovingly, “just come from New-Haven, in spite of cold and snow.”

“Ah, ah, good evening to you, Mr. Russel,” replied the old gentleman, casting another slight glance upon him, and again resuming his employment. “The blood must be younger in your veins than in mine, Mr. Russel.”

“The supper has waited for you, some time,” continued Mrs. Leet, in the same tone of gentle admonition, “and these gentlemen are anxious to see you on business.”

“Supper and business,” continued the governor, directing, as he spoke, one of his keen and quick glances upon the strangers. “We will take our supper first, Mrs. Leet, and talk of business hereafter. No objections, sirs, I hope,” he added, as the knight of the blue cloak was about to attempt a remonstrance. “I attend to no business until we have taken our repast,” and he set down the shovel with an emphatic air. “Come, gentlemen, doff your cloaks,” he added in rather a more gracious tone, as the smoking dishes made their appearance, “sit down with us, and I am at your service.”

The tone of decision was not to be resisted; and without further preamble, the strangers prepared to comply with the peremptory invitation. The table presented, in a small space, a *variety* of cheer seldom surpassed in more sumptuous and costly entertainments; some alterations and additions had indeed been made since the entrance of the visitors, and the whole now exhibited an assemblage of inviting fare, which it would have been hard for the famished guests to have refused. We grieve to say that these observations were principally made by the strangers during the Governor’s fervent petition for a heavenly blessing on their repast, which was in truth

protracted to an unusual length, though the whole family joined in it with expressions of apparent devotion. The quick and rather impatient *Amen* which the young gentlemen uttered at its conclusion, failed not to draw upon them the admiring glances of the children by the fireside, and a gentle expression of surprise from the fair damsel who presided at the board. The attention of the strangers, however, was too much absorbed by the important occupation before them, to notice any unfavorable impressions that might have been made, and they now laid about them with an air, that evinced a prudent determination to make the best of their delay.

“You have had a long journey,” said Mrs. Leet, in an inquiring tone, as she pressed upon her guests the unnecessary invitation to make themselves at home in her dwelling. “You must have been out in the storm, I presume.”

“We were, madam,” replied the younger stranger, pausing a moment in his employment, “our journey has lasted since the early dawn, and I fear is likely to last until another.”

“You are going further, then?” continued Mrs. Leet, in whose gentle heart a slight sensation of the curious began to awaken.

“We think of it madam,” replied the elder, interrupting his companion’s more courteous reply. There was now another pause, and Mrs. Leet seemed revolving in her mind, how it might best be broken.

“We shall be sorry to see you go forth from the shelter of our roof to night Mr.—Pardon me Sir, I have forgotten your name.”

“Kellond, at your service, madam,—Thomas Kellond, and my friend Mr. Kirk.”

“ Ah ! thank you—let me help you to a bit of this cold chicken Mr. Kellond, you must have found but poor accommodations on your route. You dined at Middletown, I presume Sir,” continued Mrs. Leet.

“ We ate our last meal at Hartford, madam,” replied Mr. Kellond, “ and certainly had nothing to complain of, for we were greeted with the best cheer the Governor of the colony could afford.”

Governor Leet who had till this moment affected perfect indifference to the communications of the strangers, now lifted his large blue eyes, fixing them alternately upon each of his unknown guests, with a gaze of deep and fluctuating curiosity. A conversation which he had previously maintained with Mr. Russel, was however quickly resumed, though from time to time an anxious glance at the strangers, intimated a greater degree of interest in their communications than he chose to express.

The repast was at length completed, and, the table having been removed to a less conspicuous station, the family again encircled the fire. Meanwhile every thing had been arranged according to the well established rules of the household. A fresh supply of fuel crackled on the neatly swept hearth, the stand, the lights and the books, were all in waiting. On the other side of the fire place, the children surrounded a low round table, pursuing their respective avocations with an air of decorum, which contrasted strongly with the frolics on the hill. Susan Leet sat with a demure countenance, knitting a pair of woolen hose for her brother, while the latter leaned, with frowning brows, upon his slate, beside her, flourishing his pencil with many a threatening manœuvre,

over the mysterious problems beneath. The youth did indeed occasionally pause amid his mathematical reveries, to examine into the conduct of an intelligent kitten sporting beneath the table, at that moment dextrously engaged with Susan's ball, and amusing her fancy with the graceful undulations of the long white thread, as it darted across her way.

But no such trivial sport had power to arrest the attention of Henry Davenport, as he bowed his young head over the classic page. His hand supported his forehead, straying among the dark and beautiful locks that shaded it, and whenever the eye of the youthful scholar was for a moment lifted, there was that in its deep lustre that told of a mind fitted to revel among the rich fountains of ancient lore, gifted with the inspiration of exalted fancy, and the energy of a daring spirit.

Alice Weldon, whose history is woven with our tale, sat in a low chair beside him, in the first bloom of infant thoughts and feelings, and with the tints of cradle dreams still bright in her young fancy. Her eyes seemed intent on the personages who now surrounded the fire, their naturally pensive expression often vanishing amid smiles and dimples, as she met their glances in return. Indeed there were others who now began to survey the scene with much interest.

Governor Leet, after exchanging his boots for slippers, had seated himself by the opposite stand; the candles were snuffed, the spectacles wiped and replaced, and he now seemed waiting with the most comfortable composure, for any communications that might be made. The silence of curious expectation pervaded the whole apartment, interrupted only by the slight and occasional

ringing of the China cups, as Mrs. Leet carefully wiped and replaced them on the waiter.

Considerable hesitation seemed to exist with the strangers, as to which of them should first open their embassy ; but at length the elder, who had hitherto maintained an air of studied reserve, broke silence.

“Governor Leet, the business with which we are intrusted, is of an official and private nature ; it would be well that we had fewer witnesses.”

“No one here but my family, I believe,” exclaimed the old gentleman, his eye passing in rapid review over the circle, “unless, indeed, we except this young friend of ours,” and his eye rested on Mr. Russel. “But we reckon him about as good as one of us,” he added, with an expression of pleasantry, which brought the blood in richer tides to Miss Weldon’s cheek. “I beg your pardon, sir, but I believe we are all to be trusted.”

“Nevertheless you must be aware, sir,” replied Mr. Kirk, as he drew forth a large pocket book, “that there are certain undertakings which need to be executed with secrecy and despatch, in order to insure them success.”

“Perfectly, sir,” rejoined the Governor quickly, as the young gentleman, after carefully examining the contents of the pocket book, presented him with a folded paper. The Governor glanced anxiously over it, and those who were watching his countenance perceived that it became instantly and strongly flushed. His natural composure of aspect was however soon resumed, and he began in a low whisper to examine its contents.

Miss Weldon was seated at the opposite side of the stand on which her uncle leaned, and she be-

came instantly aware that the kind of humming tone into which the whisper had gradually swelled, was not the unconscious and unnecessary sound it seemed. With the quickness of female penetration, she at once perceived that there was something in the contents of the paper, which her uncle desired her to understand. The frill she was working, dropped from her hand, and leaning her head over the table she listened with breathless interest to the voice of the reader. After a short suspension, the low murmur again commenced, but as yet, she caught nothing but a confused mingling of words. Presently the sounds became more distinct, and the words "treason and rebellion," were plainly distinguished. Then was another pause, and then distinctly followed, "And we do hereby authorize and appoint our true and loyal subjects"——

"Governor Leet," exclaimed Mr. Kirk hastily, "you must be aware that the revealing of state secrets, may be attended with serious consequences."

"Aye, aye, true, Mr. Kirk," replied the old gentleman, with an air of provoking affability; and he was silent for a few minutes. Then as if unconsciously relapsing again into his former tone, "And we do hereby command"—— "Governors and magistrates of said colonies"——"all possible measures"——"imprisonment of said regicides, and"——"denounce as rebels"——"harbor and secrete said Whalley and Goff"——"who in any wise seek to defeat said Thomas Kirk and Thomas Kellond, in the accomplishment of this our royal mandate."

The voice again sunk into its inaudible murmur; but Margaret Weldon had heard enough.

The Governor now re-folded the paper, and casting a single glance at his niece, again placed it in the hand of its owner.

“And what service is required of me?” he asked, turning again to the English cavaliers who had impatiently waited for his conclusion.

“Governor Leet,” rejoined Mr. Kirk, his formal and moderate tones slightly quickened with anger, “You must be aware that in compelling us to hold our conversation in this public manner, you debar us from any opportunity of making those demands our occasions may require. It cannot be expected that we should speak of our embassy, without a due degree of precaution.”

“Richard, my son, tell Willy to build a fire in the other room. Beg your pardon, gentlemen, don’t be uneasy, we shall soon be able to discuss the matter privately.”

“It may be advisable for us to spare you this trouble,” interrupted Mr. Kellond, as Richard prepared to obey. “Our most important demand is that horses may forthwith be procured for us to proceed on our journey. The Governor of Connecticut hath forwarded us thus far, and we are dependent upon your good offices for the remainder of the journey.” Several minutes’ silence succeeded this declaration.

“Governor Leet,” rejoined Mr. Kirk impatiently, “it only remains for you to inform us, whether you choose to furnish us with conveniences for traveling.”

“As to that I cannot answer immediately,” replied the Governor thoughtfully. “It must be dangerous for man or beast to cross the West Hollow to-night. How was it Mr. Russel?”

“The drifts had obstructed the way so com-

pletely," replied the student, "that had I not been entirely familiar with it, I should inevitably have lost the track."

"I am sorry to inform you," continued the Governor, addressing the strangers, "that my best horse is at this moment disabled, and the other two have been at hard sledding all the day. They are out of the question, that is if I expect to see them alive again. Nay, Mr. Kirk, the road is a wretched one, and I would be sorry to risk the neck of the best conditioned horse in the Colony."

"But, father, there is the *sorrel colt*," cried Richard, throwing down his pencil, and preparing to enter with spirit into the merits of the case.

"Please attend to your slate, Master Richard," replied the old gentleman, rather impatiently; "but by the bye, the suggestion is not so bad," he continued with apparent hesitation. "The sorrel colt—yes—it will do well—he is a vicious, fractious thing, and the sooner his neck is broken the better. That is, provided he breaks no neck but his own.

"An excellent proviso, sir," interrupted Mr. Kellond, "but as it would be rather an untoward circumstance that both Mr. Kirk and myself should fall with him, I propose that my companion here do mount the animal, while I proceed on foot after him, and then in case of any ill-timed display of temper, one of us at least would survive to accomplish the embassy. Also, from what you have mentioned concerning the disposition of the beast, I should deem it extremely unlikely that he would for a moment tolerate any

additional burthen to what my friend Mr. Kirk would furnish."

"Me!"—exclaimed Mr. Kirk, with an ill concealed expression of dismay. "I do not know whether you are in jest, Mr. Kellond,—if you are not, I know of no reason why your neck should be held in higher estimation than my own."

"But to cut the matter short," continued the Governor, "I propose that you remain under this roof for the night, and in the morning, as early as you please, you shall be furnished with accommodations for traveling." The gentlemen glanced for a moment hesitatingly upon each other.

"We accept of your hospitable invitation, sir," replied Mr. Kellond, "upon condition that you despatch no one from your roof this night, with intelligence of our errand."

"Certainly, young man, I promise you that no one leaves my roof this night, unless it be of his own free will and accord; and moreover, I give you my word that nothing concerning your embassy shall be repeated by me to any one.

Miss Weldon's countenance at that moment grew pale at the thought of the fearful responsibility so suddenly devolved upon her; for she was conscious that no other persons in the apartment had overheard enough of their communications to form any clue to the nature of their errand. She felt that, to her exertions alone, her uncle trusted, for conveying the intelligence of this new warrant to the unfortunate exiles who were its objects, and with the pride and heroism of a young heart she resolved to endure any peril rather than disappoint that confidence.

Of the present condition of the banished judges she knew little. Their general history was indeed familiar to all; that they had boldly stood up for the rights of conscience and freedom in their native land, even until the blood of a royal martyr had stained their path; that they had once ranked high in that proud army whose valor had awed the nations, and were now driven helpless and exiled, seeking succor amid men of the same name and faith with themselves, and men who professed the same high principles of action; these were facts familiar to all. Neither was she unaware that the regicides were at this moment concealed in the village of New-Haven, having been driven from their original place of refuge, by the intelligence of an act of pardon excluding them from its privileges, and a warrant authorizing his majesty's subjects to apprehend them wheresoever they might be. She was aware also that the chief men of the colony favored their concealment among them, affording them various disguises; and she believed that in one of these she herself had once seen them, though unconscious of it, at the moment of their interview.

To communicate to the Rev. Mr. Davenport the intelligence she had thus singularly acquired, seemed the only method of averting their ruin. This must also be effected before morning, and it only remained that she should speedily resolve upon a proper messenger. At first thought, the embassy seemed of too delicate a nature to be entrusted to a second person, and she determined herself to brave the inclemency of the weather and in spite of snow and cold, to obtain this night an audience of Mr. Davenport. But a recollection of the fearful drifts that impeded the way,

soon convinced her that this would be a mere waste of life and courage. Margaret Weldon was a betrothed bride; and her eye soon rested on one who combined in her estimation, all the necessary qualifications, for so difficult an undertaking.

The evening now wore slowly away. There had been a considerable effort, on the part of the governor to sustain a conversation with his guests; but they now seemed to have exhausted all peaceable topics and none appeared willing to interrupt the awkward silence. In spite of efforts at cordiality, mutual distrust and suspicion evidently existed between them.

An appearance of the evening refreshment consisting of nuts and apples did indeed restore a slight degree of cheerfulness, and during the period employed in partaking of it, Miss Weldon left the apartment. Presently after, a light knock was heard on the outer door.

"It is a person wishing to speak with Mr. Russel" said the servant, who having but just entered from the kitchen, hastened to obey the summons.

"Ask him to walk in then, Clara," said the governor, "and don't stand with the door open."

"I have, sir," replied the servant, "but Mr. Russel is requested to step to the door." The gentleman thus called for, now taking a lamp made his way to the hall, closing after him the door of the parlour. A female figure well wrapped in a mantle, with bonnet so large as entirely to conceal her features, was standing in the portico.

"Samuel," said the sweet voice of Margaret Weldon, for it was none other than she, "Samuel Russel, I pray you close the door, and listen to me ;

I have much to tell you." The youth could scarce refrain from an exclamation of surprise, but he immediately complied with her request.

"Margaret, you are wild, I am sure you are," he exclaimed in a subdued voice as he stepped into the portico.

"I assure you, Samuel I could find no other way of doing my errand; for the strangers were watching every movement so suspiciously I dared not to send for you. But there is no time for apologies. The gentlemen in the parlour are those despatched in search of Whalley and Goffe, the papers they gave uncle Leet is the warrant for their arrest, and unless we can communicate with them this night, to-morrow the judges will fall into their hands. Uncle Leet has, as you know, given them his word that he will make no exertions in their behalf, but Samuel, you and I are private individuals, and we need not fear that our conduct should draw upon the whole colony the anger of the king."

"You speak nobly, Margaret; I will proceed immediately to New-Haven, and warn them of their danger, but there are many things to be considered. The strangers will be constantly on the watch during the night and certainly will not suffer any one to leave the enclosure unnoticed. I doubt not their suspicions are all awake, and even could I succeed in effecting my escape, my absence in the morning would reveal the secret."

"You must set out," replied Margaret quickly, "as soon as the gentlemen leave the parlour, and before they have time to reconnoitre you will be out upon the main road. And as for the morning, I fancy the strangers will wait for a slice or two; and you will be back to an early breakfast."

“Nay, Margaret, but it is quite impossible,” replied the young gentleman, almost shuddering at the idea of the perils he had so recently escaped, “it is quite impossible that I should return again on foot, and as to horses, they seem totally out of the question.”

“But the sorrel is not so bad,” continued Margaret, repressing a smile, “I do think that uncle has slandered him a little. But Samuel we are talking too long. If you will go, the horse shall be ready for you at the other door. The moment they leave the parlor make your way into the kitchen, and I will see that it is cleared of spectators.” Mr. Russel had scarce time to assent to these propositions, ere Margaret had vanished from the steps, disappearing the next moment around the corner of the mansion.

It was not until the hour of evening prayer that Miss Weldon again made her appearance. There was an expression of deep concern on her countenance; and Mr. Russel saw that her hand trembled slightly, as she leaned upon it while the governor read aloud from the pages of the sacred word. The portion selected was from the holy melodies of the sweet singer of Israel, a lesson beautifully appropriate to the state of the persecuted exiles, and there was something in its promises of heavenly protection that fell soft and soothing on the troubled hearts of some who heard it. Neither was the prayer that ensued better calculated to allay the prejudices of the strangers. It forgot not the afflicted, the banished, the outcast; and there was a pathos, and even sublimity of expression, in the fervent entreaty that God would remember those, to whom man had forgotten to be gracious.

Immediately after the conclusion of the evening devotions, Margaret again left the apartment, directing as she passed a slight and quick glance towards the student.

The tedious evening had now drawn to a close; and the governor with a heavy yawn failed not to testify his pleasure at the signal for retirement.

The moment the door of the parlor had closed upon the strangers, Mr. Russel hastened to fulfil his appointment. As he entered the kitchen, Miss Weldon was standing by the fire and his coat and cloak hanging over the chair beside her. There was no time for ceremony, and while the young man was casing his feet in the warm double socks that had been provided for him, Miss Weldon hastily tied around his neck the fold of an enormous worsted tippet, like what in these days, would be styled a *comforter*. In addition to all the other articles of clothing, she now essayed to throw over him a huge drab cloak or rather blanket, sufficiently ample in its dimensions to envelope his whole person; but this last act of her authority Mr. Russel prepared to resist with a considerable degree of firmness.

“Margaret, it is unbecoming my character; it looks precisely like an Indian’s blanket, indeed I will not wear it.”

“But you must, Samuel,” replied the other in a whisper. “I borrowed it of Indian Jack on purpose for a disguise; and whoever meets you now will never dream that it is not he,” but with all her anxiety, the young lady could scarce refrain from a smile at the awkward appearance of her lover. But the occasion was too serious for the indulgence of mirth, and throwing open the door she pointed to the identical little sorrel, whose

unfortunate eccentricity of character had been so faithfully portrayed by the Governor, tied to a post of the shed and gazing indignantly around him. The moon was partially obscured ; but the reflection from the snow rendered every object visible.

“Speak gently to him—he will never bear to be scolded,” said Margaret, in a suppressed whisper, “and now, Samuel, heaven speed you.” In a moment after, the sorrel and his burthen moved swiftly down the avenue ; and Miss Weldon retired to her apartment, without further communication with the family.

CHAPTER II.

NOTWITHSTANDING the warning of an early breakfast, the sun was shining high through the windows of the parlor ere the guests of Gov. Leet made their appearance.

“Eight o’clock, by Jupiter,” exclaimed Mr. Kellond, as they entered the room, for though the breakfast table was spread, it was apparently unoccupied. “My word for it, Tom, that wily old rascal means to outwit us.” But his exclamations were, at that moment, interrupted by the sight of an unexpected auditress. Miss Weldon was standing in one of the recesses of the windows; but, as her figure was partly hid with the drapery of the curtain, her presence had, at first, been totally unnoticed.

“Good morning to you, fair damsel,” continued Mr. Kellond, with an air of undaunted effrontery; and, approaching the window, he began to address her in that free and careless manner which had before been so displeasing. Miss Weldon, after returning his salutations with a haughty nod, continued still to gaze from the window. Directly opposite was the hill from which she had first seen them, now thronged with all the children of the vicinity. Miss Weldon was apparently gazing at their sports, though from time to time an anxious glance down the road, might

have convinced a careful observer, that some object of higher interest claimed her attention.

“Good morning, gentlemen,” said the kind and soft voice of Mrs. Leet, who at this moment entered the room. “Margaret, my dear, you should have told me that the gentlemen were waiting,” and the good lady hastened out again to order her long delayed-breakfast.

“And where can Mr. Russel be so long, this morning?” exclaimed Mrs. Leet as the family with only this exception encircled the table. “Have you called him, Willy?”

“His door is locked,” replied the servant, “perhaps he has gone for a walk.” A shadow at that moment fell upon the wall.

“And here he is,” cried Richard, who was gazing from the window, while a deep and sudden flush illumined the features of Miss Weldon.

“You have taken an early walk, sir,” said the Governor, as the young gentleman with an animated countenance now entered the apartment, “but better late than never. Richard, move your chair for Mr. Russel.” Margaret gazed earnestly upon her uncle’s countenance, but with all her scrutiny she found it impossible to discover whether his apparent indifference on this occasion was real or assumed.

“Allow us again to remind you, sir,” exclaimed Mr. Kirk, when the repast was nearly completed, “that it will be necessary for us to set off on our way immediately after breakfast, and we request that horses may be provided for that purpose according to your promise last evening.”

“Aye, aye, sir,” replied the old gentleman,

with an emphatic *hem*. "Margaret, my dear," he continued, turning to Miss Weldon, "you were petitioning yesterday for a ride, and I dare say Mr. Russel here, with all his love for pedestrian excursions, would make no objections to a seat in the sleigh. Well, I have business in town, this morning, and here are a couple of dainty footed travelers, ready to faint at the mention of a snow drift. I believe we must e'en tackle up. Willy, my man, tell Simon to get out the sleigh."

"It is unnecessary to put you to this trouble," exclaimed Mr. Kirk, for they were now rising from the breakfast table. "I can assure you, Governor Leet, we must go on without further delay. The horses referred to last evening must surely be refreshed by this time, and we will excuse the want of the vehicle you mention."

"Aye, aye—much obliged to you, make yourselves easy, gentlemen, I am an old man, and like my own way pretty much;—sit down and make yourselves easy," and so saying the governor quietly walked off to attend to the fulfilment of his orders. Miss Weldon had left the room to prepare herself for her ride; and the strangers finding resistance vain, slowly equipped themselves for their journey. A loud ringing of sleigh bells, at the door, presently announced that the vehicle was in readiness; but the Governor was not to be hurried, and vain and fruitless were the significant and angry glances of the strangers, while he slowly and comfortably prepared to meet the inclemencies of the weather. At length, completely muffled from head to foot, the old gentleman sallied forth, followed by the remainder of the party. The kind "good morning," from the group at the door, mingled with the sound of the

cracking whip ; and, with a loud and merry jingle, the sleigh started forth on its journey. The horses were fleet, and the road not so bad as they had been led to fear, so that by the time they had reached New-Haven green, the clock on the old meeting house was only pointing the hour of noon, and its clear tones were yet ringing through the village, as they drove up to the door of the parsonage.

"Gentlemen," said the venerable pastor of New-Haven, after perusing the documents and quietly listening to the representations of the strangers, "you are probably not aware that neither Governor Leet nor myself can furnish you with any assistance in our official capacity, until an assembly of the magistrates of the colony has been convened, which will have full power to consider your requests."

"You forget, certainly, sir," interrupted Mr. Kirk, "that we are acting under the special exercise of an authority, to which your assembly is only a subordinate institution."

"I beg your pardon, sir," replied the governor hastily, "the assembly is the supreme power of this colony, and by no means a *subordinate* institution. Without its sanctions we do not choose to act in any emergency."

"And pray, Reverend Sir," answered Mr. Kellond, a strong expression of contempt animating his features, "will it please you to inform us, at what time this high and honorable assembly, to which the two houses of parliament are as nothing, doth hold its sittings. We would grieve to detract from the reverence due to so exalted a tribunal ; but, as I have before remarked to you, our business requires despatch."

"In the space of half an hour," replied Mr. Davenport, without at all noticing the evident irony of the gentleman's address, "in half an hour, the magistrates will be convened. It is impossible that this should be effected sooner, meanwhile let me intreat you to make yourselves at home in my dwelling; we will signify to you our conclusions as soon as possible."

The tedious interval occupied by the assembly in its deliberations, was principally employed by the strangers, in surveying the appearance of the flourishing little village which surrounded them. They had, however, sometime ago returned from their excursions, ere the governor and Mr. Davenport made their appearance.

"You have been walking," said the latter, complacently, as he drew a chair to the hearth.

"We have," replied Mr. Kirk, in an abrupt and ungracious tone, "but the result of your meeting, sir."

"Aye truly," exclaimed the governor recollecting himself. "Then I must inform you, your petition has been presented to the magistrates of the colony."

"And what then?"

"The subject was ably discussed by our reverend friend here, Mr. Davenport, and deacon Hezekiah Gilbert, also the worthy Mr. Norton made some interesting remarks, on the subject of our relation to the king, in connection with that of your petition."

"Your resolution, sir, your resolution, we will spare the details."

"And it was resolved," continued the governor, composedly, "that as a body of men intrusted with the government of this colony, for the

suppression of vice and the preserving of order among us, we have nothing to do with the arrest of his Majesty's subjects, except in case of actual transgressions of the laws by which we are governed. Resolved, that the exiled judges, Whalley and Goffe have not to our knowledge, in any way incurred the penalties of said laws, therefore, as magistrates, we are not authorized to arrest them. Resolved, moreover, that we will not in any wise hinder the accomplishment of your errand, by secreting or harboring said judges."

"Then," replied Kirk, rising hastily, while his whole countenance colored with indignation, "by the authority of this paper, will I search every house among you, until those rebels are dragged forth to justice. At your peril refuse me. And wo to the traitor who dares secret them."

"High words—high words, young man," said the governor calmly, "but take care, that you do not make it my painful duty to set your feet in the stocks, for abuse of your elders. As to the search you propose, we shall certainly make no objections. Every house in this village is open to your examination, only take a kindly warning that our own laws are in full force, and our magistrates in perfect readiness to see them executed."

The threat which this reply contained, was not entirely lost upon the person to whom it was addressed. Indeed the idea of personal danger seemed greatly to soften the asperity of his feelings. A close examination of the village, was indeed immediately commenced; but the rude deportment previously displayed was now exchanged for an air of decent civility.

It is not our intention to enter into the details

of this day's grievous intrusion upon the sanctity of New-Haven housewifery. Not a house, not a room, not a cupboard that did not undergo the scrutinizing gaze of Messrs. Kirk and Kellond. Wo to the untidy dame who had sought with an outside exhibition of neatness, to cover the deformity of her interior management, for now was her deception manifest. And wo to the notable matrons whose clean and quiet dwellings the feet of Messrs. Kirk and Kellond that day invaded. Not a chest escaped their Vandal touch; and the contents of trunks and closets lay spread on the floor in strange confusion, while their fair proprietors in mingled dismay and wrath, surveyed the scene. But it is not to be supposed that a confederacy of intelligent females was to be outwitted by a couple of unassisted strangers; for, though the magistrates of the colony had refused to furnish further concealment of the regicides, the helpmates of said magistrates in the true spirit of republicanism, secretly declared that resolutions which they had no share in forming, should not be considered as binding upon themselves. The embassy of our worthy travellers was consequently unsuccessful; and, as our history informs us, they departed the next morning from the colony threatening the wrath of the king upon the guiltless magistrates; while the matrons of New-Haven rejoiced in secret at this triumph of their skill.

CHAPTER III.

THE early superstitions of New-England were of a peculiar nature. Not only the public institutions of its settlers, bore the impress of the stern faith they had adopted as their ruling principle, but individual character, private affections, and popular prejudices, were all shaped to the same unyielding model; and thus in the development of those mysterious emotions of supernatural dread so common to our nature, we find traces of the same principle. The genii of oriental fancy, the malignant spirits of German forests, the wild fabric of Scottish credulity have all figured on the pages of romance; but it was on the broad shadows of eternal truth that the weakness of human fear had here fastened its illusions, and a superstition more vast, and more awful hung over the glens and forests of New-England. When the maiden trod quickly, on the lonely path at twilight, it was not that a being of her own creative fancy haunted it. Something more fearful than the vision of the sportive fancy paled her cheek. The object of her dread was one real and mighty being, whose power extended from the abodes of unholy spirits, to the dwelling places of earth, throwing his mysterious and sinful influence even around the inmost recesses of her own heart. He had once stood first in the ranks of seraphs,

and learned wisdom from the lips of the Eternal ; mighty too he was, for he had even waged war in heaven ; and all this wisdom, and all this might, the voice of inspiration assured her, was enlisted against her peace. It was not strange, therefore, that those whom the puritans, in their credulity, imagined in league with this Prince of darkness, were regarded with sensations of unmingled horror. And though this superstition had not, at the date of this narrative, assumed that fearful aspect which in after years spread such dismay through the colonies, it was still openly encouraged by the sanction of good and enlightened men.

It was about six months after the incidents recorded in the last chapter, that a strong excitement of this description, began to make its appearance in the colony of New-Haven. Tales of fearful import were circulated through the village, strange sights and unearthly voices had been seen and heard at midnight, and a secret and indefinable dread thrilled through the hearts of those whom necessity compelled to a solitary walk at evening. When the subtle spirit of popular superstition is once aroused, it floats not long in unsubstantial rumor ; the airy nothing soon finds a "local habitation and a name." So it was in the present instance. The mountain which rears its head about two miles west of the village, was at length declared a favorite haunt of the unearthly visitant. The various fearful reports began now to concentrate on one fair and wandering spirit, who for some unknown cause, had taken up her abode amid the habitations of the material world ; and many a fresh lip grew pale, as the descriptions of that strange and beautiful being

were repeated every day, with a more intense interest. It became, at last, generally reported and believed, that just as the white mist began to break away from the rock, a female form of exquisite, but faded beauty might be seen standing amid the wreathing vapor, and gradually vanishing as it slowly curled from the mountain. Who this fearful stranger might be, and what the cause of her appearance, few dared to question; though each heart cherished its own secret and terrible suggestions. Meanwhile, witnesses to the truth of the tale, gradually increased; and it began ere long to be secretly whispered, that the lady of the mist came not unsummoned to disturb their peace, that there were those among them who had dared to make a league with death, and a covenant with the power of darkness. We grieve to add, that among the objects on whom these horrid suspicions at last rested, were the orphan nieces of Governor Leet, Margaret Weldon, and her fair young sister.

Mrs. Mary Wilmot a widowed lady of high respectability, who had about three years since emigrated from England, under the impulse of religious motives, was now the only remaining sister of their deceased father. Margaret Weldon had accompanied her across the Atlantic, and with her, had passed a large proportion of her time since her arrival in America; but the younger sister had now recently for the first time come to reside beneath the roof of this affectionate relative. Alice had only a few months since arrived from England; and as it was generally believed, the occasion of her mother's death, though the strange and obstinate reserve with which Mrs. Wilmot and Governor Leet had re-

pulsed every inquiry upon the subject, had naturally given rise to many curious conjectures. There was much too in the appearance of the child herself to deepen their interest. Margaret was pretty, but Alice Weldon was beautiful—singularly beautiful. It was not the mere grace of form and feature, nor the expression of infantile sweetness, that constituted her chief charm. It was a kind of gentle melancholy that lingered always amid the beauty of her countenance, stealing out in the light of her deep blue eyes, when their snowy and drooping lids suddenly lifted, softening the dimples of her gayest smile, mellowing the tones of her rich voice even when it trembled with laughter, and breathing over the whole appearance a charm as indescribable as fascinating. And when the report once began to circulate, that Margaret Weldon had been seen in actual conference with the lady of the mist, the suspicions that attached to her name, were quickly and easily communicated to that of her mysterious little sister.

It was just in this state of affairs that Henry Davenport, who now resided beneath his father's roof, one calm night in June, found himself suddenly aroused from a profound slumber, at midnight. The chamber in which he slept, was at some distance from the sleeping apartments of the family; and notwithstanding his usually daring disposition, he found it impossible to suppress a strong sensation of fear, as he found himself thus singularly awakened without any visible cause, and gazing earnestly around the apartment. It was no human visitant that excited his apprehensions.

The mind of the youth had become tintured

with the prevailing superstition, and though he gave not actual credence to all the fearful rumors to which he listened, there was something in the very character of the ideas they produced, well suited to the peculiarities of his disposition; there was enjoyment even in the awe and horror they excited. It was, therefore, with a feeling of trembling expectation, that he now surveyed the objects of the room. It was small, and a bright moonlight streamed through the thin curtain, as every object passed in quick review before him, until his eye rested on a shadowy figure, half concealed in the darkness. A low exclamation of terror burst from his lips. Visions of the Lady of the Mist, flitted rapidly across his mind; and he buried his face in the bedclothes.

“Henry Davenport, is it you?” said a low voice, which he instantly recognized to be that of Margaret Weldon. “I pray your pardon for disturbing your repose. I had thought that this was your sister’s apartment.”

“And what would you of Mary at this late hour?” replied Henry, who was now hastily revolving in his mind the reports concerning her, and his voice gathered energy; “Margaret Weldon, what would you?”

“Speak lower, Henry, and I will tell you,” continued the same voice, and the boy felt a chill at his heart, for her light footstep was now heard approaching the bed. Unwilling, however, to manifest any emotion, he slowly uncovered his face and perceived the object of his terror, gently parting away the curtains.

“Do not be alarmed, Henry, at this singular visit; it was indeed intended for your sister, but now I reflect upon it, I am sure you can keep the

secret as well, and do my errand far better. Henry will you promise not to betray the trust I am about to repose in you?"

"I will not betray you, Margaret, but,"—and he paused, as if unwilling to express his meaning.

"I understand you, Henry," continued Margaret, "you do not desire my confidence; but surely you are not the foolish and timid boy to fear one like me. I know indeed all that you have heard, and was about to show my confidence in your courage, by imposing upon you the very task which alone has procured for me this fearful suspicion." There was something in this declaration which kindled at once the proud spirit of the youth.

"What is it, Margaret? If there is nothing but danger in the errand, I will not hesitate."

"Then take this, Henry," resumed the young lady, after a moment's silence, in slow impressive tones, and pointing as she spoke to a small wicker basket which she held in her hand, "and when the first ray of morning appears, carry it for me to the haunted rock. Nay, Henry, do not be thus daunted with a name. I believe you a daring and fearless boy, or I had never trusted you with the embassy. There is a large and moss grown stone which lies half way up the acclivity—you know it—these foolish stories have made it but too famous. Well, it is there, Henry, that you must deposit your burthen; and whatever you find on that stone bring back to me. And yet, it would not be well," she added, after a moment's pause, "that we should seem to communicate. No, Henry, you may place it on the bench in the garden, and every morning, that is, so long as you

will perform this embarrassing task, the basket shall wait for you there."

"And why?" exclaimed the youth, who could not yet banish from his mind the suspicion of supernatural agency. "Margaret, for whom shall I do all this?"

"For me—for my sake, Henry,—I intreat you, do not refuse me. I have pledged myself to perform this task, and in spite of danger and suspicion have long done it—but a circumstance has now occurred which will render it for a few days, at least, improper, nay, impossible."

"And whom shall I see," continued Henry, not at all reassured by the mysterious language of the young lady.

"No one that will harm you, Henry—the only danger is in discovery. Curious eyes may watch your steps. But you must leave the village by a circuitous path, and do all that you can to elude suspicion. Henry, I must go. Will you do this errand?"

"*I will,*" replied the youth, in a voice which seemed as though his whole soul had been summoned for the effort. "Margaret Weldon, I will do your bidding—but remember—if you are wiling me away to some dark and unholy deed, let the sin and the scathe rest on you."

A smile flitted over the features of the fair visitant, as, with all the energy of a desperate purpose, he pronounced the reply; and then turning with a light and noiseless step, she left the apartment.

But it is not to be supposed that Henry, at once relapsed into that comfortable slumber which her entrance had disturbed. A succession of fearful reflections crowded rapidly upon his mind. The

light trains of association were all kindled. Every faint dream, or half remembered apprehension of evil, every supernatural legend, or wild tale of witch or apparition, from the long forgotten song of the nursery, to the recent reports concerning the Lady of the Mist,—all seemed embodied, and in living array, before him. He feared, and fancied, and reasoned, until his brain grew sick with thought, and every moment the cold and dewy hand of the pale lady seemed ready to press his brow. “I will go to my father,” he at length exclaimed, rising hastily from his pillow, and unable longer to endure his emotion. “It may not be too late to retract this dreadful promise,”—but the fear of ridicule at once arrested his purpose. The moon was shining clear and bright through his chamber, every object wore its wonted appearance, and though his eye passed carefully over every crevice and corner, no sights of horror presented themselves. His head sunk again on his pillow, and, wearied and exhausted, he soon fell into a disturbed slumber.

The fearful visit of Margaret Weldon was now repeated, with all the aggravated horrors an excited imagination could furnish; but instead of Margaret, the pale lady stood beside him, her cold, ghastly countenance peering in through the folds of his curtains, and commanding him to follow. A resistless influence seemed to compel his obedience, and while yet struggling with its power, he awoke.

A faint streak in the east convinced him that it was the break of day, and he hastily recalled to his mind the events of the past night. But the dominion of darkness was now over, and though there mingled some slight apprehensions of evil

with the proud consciousness of the trust reposed in him, he prepared, without a moment's hesitation, to fulfil his promise.

Perfect stillness reigned throughout the village, as he threw open the door of his father's dwelling. His eye glanced instinctively across the way, upon the quiet and beautiful little dwelling of Mrs. Wilmot. For a moment he fancied he saw at one of the upper windows the outline of a female figure, but the fog which was rolling over the village prevented any minute observations. He was anxious also to avoid the scrutiny of any curious spectators; and springing over a low hedge that obstructed his way, he moved slowly across a smooth meadow. The grass was loaded with a thick vapor, and the sweet breath of the young clover perfumed the air, as with a light and hasty tread, the boy moved onward, brushing for himself a path amid the wilderness of gems, and crushing at every step the beauty of some bright blossom. Now and then his eye turned anxiously upon the little village he was leaving.

The prospect was not the same which the same situation might at the present day command—nay you might now look in vain for the flowery meadow itself—the squares of the city have long since spoiled its loveliness. The jail, the church, and the school-house, now constituted the ornaments of the public green; and these, with a few scattered clusters of houses were all that then appeared as the germ of that beautiful city which now yields its shade to thousands. Nevertheless there was in the uniformly neat appearance of these dwellings, a slight development of the same principle which at the present day renders New-Haven an object of admiration. The small green

enclosures in front of each, surrounded with white palings and filled with clustering roses, the luxuriant woodbine and honeysuckle, that here and there shadowed the windows with their rich curtaining, together with the shaded gravel walks running in various directions through the village, all sufficiently evidenced that the power of appreciating the beautiful, had not been banished from the homes of the Puritans.

But the mind of Henry Davenport was occupied with far more interesting reflections than these, as, after a circuitous route, he at length found himself beyond sight of the village, and rapidly pursuing his way to the haunted rock. He was about to prove the truth or falsity of that strange tale, which had so long agitated the village, and his young heart throbbed rapidly as he descried the object of his destination, towering bold and high through the dense atmosphere that surrounded it. The pale moonlight, meanwhile, had quite faded in the beams of morning; and as he drew near the foot of the rock, the broad rays of the level sun darted full upon it, struggling through the floating masses of vapor, and kindling the whole mountain with a living radiance.

Here our young hero paused, not merely for the sake of the momentary rest, which the protracted walk might certainly have excused, but for the purpose of rallying his mental forces for the expected encounter. He was now at a distance from the habitations of men, and a few dim specks around the distant spire was all that indicated the location of the village. The chirping note of here and there a solitary bird, came swelling from the woods, and seemed only to increase the sense of his loneliness, while the recollection of the spirit

whose precincts he was about to invade, rushed painfully to his mind. His eye glanced at the same moment upon his mysterious burthen—what fearful spells might it not contain, what magic influence might it not exert upon its bearer; and he gazed and fancied, until Pandora's box itself would scarce have seemed a more dreadful load; and withal, as he recalled the conversation of the preceding night, he distinctly remembered that Margaret had failed to assure him that he should not behold the object of his terror.

But at last with an impulse of the same high spirit which had first induced him to accept the embassy, he clasped his ill-omened burthen, and began manfully to scramble up the rock. We must confess, however, that his glances towards the summit were "few and far between," it was enough for him that he descried in the distance the projecting table like stone on which he was to deposit his load, and he cared not to penetrate too curiously into the secrets of the dense fog which still wrapped the height above. He was now within a short distance of the stone, when directing his eye for a moment upwards it became suddenly fixed by a fascination as strong and dreadful as that which the serpent throws over its victim. Was it the vision of a distempered fancy, or a reality? Be this as it might, he now surely discovered, descending from the cliff above, what seemed the faint outline of a human figure. Slowly and gradually, it became more distinct and Henry ere long recognized the white robe, the pale and beautiful features of the lady of the mist. He would have turned and fled for life, but no human help was nigh—he was alone on the great rock, and he felt that it would be

vain to seek with mortal steps to escape the grasp of the spirit. So he moved on with a kind of desperate energy, his eye still fixed on the advancing form of the lady. They were now within a few yards of each other, and seemed about to meet just at the haunted stone.

At that instant the mysterious stranger paused, her bright and beautiful eyes rested on him for a moment, and, had all the charms and spells he had dreaded, been concentrated in that one glance, the change produced on his feelings could not have been more instantaneous. Fears and doubts were all forgotten in an emotion of unmingled surprise. There was something in his innermost heart, which told him at once that that soft glance, that look of inexpressible sweetness, he had often met ere now, where or how he knew not, whether in dreams or visions, but the expression was as familiar as his own name.

After regarding him for a moment, the lady turned slowly about, and by the path she had descended, began to mount the acclivity. Henry darted forward to the stone. A basket like the one he bore, already occupied it. The exchange was quickly made; and turning his way downward he soon found himself standing safe at the foot of the haunted rock.

When Henry Davenport, after depositing the basket in the appointed place, arrived again at his father's dwelling, he learned that the whole village had been thrown into a state of strong excitement, by the reappearance of the identical travellers whose adventures have hitherto claimed so large a share of our attention. It was rumored that they had arrived the evening previous, having pushed their journey only as far south as

the Dutch colony at Manhattan, and were now prepared to institute a more thorough search, being convinced that the objects of their pursuit were yet concealed in the colony of New-Haven.

Early that day, the Rev. Mr. Davenport found himself favored with a second visit from his Majesty's commissioners, Messrs Kirk and Kellond. During their interview, the amiable family of the clergymen, were grieved to perceive that intercourse with their southern neighbors, had by no means improved the manners of their guests; and though the good minister himself manifested all possible forbearance, the conversation at last ended with bitter and taunting words on the part of the strangers. They were however assured that the answer given them on the occasion of their former visit, must be considered decisive —no assistance could be furnished them by the magistrates of the colony, though all authorized commissioners were of course allowed full liberty of searching their dwellings. They were informed, however, that if the judges had, as they asserted, secreted themselves in the colony, they were bound to exercise their own wits according to the tenor of their directions, in ascertaining the place of concealment.

The ensuing day it was ascertained that the commissioners had taken lodgings for a fortnight at the village inn. And from that place daily interruptions were made, into various parts of the town and its vicinity, much to the annoyance of the worthy inhabitants.

Meanwhile Henry Davenport continued his visits to the seat of the mountain spirit; and every morning with increasing fortitude encountered the fearful vision of the white robed lady. After

the first morning, however, she had never approached so near as before, standing at such a distance, while he deposited his burthen, that the dim outline of her figure alone was discernible. But as he became familiar with the sight, and every morning found himself returning from his ramble alive and unharmed, curiosity began to obtain the ascendancy over his fears, and he cherished an irresistible desire to learn something more concerning the lady of the mist. A circumstance soon occurred which gave a keener edge to this feeling, removing, at the same time, all his most painful conjectures.

It was the fourth evening after his singular interview with Miss Weldon, that Henry Davenport was dispatched to Mrs. Wilmot, as the bearer of a letter which had that day been received from Boston, inclosed in a packet to his father. He paused a moment at the gate. A rich flow of music came swelling from the open window of the little parlor; there was a mingling of sweet voices within, and Henry lingered awhile at the door, unnoticed, and unwilling to disturb the sacred melody of their evening hymn.

Mrs. Wilmot was seated opposite the door, and Miss Weldon beside her, while the lovely little Alice reclined at her feet, leaning her fair young head with all its beautiful and clustering curls, upon her sister and a vivid beam of moonlight from the window played full upon her countenance. There was a pallid cast to her usually blooming features, and with an emotion too powerful for description, Henry at that moment discovered a close and striking resemblance to the strange face that gazed on him so fearfully, through the mist of the haunted rock. The fore-

head, the lip, the soft melancholy expression which had seemed so strangely familiar in the Lady of the Mist, were all in a moment recognized. The agitation of this discovery, had absorbed every faculty of the astonished youth, and when at length amid a pause of the deep melody, the eyes of the interesting group were directed towards him, his confusion and embarrassment were but too evident.

“I have a letter for Margaret,” he at length articulated, suddenly recollecting his errand as he advanced to the sofa.

“And whence comes it,” said Mrs. Wilmot, as the young lady seized it with avidity, and, breaking the seal, glanced her eye hastily over its contents.

“From Boston,” replied Miss Weldon in a low voice, her eye falling again instantly on the unread page; and, notwithstanding his emotion, Henry could not but perceive, that the tidings of which he had been the unconcious bearer were of a peculiarly interesting nature. The cheek of the young lady became flushed, as she perused the letter, and her countenance exhibited marks of strong emotion, whether of joy or sorrow he knew not. Indeed he was now completely occupied with a plan he had formed since his entrance, and as soon as the affability of Mrs. Wilmot would permit, he hastened home to mature his projects.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN Henry Davenport, the next morning, again set out on his excursion, it was with a settled determination, at all hazards, to pierce the singular mystery which enveloped his intercourse with the Lady of the Mist.

This resolution was not lightly adopted. He had passed hours of the night in revolving within himself its expediency, and had at length concluded, that whether she vanished in thin air, or floated away on the morning mist, or dropped from his sight amid the depths of the mountain, he would surely know from whence she came. For this purpose, he had arisen half an hour earlier than the usual time. At first a clear starlight was all that illumined his path; and when at length he stood at the foot of the rock, the morning only glimmered in the east.

Full of his determination, after placing the basket upon the stone he stretched himself quietly beside it and directing his eyes above, began, as well as the darkness would permit, to watch the approach of the mountain lady. The beams of the morning were rapidly gathering on the cliff, when the boy at length discovered what seemed a human form, winding around the remote extremity of the rock, and he was not long in identifying it with the object of his curiosity.

A projecting ledge formed the path by which she approached; and Henry shuddered as he beheld her gliding lightly over the dizzy height, apparently without fear or impediment.

“ Ah, she pauses not for cliff or break—the thin air is firm enough for that light form—mortal beings tread not with such a step”—he muttered, as the object of his gaze drew nearer. He waited only to be well convinced that the form he now descried was indeed what he had imagined, and then, turning hastily about, and following a path parallel to the one she trod, proceeded as swiftly as the nature of the footing would allow, in the very direction from which she had just advanced. It was only by clinging to the shrubs which grew in the clefts of the stony surface, that he was enabled to maintain his ground. Now and then, he paused to recover breath, casting too, occasionally, a longing glance at the little village whose blue smokes were just beginning to curl in the atmosphere. After persevering for some time in this fatiguing exercise, he paused a moment to watch for the reappearance of the mysterious stranger. He waited not long in vain. The light form he had so often descried in the distance, in a few minutes more, again became visible, treading with the same fearless rapidity along her airy path. He gazed as for life—still she moved onward and his aching eye followed her with persevering earnestness.

At length near a formless pile of huge and rugged rocks that seemed as if thrown together by some primeval convulsion of nature, she paused and as she turned full around, Henry perceived that she bore in her hand the basket he had so recently deposited on the other side of the rock.

At that moment, there appeared standing on the cliff beside her, a dark and lofty figure, and the next, the cliff and the nodding shrubs were all that remained. It was in vain that Henry wiped the mist from his eyes, and gazed and gazed again—the objects they had before rested on were gone, not a trace of them remained.

The spot from which they had thus mysteriously vanished, was at some distance above the point where he stood; and, with a determination to examine it more closely, he began to climb the sides of the rock by means of the strong bushes which every where presented themselves. As he continued to ascend, his eye still fixed on the mysterious point where he had last beheld the lady and her companion, he suddenly perceived, to his inexpressible relief, a small opening among the rocks, which the shadowing bushes had hitherto concealed. To be at once relieved from the dreadful certainty that the being with whom he had been thus intimately connected, was only a supernatural illusion, certainly afforded a strong satisfaction to his excited mind. The cave was sufficiently large to contain human beings, and he doubted not that those on whom his eyes had a few moments before rested, were now concealed within its walls. Here the youth paused to consider his situation, and seating himself on a fragment of rock, wiped away the heavy sweat which the fear and toil had gathered on his young forehead.

Far below lay stretched in the distance, the clear waters of the sound, a calm sea of liquid brightness, rolling and glittering in the light of morning, and winding far onward in its curved shores of green, till it seemed in the long perspec-

tive a faint blue stream, and at last a fading speck on the distant horizon; while all before and around lay a broad magnificent prospect of hill and dale, pastures and meadows and waving woodlands, all swelling in the rich luxuriance of June, and glorious in the rising sunshine. The boy felt his young heart revive, as the fresh breeze came up from below, kissing his brow and burning cheek; he could not believe that in the sight of so much purity and loveliness, the unholy spirits he feared would ever have chosen their residence; and he felt his courage renewed and his heart strengthened to continue the pursuit.

But the promise of secrecy which Margaret had extorted from him, was not to be violated; and though he cast many a wishful glance upon the entrance of the cavern, the recollection of the time which must have elapsed since he left the village, at once checked his purpose. To attempt any further investigation on the present occasion, might draw upon him many curious inquiries, and perhaps discover the secret of his morning rambles. At that moment the sound of the distant bell came faintly through the distance, and though broken and scattered by the woods and rocks which intervened, he soon ascertained that it was tolling the hour of seven. Without further hesitation, therefore he descended from the rock, and proceeded with all speed on the road to the village.

CHAPTER V.

DURING all the avocations of the ensuing day, the strange cavern of the rock occupied a pre-eminent place in the mind of Henry Davenport. Whether he wrote, or played, or studied, whether his eye rested on the solemn visage of the pedagogue, or the laughing faces of his school fellows, or the beloved and familiar countenances of his own household, one single absorbing idea filled his mind. It was the cave—the high lone cave of the haunted rock, which excluded every other object from the vision of his “mind’s eye.”

A singular report, which though at first faintly whispered, was now every where gathering strength in its march through the village, at length arrested his attention. It was rumored that the Rev. Samuel Russel had been recently chosen the pastor of a small church, in a beautiful village of the Massachusetts Colony, and that, on the ensuing Thursday, Margaret Weldon would accompany him thither as his bride. But the strong interest which this communication at first excited, was soon forgotten in the higher interest of his intended excursion to the mountain.

The sun was about an hour above the horizon, and its clear light was playing full upon the western side of the rock, when Henry again found

himself within sight of the entrance to the cave. It is not to be supposed that his love for the wild and romantic, had as yet entirely subdued the awe which his possible vicinity to the dwelling of some unearthly being was calculated to excite, indeed, as he drew nearer the spot, his movements became every moment slower, and he often paused hesitating and afraid to proceed. One effort more, and he would stand before the cave. He looked for a moment downward. The idea of being hurled from that dizzy height, as the punishment of his temerity, rushed suddenly and painfully to his mind. But it was too late to retreat, and the next moment found him at the entrance of the cave, gazing fearfully within.

Notwithstanding the strong yellow sunlight that now beamed through the opening, the room within was only in part illuminated. The walls of the cave, were here and there hollowed into deep recesses which partially excluded its beams. Various articles of rude furniture presented themselves, but the eye of Henry, unattracted by these, wandered onward to a low moss couch, resting at last with eager curiosity upon the figure of a venerable stranger wrapped in a military cloak and reposing quietly upon it. He was asleep, and as Henry soon ascertained, the only occupant of this rude apartment: The self-same basket which Henry had so often transported to the rock, stood on a small table beside him, and near it a cup containing a few delicate wild flowers. He gazed, for a moment earnestly around him, and then with a slow and noiseless tread approached the couch of the mysterious sleeper.

His face was uncovered, and a feeling of deep

awe stole over the ardent spirit of the youth, as he gazed on the chastened sorrowful expression of that noble countenance. Age and sorrow had marked his forehead with wrinkles, and silvered the few thin locks which lay on his temples, and yet, in every line of those high features, there gleamed a dignity, a grandeur of soul, which Henry had often dreamed of in his high-wrought fancies of Grecian and Roman heroes and of Hebrew kings and warriors, but which, till this moment, he had never witnessed.

A sound like that of approaching footsteps among the loose stones of the rock at length aroused him from his reverie. Henry gazed fearfully around him; there was no retreat. A wide plank which had evidently been used for the purpose of guarding the entrance, now reclined in a sloping direction against the wall. It was the only possible concealment; and he had glided behind it, just as a tall and dark shadow fell on the floor of the cave. The next moment, a stately step echoed within, and Henry ere long ventured to look from his concealment. Another stranger, comparatively young, of lofty mien and countenance, had entered this strange dwelling. His head bent thoughtfully down, and there was something in the restless flashing of his eye, which conveyed the idea of perplexity and trouble.

The sleeping stranger was soon aroused, and, rising from his couch, he slowly approached the entrance of the cave.

"The sun is almost down," he said, turning anxiously to his companion. "Saw you nothing of her?"

"Nothing, sir," replied the other in a melancholy tone. "That I have waited for her com-

ing, is enough of itself to prevent it. There is a blight on all my hopes and wishes, on the very lightest of them; and there was that in the look and tone of the speaker, which showed that those bitter words were wrung from the innermost depths of a wounded spirit.

At that moment, the clear and silvery tones of the old man, fell on the ear of Henry, and he perceived that he had seated himself by the table with an open book before him. His voice was singularly melodious, and the effect of the holy and beautiful words, thus solemnly repeated, was striking, and intensely interesting.

“These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God and serve him day and night in his temple. And he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more; neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne, shall feed them, and lead them to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.”

He closed the book and there was a momentary silence, interrupted only by the continued tread of the other. “Few indeed, my son,” continued the old man, “few and evil are the days of our pilgrimage on earth; but let us not waste these blessed trials, in bitter and vain repinings. Rather praise Him, William, that he hath counted us worthy to suffer for his name’s sake. I know, my son, that proud and restless spirit of thine, will sometimes mount in spite of thy better reason; but oh! let it not rise in murmurs against the Lord that begot thee.”

“Heaven will forgive my crime,” exclaimed the other, impatiently, “there is a boundary to mortal endurance; and I am weary—nay I am sick—very soul sick of hopes and exertions. My father, life may be dear to you—to me it is a weariness. I will give up the desperate struggle, and go forth and die the death which heaven hath doomed me.”

“And how hath it been doomed to you? My son, your soul is blinded with a vain and foolish sophistry. Because the edict of His weak and foolish prince, hath said that we shall die, hath Heaven doomed our death? And would you give up life, and the service of God on earth, because it is a weariness? Would you give up the conflict, because your soul is sick? No, my son, God hath not yet summoned us to our long rest—we have not yet overcome, that we should be set as pillars in the temple above. Patience hath not yet had its perfect work, and long years of sorrow and pain, may yet be in our path to heaven.”

“But you do not consider, sir,” rejoined the other, “that we are perhaps drawing upon this colony a cup of wrath, which the offering of our blood might avert. Shall we look tamely on, and behold the wild beast out of the wood destroying a vine of the Lord’s own planting, for the sake of the inglorious shelter it might yield us? Heaven forbid.”

“But are you not wrong?” continued the elder. “The magistrates of the colony have refused to furnish any concealment; and the kindness of a private individual, even if discovered, would never bring ruin upon this people. And, William,” he went on in a lower voice, while his tone trembled slightly, “would you leave your wife a widow,

and your offspring fatherless, because you dared not endure the suffering that joyfully and unmurmuringly she has shared with you?"

A low groan was the only reply. "William," continued the old man burying his face in his hands, "can you look on our noble hearted Isabella, and say that life is a weariness? Would you leave her alone in her sorrows, with none to sooth her amid the blight that has darkened all her young dreams; when she hath soothed and loved us so tenderly, and followed us into exile, drinking unmurmuringly of every bitter cup which we have tasted, following us into the dens and caves of the earth, that she might brighten them with her smiles, and varying the darkness of our destiny with an affection as intense and devoted, nay a thousand times more so, than any thing we ever dreamed of in the day of our affluence. William, is there nothing in love like this, to make life worth living for; or is it because I am a doting father, that the sight fo such devotedness doth seem to breath around this faded earth a kind of living fragrance?"

"Make me not mad with my sufferings," replied the other. "I tell you my heart strings are ready to burst, you must not touch them wantonly. My father, if I had never loved our Isabella, or even if had loved her only with such love as yours, I would endure all suffering cheerfully and joyfully to the end, if so I could in any way soothe or comfort her. But to behold the noble being that I wooed and won amid halls of wealth wasting, and watching, and toiling away her bright existence; and every day to behold another and another shade fading from her cheek, and every hour that light and beautiful form ri-

pening for the tomb—and all for *me!* She might have been living in some fair home in her native land with as fresh a bloom as when I gathered her to adorn my own dark destiny. If she would but weep and mourn over her altered fate, I would nerve my soul and bear it—but she smiles, and smiles on, when I know her heart is bursting. O I would rather die a thousand deaths, than see her thus blighted and withering, because I have loved her,” in spite of his manliness the cheek of the noble stranger was wet with tears.

A light step was heard without the cavern and Henry Davenport felt his heart throbbing so violently he almost feared it would discover his presence, as a slender female figure glided by the place of his concealment. A dark bonnet and mantle at first prevented his anxious gaze—but these were soon thrown off and Henry at once beheld without doubt or disguise, the pale white robed lady of the mist the wife and daughter of the exiled regicides—the good, noble, the beautiful Isabella Goffe.

The sun was just setting as she entered the cave, and its deep glow threw a kind of mellow tint around the forward features of the lady, so that a faint bloom lingered on the cheek that had seemed so fearfully pale amid the mists of the morning. She bore in her hand a boquet of wild blossoms as with a light and languid tread she advanced towards the bench on which the elder of the strangers reclined.

“Isabella, my daughter you have been absent long,” exclaimed the old man, as she reclined herself on the stone and threw her arm kindly around him. “Hath any evil befallen you, my

daughter," he continued looking earnestly and sorrowfully on her countenance.

"I have seen," replied the lady, in a voice whose clear and sweet tones sent a sudden thrill through the heart of Henry, "I have seen the cruel and blood-thirsty men who watch our steps, and heard them declare that they would search every wood and rock and cave ere they gave up the pursuit. This rude dwelling will not long be ours. We must seek some other home if we would not perish."

"And where," rejoined he whom Henry now know to be Goffe, "if the dens and caves of the mountain are not ours, where on earth have we a dwelling place? My father, my lovely Isabella," he added, slowly approaching, and seating himself beside them, "the time has surely come for us to die, and why should we any longer resist the will of Heaven. Let us go boldly forth, and yield up this load of bitterness." There was a short and breathless silence.

"My son," replied the old man, "I have read of a higher and better being than ourselves, who once had not where to lay his head. It is enough for the disciple that he be as his master and the servant as his Lord."

"William, dear William," repeated the lady, as she parted the dark locks away from his high pale brow, and gazed wistfully on his features, "do not grieve so bitterly. In our father's house there are many mansions, and I doubt not that we shall ere long share their blessedness. I know," she added in gentle and soothing tones, "that your lot has been a bitter one. I will not speak of mine. It would have been happy, happy beyond all comparison, could I have soothed the

anguish of yours, or lightened one sorrow from my father's heart. But one effort more remains for me. And yet," she added, her eye glancing for a moment around the cave, "it is a bitter thing to leave you thus amid perils and death."

"What mean you, Isabella?" exclaimed the old man, while the husband gazed earnestly upon her. "Would you take away the only earthly joy that Heaven has left us? Isabella, did I hear you aright?"

"Yes, father, I must leave you, I am going over the waters back to my native land. I will no longer waste my days in vain repinings while a chance of happiness remains untried. The king's heart is in the hand of the Lord; and *he* can turn it as the rivers of water are turned. I will kneel at the foot of his throne, and weary him with tears and prayers till he grants me your pardon. Nay, William, do not urge me. I have made my resolution, and must and will fulfil it. Two days from this, I sail for England. Heaven grant, that if I see your faces again on earth, it may be in peace." Her voice trembled, she paused, and leaned her pale cheek upon his shoulder, while audible sobs interrupted the stillness.

Meanwhile Henry Davenport had listened in painful suspense to this singular conversation, dreading every moment lest some wandering glance should detect the place of his concealment. As he saw that the sunset glow was fast fading from the cavern, he trembled lest his continued absence should excite the alarm of the family, and thus discover the retreat of the exiles. The present moment seemed the most favorable for effecting an unnoticed retreat; for the in-

mates of the cave were, evidently, completely absorbed in their own bitter emotions. There was only a step from his concealment, to the entrance; and with a suppressed breath the boy at length stole out unregarded, joyfully remembering, as he glanced once more upon the clear heaven, that instead of ministering to the spirits of evil, he had unconsciously relieved the wants of those devoted exiles.

Animated with this idea, he was the next morning setting out on his accustomed errand, when he perceived with surprise two gentlemen, arm in arm, coming hastily down the street. This surprise, was exchanged for strong apprehension, when, as they drew nearer, he recognized the forms of the well known and hated commissioners.

“And where now so early, my little fellow?” said Kellond, pausing before the gate. “The ghosts and goblins must still be all awake, and how dare you venture without bible and psalm book?”

“Let me beg you, sir, not to concern yourself on my account,” replied the youth, whose excited feelings led him strongly to resent the unceremonious address, “I have only set out for a little ramble, and do not know that I am in any particular need of your sympathy.”

“You are going for a little ramble, are you? and so are we. Perhaps we may as well proceed together. Hark’ee my boy,” continued Mr. Kellond bending his eyes earnestly on his features, “Dids’t ever hear of the Lady of the Mist, a capricious and handsome little spirit who seems to have taken up her residence on one of these mountains hereabouts. Did’s’t ever hear of her?”

The boy felt the rapidly changing hues of his

countenance, but he looked boldly in their faces, "hear of her!" he replied in a tone of surprise, "aye, who has not heard of the pale Lady of the Mist?"

"And thou hast seen her too, mayhap," rejoined Mr. Kirk, directing upon him a keen and searching glance. "Will you please, young gentleman, let me examine that little basket of yours?"

"The basket is not mine," replied Henry, indignantly, "and if it were, sir, I assure you I should allow no one to meddle with it. Have you any commands, gentlemen," he added, essaying to open the gate on which they leaned.

"Why touching this same pale spirit," said Mr. Kellond, "whose very name doth turn thy young cheek so white, my friend here, and myself, have a particular desire to take a peep at her ere we leave the village. Could you guide us to her residence?"

"And would you brave the fury of the enemy, for the sake of your curiosity?" replied the boy in a tone of strong remonstrance. "If you would, sir, indeed I dare not go with you."

"Look here, my lad," said the other, holding up before him a silver coin, "we must see this mountain lady, and if you will guide us, this shall be yours."

The boy seemed to hesitate and looked earnestly around him. "Do you assure me?" he at length replied, with a strong effort, "shall the money surely be mine, if I will guide you to the haunted rock?"

"My word of honor for it, it shall surely be yours. Only show us the pale lady."

"Then wait a moment for me," replied the

youth, with an appearance of agitation, "I must carry this basket to its owner Miss Margaret Weldon and will return to you presently." So saying he darted across the way, and began to knock impatiently at the door of Mrs. Wilmot's dwelling. Ere long it was gently opened, and Margaret herself stood behind it.

"Come in—what would you, Henry?" she inquired with an air of deep emotion, and she hastily closed the door. "Tell me, I beseech you, Henry, what do yonder gentlemen desire of you?"

"That I would guide them to the dwelling of the pale lady, of whom they have heard so much; and believe me, Margaret, they suspect the truth. They are waiting for me—what shall I do?"

Without inquiring concerning the manner in which he had made himself acquainted with the secret of the cave, she now stood for a moment absorbed in silent and intense thought. "Henry, are you sure" she at length said, "that they are ignorant of the locality of the haunted rock?"

"If I may judge from their inquiries, they know nothing about it."

"Then hear me, and remember that the lives of great and good men, depend on your actions. You must lead these strangers astray. By the most circuitous route you can take, guide them to the East rock—make all possible delays on the road—any thing to amuse them and gain time for their victims. Conduct them to the remote side of the rock, and thence around the whole."

"And when they at length discover that I have deceived them," interrupted Henry.

"Fear them not—they dare not harm you—only delay it as long as possible. Go Henry, they

are waiting for you, but remember and detain them."

"I will—trust me, Margaret, I will," and setting down the basket, he darted forth to meet his impatient companions.

Miss Weldon waited only until the forms of the strangers and their young guide were no longer visible, and then quickly arranging herself, she hastened down the steps through the little yard, and with a boldness which only the desperation of the case would have prompted, she proceeded by the most public path, directly across the village, towards the haunted rock. Fear lent strange speed to her steps, and in less than an hour from the time that Henry had first made his appearance she was at the mouth of the cavern. Isabella Goffe had discovered her approach, and stood without, waiting to receive her."

"Your father, your husband, dear lady," exclaimed Margaret leaning half breathless against the entrance.

"And what evil awaits them, say it quickly, Margaret, nay, be it what it may, I am prepared."

"Then I must tell you," continued the agitated girl, recovering breath and moving hastily into the cave, "that the king's officers are at this moment searching for you, and for this cave. They have heard the reports concerning the Lady of the Mist, and are not credulous enough to believe them. If life is dear to you, you must fly with all speed."

"And where are they now," said Isabella, with a look of sudden calmness while her cheek became white as the fresh fallen snow, "Margaret, if they are already on the rock, it is too late to fly."

"No, no," replied the young lady, "Henry Davenport has led them astray, and they are at this moment searching the East rock, in the mistaken idea that it contains this cave."

Isabella Goffe had meanwhile approached her husband who still sat in a recess, his brow leaning thoughtfully on his hand, and manifesting an appearance of perfect indifference, while Margaret pronounced her fearful intelligence.

"Do you hear her?" said the lady, twining her arm around him, and looking earnestly in his countenance.

"Nay, Isabella," replied the outcast, shaking his head and regarding her with a smile of sorrowful affection, "it is vain to attempt it. None dare to harbor us, and even if they did, it would only serve to draw on them the fearful blight that rests on me and mine."

"William," continued the lady solemnly, a shade of agony darkening her features, "will you perish without an effort?"

"Efforts are vain, my precious Isabella. It is the will of heaven that we should die; and surely it is a light thing for us who have no hopes here," and he still leaned motionless against the rock.

"Now hear me, William Goffe," exclaimed the lady, in clear and unflinching tones, "if you love me, if you have *ever* loved me; nay if you have not, by my own love for you, I beseech you cast not madly away the life which God hath given you," and a smile of intense intreaty wreathed the lip of the suppliant.

"Any thing, my blessed Isabella," said her husband, rising hastily up while his strong tones trembled with emotion, "I will do and suffer all things for your sake, even though it were to

live ages of these bitter moments," and they now approached the entrance of the cave.

Margaret Weldon was leaning against it, her face deeply flushed; and the old man stood near her, listening to her words.

"Do you hear, my son," exclaimed the latter as they approached, "do you see the path which Providence has prepared for us. This kind young lady offereth us a home and shelter so long as it shall please Heaven to spare our existence."

"Where, and how?" said the other in surprise.

"You shall hear it William, but there is no time for explanation now. We must hasten our retreat ere the pursuers discover their mistake. Heaven reward you noble girl," he added placing his hand on the head of Margaret, "for that in the home of your happiness you have not forgotten the sorrowful; and the blessing of him that was ready to perish shall surely come upon you."

Meanwhile, Isabella Goffe with that look of beautiful composure she so well knew how to assume, was hastening the escape of her devoted relatives. A forced smile still played on her countenance, and, save its deathlike paleness, there was no expression of the intense agony which wrung the heart of the heroic wife.

"Farewell, my father," she cried, throwing her arm around the old man, as he lingered a moment on the threshold. "It will be long ere we meet again—we may never meet again," she added solemnly, and with a strong effort subduing the sobs of her anguish. "Bless me, Oh, my father," and she fell upon his neck, while the old man breathed forth a fervent petition that the God of heaven would be to his cherished one as a hiding place from the wrath of that fearful tem-

pest. Then turning away and leaning upon his staff he moved rapidly downward.

But William Goffe still lingered at the door of the cave. "You must not stay," exclaimed the lady, fervently. "Farewell, William. Long and bright days may yet be in store for us, even on earth; and if we see each other's faces no more here, we will so live that we may meet in heaven." He folded her in his arms, his stern lip trembled, and his eye grew dim with tears.

"Farewell, thou best and loveliest—thou art indeed more meet to bloom amid the inheritance of saints in light, than here—farewell, my own precious Isabella, fare thee well,"—and wrapping the mantle around his noble form, he turned abruptly from the cave.

Margaret and the high souled Isabella were still standing at the entrance, and gazing earnestly upon the fast receding forms of the judges, when the sound of a loud trampling in the path beneath, arrested their attention. Two well dressed cavaliers, whom they instantly recognized as the royal pursuivants, were ascending the steep acclivity. Near the foot of the mountain, the quick eye of Isabella, familiar with every avenue to the place of refuge, discovered their horses under the shade of a large tree, awaiting their return. As the cavaliers approached the summit, their glances were directed frequently and earnestly in various directions, resting at last on the form of Isabella, for Margaret had retreated within the cave. Mingled surprise and admiration were visible on their countenances, as they now obtained a nearer survey of the beautiful inhabitant of the cliff; and as if they had expected to find the Lady of the Mist, only the disguised

form of one of the regicides, they were evidently confounded. The lady herself, with a reserved and graceful dignity, seemed waiting their message.

"We are seeking," said Kirk, as they paused a few steps from the place she occupied, "we are seeking to obey the mandate of his Majesty, by arresting two condemned criminals, the regicides Whalley and Goffe."

"Then let me assure you, sir," replied the lady, in tones which, in spite of all efforts, betrayed her emotion, "your excursion here is fruitless, I am the sole inhabitant of the cave, and you must seek elsewhere for your victims."

"And how long," inquired Kellond, who perceived at once, by the manner of the lady, that their conjectures were not groundless, "how long since the said criminals effected their escape from hence?—Shall we search the cave?" he continued, turning to his companion, for Isabella Goffe now maintained a haughty silence.

"It is in vain searching the cage, when the bird has flown," replied Kirk, following at the same moment the direction of the lady's eye, as she cast a troubled and involuntary glance upon the distant road. "Tom Kellond, look ye there!" he exclaimed, suddenly and eagerly pointing his companion, as he spoke, to a point in the road where it wound round a green and shaded hill, on the side of which the forms of the fugitives were at that moment distinctly visible.

"Can you tell us, madam," rejoined Mr. Kellond hastily, "if the persons you are gazing after so earnestly, have anything to do with the objects of our pursuit? Methinks they answer well the description." A flash of unutterable agony for a

moment lighted the beautiful eye of Isabella; the next indeed a careless and haughty smile appeared on her features, but it was too late—they had read the meaning of her first glance, and now without waiting for further inquiries, moved swiftly down the rock.

“There is no hope for them, Margaret,—they will surely perish,” exclaimed Isabella, as Miss Weldon issued from the cave,—“they will surely perish,”—and she folded her arms, and gazed in silent and hopeless agony upon the distant and beloved forms of the unconscious victims.

“But remember,” replied the young lady, “it is only our superior height which enables us to see them. Some time must elapse, ere they again become visible to the pursuers; and perhaps they may first be warned of their approach.”

“Ah, how slow—how slow ye move,” muttered the lady, unconsciously addressing the objects of her solicitude. “Would to heaven that my voice were the thunder or the whirlwind, so it might reach your ear. My father—William—my own William,—fly—fly—I conjure you,”—and her voice was choked with a burst of agony, too wild for control. “Ha! Margaret, as I live, they are waiting for their enemy,” she continued, after a moment’s pause; and Margaret perceived, with a sensation of mingled astonishment and horror, that the forms of the distant travelers were now indeed apparently stationary.

The road at a short distance before them was intersected by a small but rapid stream, over which a bridge had been recently erected; and after gazing, for a few moments, in every direction

around them, the persecuted judges again moved onward.

“Where are they, Margaret,” said Isabella, who having turned for a moment to watch the progress of the pursuers, now looked in vain for the forms of her husband and father—but neither could her companion at all account for their sudden disappearance. “Ah, I comprehend it now,” continued the lady with a sudden burst of delight,—“they are concealed beneath the bridge,—do not doubt it—did you mark how suddenly they vanished?” and in a delirium of fear and hope, she leaned to watch the approaching crisis. In descending the hill, the horsemen gradually changed the quick gallop with which they had first appeared, into a slower movement, occasionally pausing and gazing earnestly around them. They were evidently astonished to perceive that the objects of their search were still no where in sight, and, as Margaret had feared, unwilling to believe that they could possibly have proceeded with sufficient velocity to become invisible in the distance.

“Merciful God! deliver them,” exclaimed the lady, as Margaret essayed to support her sinking form in her arms. The pursuers had at this moment paused in the midst of the bridge, and were apparently scrutinizing with much interest, the fair and quiet landscape around them. “You cannot bear it—dear Isabella,” said Margaret, “trust them with heaven, and come into the cave.”

“Oh, hush—hush,” whispered Isabella, regarding her a moment with that fearful smile with which love had taught her to veil her wildest agony, “I can bear any thing, Margaret,—do not doubt me,” and again her eye rested upon the

pursuers. They were at that moment dismounting from their horses, and after carefully fastening their bridles to the railing of the bridge, and proceeding to the other side, they began swiftly to descend towards the margin of the stream.

"Ah, they are lost! After all, they are lost," murmured Isabella faintly. "I was wrong, Margaret, I can not—no—I *can* not endure it," and with one long and agonizing sigh, her head drooped motionless on her shoulder.

"They are gone—look up, my sweet friend, and fear nothing," said Miss Weldon, as she stood with her arm around the lady, and fanning with her light bonnet, her faded brow and cheek. "They are going to search the wood beyond. Ah! I knew they would never dream of such a hiding place." The pursuers were now indeed winding their way along the margin of the stream towards an extended wood, at no great distance, whose thick and tangled underwood seemed to present the most natural place of concealment.

A faint hue of life at this moment tinged the cheek of the pale Isabella, and a joyful brightness glistened in her eye, for now the beloved beings, who had but just seemed lost to her forever, suddenly appeared rising from the bank of the stream. They passed swiftly over, and then paused a moment, pointing to the horses which their pursuers had tied to the bridge. After a moment's consultation, the younger of the fugitives turned again to the bridge, and loosening the bridles, left the horses at liberty; and then rapidly rejoined his companion. The steeds, as if comprehending his wishes, quietly trotted

homeward, leaving their worthy riders to the free employment of their respective powers of locomotion. In what manner these were exercised, doth not appear from our history; it is certain, however, that the regicides pursued without discovery, their northward journey.

CHAPTER VI.

It is impossible for the most vivid imagination, to conceive the various reports which would probably have originated from the events just described, or rather from such fragments of those events as might have found their way to the village, had not the whole curiosity of the community been suddenly diverted to a still more interesting subject. It had been now for many hours, a matter beyond doubt, that the wedding of Margaret Weldon was that evening to be celebrated at the dwelling of her aunt.

Preparations for the approaching festival, the inquiry who were invited, who had failed of an invitation, the probable dress and appearance of the bride,—were all subjects too painfully and engrossingly interesting to allow of any long digressions.

At an early hour a large party were assembled in Mrs. Wilmot's best room, awaiting with anxious glances, the entrance of the bride. The room had been arranged in a style of taste and rural elegance becoming so joyful an occasion; its walls were hung with festooned wreaths of flowers, and several large and beautiful bouquets adorned the mantel-piece—opposite this was an arched recess, profusely adorned, and as yet unoccupied.

Mrs. Wilmot had a few minutes since welcomed her last guest, and all was now anxious and silent expectation, interrupted indeed by an occasional whispered conjecture of some of the younger females of the party. All surmises and queries, however, were now speedily silenced by the entrance of the bridal train, and the ceremony and prayers, much longer and more particular than in these degenerate days, were performed without interruption or embarrassment. Some there were, indeed, who hinted at the excessive paleness of the young bride, kindly hoping that her choice had not so soon been repented; but our readers who are acquainted with the circumstances of her morning ramble, will certainly place upon it a more charitable construction. We will pass over the details of the merriment, that now echoed through the apartment; and indeed the whole wedding might have been consigned to a similar oblivion, but for the sake of a singular circumstance which occurred during its celebration, forming a theme for fireside meditation for months and even years afterwards.

In the midst of a confused hum of conversation and as nearly as could be recollected, just after the performance of the ceremony, it was suddenly perceived by some of the less loquacious, that there was in the company a stranger to whom not one had been introduced. In a retired corner of the room sat a female whose appearance was peculiar. The entire want of ornament in her dress, while it attracted the attention of some, was to others the least striking peculiarity in her appearance; for when her face, at first downcast as if in mental absence, was raised, they saw a countenance of strange and indescribable beauty, but

pale and sorrowful, as if the light of young hopes had gone out there forever, leaving in its stead high thoughts and holy purposes, but nought of earth save its deep and tender affections. Such as were most curious in noticing her dress, discovered, as the breeze from the window slightly disarranged the drapery which covered her neck, that she wore a rich golden necklace. This circumstance might have been forgotten had not other incidents afterwards kept it in remembrance.

The low interrogations that now passed from group to group, instead of satisfying only excited to a higher point, the prevalent feeling of curiosity. None could tell who the stranger was, or whence she came. The curiosity of the company was gradually tinged with superstition and heightened to fear. And when some one, in a whisper, at last interrogated the mistress of the mansion, her evident evasion of the question by some indefinite and purposely ambiguous reply, gave no satisfaction. There was a slight check on the merriment of the company. The tones of laughter if no less loud than at first, were less free and careless, and many a sidelong glance was directed to the corner occupied by the stranger.

Indeed those who first discovered her presence, afterwards asserted that at the first glance some indescribable sensation struck to their hearts; and it was said that those whose attention was directed thither, if ever so gay at the moment, became gradually reserved and gloomy.

At length, the eye of the stranger was lifted with a new expression. Alice Weldon had just entered the room, and the illuminated glance of the lady followed her, as she glided among the

guests in the exuberance of childish happiness. The thoughts of the more imaginative and nervous among the observers, testified that there was surely something mysteriously fascinating in the smile, with which the object of so much curiosity, watched every movement of the child, as if anxious to catch her notice. Presently the eye of the little one turned towards the corner, where the stranger sat alone. That gaze of delight arrested her attention; and, in a moment, an answering smile played upon her lip.

It was in vain that the lady who happened to be nearest the child, sought with a violent effort to engage her in something else. The attempt was for a moment successful, but that strangely winning smile seemed to attract her with an irresistible influence. With a quick movement she withdrew her hand from the grasp that confined it, and in spite of the efforts made to divert her attention, moved slowly across the room. The smile deepened on the lip of the stranger, as the lovely child now hesitatingly approached her.

“You are a beautiful lady,” said the little one, pausing at a short distance from her, as if afraid to advance; “you are the prettiest lady I have seen to night—shall I come and sit with you?”

“Ah, come, come, sweet one,” replied the lady, in a rich and trembling tone, while every feature kindled with a look of intreaty.

Alice stood for a moment with her hand in hers, and looked silently upwards on her countenance. “Are you like Margaret?” she at last said, with an air of perplexity, turning

at the same moment towards the bride, as if seeking to institute a comparison between them. "No, no, it is not Margaret," she added looking again at her new friend,—“Who are you like?”

The stranger replied only by bending to press the lips of the little girl to hers.

“You must love me as well as Margaret,” she at length added, in the same subdued and thrilling tone, “will you not, my precious one?”

“Shall I love you better?” replied the child, climbing suddenly into her embrace, and twining her soft little arms around her, “shall I love you better than Margaret, a thousand times better?” and she pressed her lips to those of her new found friend, until the lady seemed unable to repress her emotion.

This was the last that was noticed of them. The entrance of refreshments for a few moments absorbed the attention, and when curious eyes were again turned to the corner, neither Alice nor the mysterious stranger, were visible. The former, however, soon re-appeared from a door which opened to the hall, and it was at once perceived, that she wore on her fair and rounded neck, the golden chain which had before been discovered on the neck of the stranger lady. It was also perceived that, on her return, she manifested an appearance of deep melancholy, and seating herself in the place which the stranger had occupied, scarcely smiled or spoke during the remainder of the evening.

The influence of the stranger over the little orphan, was not confined to the present occasion.

It was thought that a seriousness and unusual pensiveness of disposition, was ever after discoverable in her character.

The next morning the good ship Beaver sailed for Liverpool, and from that time forth, nothing more was seen or heard of "the Lady of the Mist."

CHAPTER VII.

THE course of our history requires us to pass over the fifteen ensuing years, without any particular notice. During that time important changes had taken place as well in the scene of this story, as in the persons who are its actors. The village was gradually becoming a large and flourishing town, and many of the families which had before occupied its chief places were no longer to be found. Their heads had gone down to the land of forgetfulness, their various members were widely scattered, while another household gathered around the hearth which had once been sacred to their joys.

Mrs. Mary Wilmot, however, still lived, and in the same place as at the close of the last chapter. Time had not much altered its appearance. The house was as white, and the gravel walks as clean, and the flowers as blooming, as when fifteen years ago, the fair Margaret had left the place for her husband's residence. Another hand, indeed, now taught the woodbine to climb in its wonted place, and propped and trimmed the sweet-briar and roses that adorned the court;—but they had lost nothing by the exchange, that hand was as fair and gentle, and the taste which arranged them, as exquisite, as any that ever culled a blossom,

since the first fair tender of flowers brightened the first garden with her beauty. Mrs. Wilmot had not been deserted in her declining years. A lovely and accomplished young lady, whom she had reared from her early childhood, was now her constant companion; and though there were some who hesitated not to pronounce her a singular and unaccountable being, the old lady found in her all that was gentle, and patient, and lovely. The charge, however, was not wholly groundless.

Alice Weldon had indeed exhibited on many occasions, what had seemed wildness and eccentricity of character, to those who had no clue to the secret springs of her noble nature. A romantic imagination, a set of ardent and enthusiastic feelings, and a certain pure and fearless independence of soul, together formed a character which all might not love, and which only the few with spirits like hers, could truly appreciate. Alice Weldon had never exhibited to her companions, or even cherished in her secret heart, any selfish emotions of pride; on the contrary, a peculiar sweetness of deportment on her part, had ever marked their intercourse. But there was a kind of unconscious superiority in the curl of her rosy lip; she seemed to live in a world of fancy and feeling, to them inaccessible; she was more beautiful, more graceful, more intellectual than her companions; and though not in fact haughty or capricious, it was not strange that as the character of the child became gradually merged in that of the elegant, high spirited and romantic young lady, these epithets began freely to attach themselves to her name.

These evil dispositions were, in part, attributed

to that defective system of education which Mrs. Wilmot had adopted with her niece. Alice Weldon had ever been allowed the indulgence of all her innocent tastes and feelings, without opposition or restraint. Her love for the romantic had been encouraged by frequent and lonely rambles among the beautiful scenery in the outskirts of the village. An exquisite taste for drawing, had been improved by the lessons of a teacher who had chanced to reside a few months in the colony. Her thirst for poetry had been gratified by a perusal of the best authors. The native melody of her voice, untaught save by an occasional attendance at the village singing school, was warbled forth in a thousand plaintive airs; and one could scarce ever pass the door of Mrs. Wilmot's house at twilight, without listening to her sweet and bird-like tones.

But by far the most important source of Alice Weldon's singularities, was supposed by some to lie in the rich golden chain that ever adorned her person. The strange manner in which it had been acquired, was not yet forgotten; and it was still supposed to exert a mysterious influence over all her thoughts and feelings. Indeed it did appear as if some melancholy spell had been secretly breathed over the heart of its possessor. A brilliant gaiety of spirit was sometimes seen bursting forth in every tone and look, like a rich gleam of sunshine among clouds, and then again retreating, as if at the bidding of that hidden influence.

It was a pleasant June twilight, and Alice Weldon was standing by the parlour window, her head bowed down earnestly to catch the last beams of daylight that lingered on the page.

But the shadows fell fast, and raising her eye to the window, she perceived that she was the object of an earnest and protracted gaze from a gentleman who was at that moment slowly passing. The stranger, for such he seemed, was tall, well dressed, and prepossessing in his appearance. He smiled, and as Alice imagined, bowed slightly just as she averted his countenance. The circumstance was surely a singular one, so much so, that the young lady still continued by the window absorbed in a profound reverie, until the voice of Mrs. Wilmot summoned her to the table. Not that the casual passing of a stranger, or even a curious and protracted glance of the window, were by any means unparalleled occurrences; nor was the expression of admiration with which he evidently surveyed her, altogether a thing unprecedented. The stranger had indeed seemed peculiarly gifted with those attractions of person, which are usually counted upon as best suited to win the heart of a young and romantic female; but we will do our heroine the justice to say, that for all this, the memory of the youth might have passed away from her mind, as his manly form faded from her vision. But that momentary glance had aroused the sweet and thrilling memories of childhood; there was something in that smiling countenance, to remind her of one whom she had once known and loved; and every time that the image of the youthful stranger returned to her fancy, there came with it, the dark locks, the clear eye, and the sunny brow, of him who had been the companion of her infancy.

The next day it became a well authenticated piece of intelligence that Mr. Henry Davenport, son of the former venerable pastor of the town

had come from Boston to take up his residence in New-Haven having become the possessor of the property left by the deceased patriarch in the colony which had first numbered him among its pillars. The addition of an educated and accomplished young man to the society of the place was a much more unfrequent and important event than at the present day, and while none received the intelligence with indifference, it cannot be denied that to the minds of some, at least among the young and fair, the event thus announced was one of special interest. Many were anxious to renew their acquaintance with the rich and honored young man, whom they remembered only as the active, high-spirited and amiable boy. It was not strange that thus for a few weeks he was fast becoming an object of some interest to the fair ones of the village. A sudden check was however put to any indiscreet admiration that might have been lavished upon him by the intelligence that Alice Weldon, amid the unobtrusive seclusion of her aunt's dwelling, in the loveliness of her youth and beauty, had won, irretrievably won, the heart of the accomplished young Davenport.

It was a bright, bland, summer evening when Henry Davenport first openly declared the history of a long and devoted attachment. But there is something in the development of the first love of a young heart, altogether too sacred for the leaves of a printed volume; and we have ever felt that there was a kind of sacrilege done, when the recesses of such a soul have been broken open, and those sweet and holy affections which would fain shrink even from their own consciousness or are at best revealed to one alone, have been pour-

ed out in passionate expressions for the gaze of the many—the cold hearted, perhaps, the rude and the curious. The incidents of the tale however and the development of its characters, require the introduction of the present scene, and we must plead the above mentioned scruples, together with some slight inexperience of our own, as an apology for the blank in its description.

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The blush had faded from the neck and brow of the fair girl, but her head leaned on her hand, and its living damask still glowed through the slender fingers and the bright hair that fell over them. There had been a few low and broken words, but these were past, and now her voice was clear and calm.

“Henry, they have told you that I was a romantic and singular being, that my actions were all guided by the influence of a mysterious and secret charm. I am about to prove that these things are true. To all that I may have said in an unguarded moment, there is one unyielding condition. You may think me unjust and capricious—but”—

“Name it,” interrupted the youth hastily, “Alice, if it is a deed for mortal arm, you have but to name your condition.”

The young lady slowly unclasped the beautiful ornament that adorned her neck, and placed it in his hand. “Reveal to me the fate of the being who gave me this.”

“Nay, Alice, you are trifling with my feelings, he answered, gazing with surprise upon the costly trinket, “this is unkind—you cannot be serious.”

“I am serious, Henry,” replied the lady. He

who would win my hand, must first penetrate, for me, the mystery which involves the history of her who gave this necklace," and as she spoke she pointed to a small and rudely inscribed motto beneath the clasp.

"*N'oubliez pas ta mere,*" murmured the young gentleman, holding it near the light. "What means it Alice? I had thought that this was the chain given you when a child by the strange lady at your sister's wedding."

"It is, Henry Davenport, it is the very same; and I doubt not that lady was my mother. Nay hear me, Henry. You call me Alice Weldon, and you think me the sister of Margaret Russel, and the niece of Mrs. Wilmot; but when I tell you that in thus doing you are mistaking me for another, perhaps you will credit my assertion: The stranger who clasped this chain around my neck, was, without doubt, my mother."

"Explain yourself, Alice," rejoined the other in a tone of surprise and agitation. "You certainly cannot expect me to comprehend your meaning."

"You doubtless remember," continued the young lady, the "circumstances of her mysterious appearance."

"They have often been related to me; but until this moment, I had always believed it the exaggeration of ungratified curiosity, which attached such importance to the gift. Indeed I had reason to imagine, that it was only presented from motives of affection to your sister. Go on Alice—your words are strange, and yet methinks they tally well with some wild thoughts of my own, many years ago."

"I was but four years old," continued Miss

Weldon, "when this singular occurrence took place; but the impressions it produced, are still vivid in my recollection. Ah, I can never forget the thrilling ideas that rushed upon my mind, when I first surveyed the stranger, as she sat in yonder recess. But she was no stranger to me."

"And you had seen her then before," interrupted her auditor.

"I am almost certain that I had, and yet I cannot remember the occasion, but I well know it was no new face to me. It seemed rather like one of those beautiful countenances that had often looked down and smiled upon me in my dreams, and my heart sprang forth to meet her, impelled by some unaccountable influence. And when she bade me farewell—we stood in the porch together, and she folded me to her bosom with such a passionate embrace, and wept over me with such an agony of tenderness, calling me her own precious and cherished one, and charging me to remember and love her so long as I should live in the world, that, were I to live for ages, I could never forget her. Henry, I *have* remembered her, and, in all her beauty and sorrowful tenderness, her image is at this moment as fresh before me as when she stood among the ivy, weeping over me that last farewell. And yet, perhaps, this beautiful memorial, which never for a moment suffered the bright picture to grow dim, contributed much to strengthen these impressions. Thenceforth she was the idol of my fancy, the bright spirit of my waking and slumbering visions. I do not mean that, at that time, I had even for a moment conjectured the relation which subsists between us. The being that I then loved was the creature of my imagination and dear to

me as furnishing an object to those mysterious and secret yearnings, that had ever haunted my solitude."

"And did you never feel your curiosity excited concerning her?"

"Often, and most painfully, but my inquiries were all in vain. Aunt Wilmot has ever assured me of her entire ignorance respecting her fate. Two years ago as I was one morning arranging the drawers of an old fashioned escrutoire, that stood in my aunt's apartment, my hand accidentally touched a secret spring which discovered a department of the case I had never before seen. I was delighted at the occurrence, because, this ancient piece of furniture had remained in the family for several generations, and I fancied I was about to discover the secrets of some past age. The first letter I seized upon, bore the fragments of a black seal; and on opening it I perceived that it was addressed to my aunt. Delicacy would of course prevent my perusing it, but, as I was closing it, my eye glanced unintentionally upon the first lines, and I trembled with amazement. You may read it, Henry, if you will, for I copied it ere I left the apartment."

The young man seized with avidity the folded paper, which was now presented to him. It contained the following sentences. "This will inform you, madam, of the death of Alice Weldon, youngest daughter of your deceased sister, Mrs. Margaret Weldon. We were preparing, as our last informed you, to send her to America according to the provisions of the will, and indeed had made arrangements to forward her in charge of the gentlemen who hands you this letter, when she was suddenly attacked with a violent

disease which on the 24th inst. terminated her existence." Mr. Davenport rose hastily from his seat as he finished its perusal and began to walk with a hurried and unconscious step. A flush had meanwhile gathered on his cheek; and an expression of mingled astonishment and delight animated his countenance.

"And was there aught else, Alice—Alice Weldon, for so I must and will call you, did this curious letter contain any further information?"

"Only some tedious details which convinced me that its writer was the executor of Mrs. Weldon's estate; but I had no heart to examine further. The date was precisely the time at which I was supposed to have arrived in America, and I was at once convinced that I had, all my life, usurped a name and station to which I had no claim. Hitherto orphan though I was, I had deemed myself surrounded with endeared and affectionate relatives; but now the delusion was over, I was alone in the world—an isolated being, and my hopes all clouded."

"And why so Alice? What if this discovery should reveal to you relations far nearer than those it has annihilated, and teach you to claim a parentage that princes might glory in. Ah, I see it all now. There is, there cannot be the shadow of a doubt—Alice Weldon, did you never suspect yourself to be the daughter of?"

"Of whom?" repeated the young lady in low and hushed tones, for she had waited in vain for the conclusion of the sentence—he was still silent, and her cheek became colorless as the white rose that lay in her hair.

"I have done wrong. Forgive me, my gentle Alice," he at length replied, checking his hur-

ried movements, and his kindled eye softening as he spoke, "Mrs. Wilmot, as well as Governor Leet must have been privy to this strange secret, and you say that they never hinted any thing to you concerning it."

"Never!"

"And have you never revealed to them this singular discovery?"

"No; the thought was agony—till this night the secret has been buried in my own heart, and but for you it might have died with me. It did indeed double my inquiries concerning the mysterious visit of the stranger, but they were always evaded, and indeed, Mrs. Wilmot seemed pained whenever it was mentioned. For as I had felt my relations to the beings around me suddenly severed, my thoughts had gradually fastened, with a new and strange devotion, upon that beautiful image of memory, which seemed to me to concentrate all that was lovely in human tenderness. I endeavored to reason calmly, to divest myself of enthusiasm, I remembered every tone and look, the gust of tears, the passionate embrace; and I could not but feel that there was a link in our destinies, something strong as the ties of natural affection. The translation of the little motto you see on the clasp was at length obtained, "Forget not thy *mother*." There was no longer a doubt. Yes, Henry, it was my own mother who fifteen years since went forth from this house in such bitterness. Who knows but that she may still live—alone—unprotected—in peril and sorrow, while I whose duty it is to soothe and comfort her, am wasting my hours in careless ease, unmindful of one who charged me to love and remember her. No, Henry, I will enter into no

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new relations until I can fulfil those first and sacred obligations, of which this gift is an enduring token. I cannot be happy and I will not mar with my own dark fortunes the destiny of another."

"But she may be dead," replied the youth in agitation. "Say nothing rashly, Alice. Remember, fifteen years have past since you saw her."

"I do. And now hear me, Henry—hear the condition of my plighted troth. Unravel this mystery—I know you have already a clue you do not choose to confide to me—but I will not urge you. Unravel this mystery. Reveal to me the fate of this mysterious being, and oh, if living, restore her to me."

"And then?"

"I will deem it my highest happiness to love and honor you forever."

"The curfew now slowly announced the hour of nine, and Henry Davenport ere long departed for his lodgings.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON a cold moonlight winter evening, some eighteen months after the events recorded in the last chapter, a small sleigh was seen blithely jingling over the road which forms the southern entrance to the village of H— The back seat was occupied by two ladies completely enveloped in the folds of a huge buffalo skin, and that in front by a single gentleman in the capacity of driver.

“Drive faster, Richard, for heaven’s sake,” exclaimed one of the ladies in an impatient tone, as they slackened their pace at the slight ascent before them. “I say, Richard, if you do not set us down somewhere, and that speedily, I will take the reins myself.” “If one of these drifts would suit your ladyship,” replied the other, turning with a threatening air to the roadside, “I can easily accomplish your wishes. Will you alight?”

“Ah, Richard, you will not laugh when you find me frozen to death under the buffalo skin. I tell you my fingers are icicles already.”

“Then they must be strikingly improved in complexion,” replied the other with an air of extreme indifference, but at that moment a loud and triumphant shaking of the bells announced that the horse with his dignified and leisurely tread had at length completed the ascent. “Ah! and here we are,” shouted the driver, pointing at

the same moment, with his whip, to the prospect which had just become visible.

On the plain beneath, at no great distance, a comfortable cluster of brown, red and white houses, now appeared interrupting the bold expanse of snow and moonlight, while the fires and candles gleaming through the distant windows seemed to diffuse a delicious glow through the hearts of the half frozen travellers.

“But, Richard, we have been so often deceived with these log houses, and jack-a-lanterns, I don’t believe it is the real village.”

“Not the village, Susan. Why then my precious sister, open your eyes. Do you not see the steeple as plain as daylight at the northern extremity, and a little to the right, the sparks from the blacksmith’s forge, they told us of, and did we not pass the “Three mile mill,” half an hour ago?”

Meanwhile they were darting down the hill, with sufficient rapidity to compensate for the tediousness of the ascent.

“What a hill for a slide,” said the talkative young lady, turning for a moment to survey it, just as they reached the plain. “I declare, I would like nothing better than to be a child for fifteen minutes, if it were only to enjoy another frolic in the snow—and, as it is, I would risk my dignity for a single slide from yonder summit. Ah, Alice, you need not smile so contemptuously,” she continued, turning to the lady who sat silently by her, “I have known graver and wiser ladies than yourself guilty of similar indiscretions. Even that revered matron we are about to visit, aye, and the madam of a parish—I remember the day when she sprung on the sled and rode down

as blithely as any of us. But, I fancy, she failed not of some grave rebukes on the subject. Do you remember it, Richard? It was the night the English travellers came, and whom should we meet at the foot of the hill, but the worthy Mr. Russel himself. But I beg your pardon, Richard, I remember *you* always chose to ride by yourself. It was Henry Davenport that was guiding the sled."

"And do you know," interrupted the young man, without regarding her previous remark, that young Davenport has returned from England?"

"*Returned!*" exclaimed the silent young lady, in a tone of thrilling emphasis, and starting as if electrified. Richard did I hear you aright? Henry Davenport returned?"

"Aye; so they say," replied her companion, "I found an old friend of ours at the last inn, who says he met him three days ago in the streets of Boston, and never saw him looking better."

"And is he going to New-Haven?" continued the young lady in the same tone of eager inquiry. "What did he say, tell me I pray you, Richard."

"Indeed, cousin Alice," replied the other, "I was always bad at guessing, and as I happened to be driving you quietly over the Connecticut hills, at the time of their interview, it is impossible for me to decide what were his veritable words."

"Did you not know," said Susan, leaning across the seat and speaking in a loud whisper, "that about a year and a half since, it was reported that Henry Davenport was engaged to Alice, and it was all broken off so suddenly? I am sure, Dick, you might have spared her feelings."

The conversation had gradually become interesting, and, before they were aware of it, they found themselves entering the principal street of H——. It was only seven o'clock, and the village presented an appearance of considerable animation. Sleighs were moving merrily along, and the pleasant sound of the bells, the lights from the windows of the dwelling houses, and above all the illumination which glared from the little grocery, dry good, and hardware store, in the midst, produced the idea of busy and cheerful enjoyment. The snow had been thrown in piles on either side of the way, and some of the inhabitants were now enjoying the comfortable foot-paths thus furnished, in sallying forth for the social evening visit. Near the center of the village, the principal street was intersected by another from the east, and it was on one of the angles thus formed that our party at length drew up before the large square house which had been pointed out to them as the dwelling of Mr. Russel. It was one of the most ancient in the village, and having never been painted, it had acquired from long exposure, that tinge of sombre brown so redolent with gloomy associations,—and there was an air of loneliness and desertion about it, with the large old barns in the rear, particularly when seen, as now, with their long and quiet shadows lying in the moonlight. Every object exhibited an air of perfect stillness, there were no lights in the windows, and not even a dog to bark their welcome.

“There’s no wonder they call it a haunted house,” said Susan in a voice tremulous with vexation, and turning to her companion in the sleigh, while Richard knocked loudly at the door.

"I am quite sure I never saw a house look more like it."

"They are not at home, sir," said a tidy looking woman, who had at length made her appearance. "They are gone to the meeting—the minister's meeting—and wont return till to-morrow. Will you walk in?"

"Ah! that we will, good woman, if you have such a thing as a fire," replied the young man, hastening at the same moment to assist the ladies in alighting.

"If Mr. and Mrs. Russel are absent, I would not stay in this house to-night for the world," whispered Susan to her companion, as they mounted the steps, "and indeed I should not wonder if we were carried off bodily before morning," she continued, in a still lower tone, as they followed their conductress through a long and extremely narrow hall. "Stranger things have happened here, if all tales are true."

The door which terminated the passage, was at length thrown open, and the travelers were ushered into a bright and pleasant little parlor, the social aspect of which seemed to remove all cause of discontent. There was a fresh blaze on the hearth, and the light and glow of the apartment contrasted strongly with the cold, pale moonlight without. The guests had been expected. A small table was already spread for their refreshment, and the good Mrs. Ramsay now hastily arranged chairs for them around the fire.

"Ah, this seems more like a christian dwelling," whispered Susan, in a low voice, as the good dame left the apartment, "but, Richard, I confess I do not exactly like the idea of staying in the haunted house alone, or at least with

strangers. I would rather the minister were at home."

Richard's sarcastic reply was interrupted by the re-appearance of Mrs. Ramsay, who seemed indeed to act in a much higher capacity than that of an ordinary domestic.

"Mrs. Russel bade me tell you to make yourselves at home, if you came during her absence; that is, if you are her sister and cousins."

"I believe we can prove the fact to a demonstration, good Mrs. Ramsay," answered Richard, gaily disencumbering himself of his superfluous apparel, "and I for one shall make use of its privileges, ghosts and goblins to the contrary notwithstanding."

After a few meaning glances on the part of Susan, the young ladies rose to follow his example, thus presenting Mrs. Ramsay an opportunity of more unobservedly satisfying her curiosity. They were both expensively dressed; but the discriminating eye of their observer, soon detected a peculiar tastefulness in the apparel of the younger. The mantle she had worn on her entrance, had fallen from her shoulders, the dark pelisse beneath revealing her light and graceful figure. As she laid aside her veiled bonnet, the waving curls beneath fell on a brow like marble, high and fair, and darkly penciled; a gleam of spiritual beauty looked out from her blue eyes, softened and shaded with its drooping lashes; while the melancholy cast of expression touching every feature would have given interest, nay, fascination, to a countenance of ordinary outline. Nor was her companion destitute of personal attractions; her form was graceful, a sparkling

bloom rested on her lip and cheek ; and, in other company, she might have been deemed beautiful. But the light of genius and fancy, the bloom of rich thoughts and feelings, will ever stamp on the countenance of their possessor, a superior and elevated loveliness.

Though the worthy Mrs. Ramsay had not arrived at exactly the same conclusion, with that to which we have conducted our readers, she was evidently investigating the comparative merits of the young ladies, with a spirit of determined resolution. The result, however, appeared at first satisfactory. "If I may make bold to say it," she at last said, turning to Susan with an air of triumphant skill, "I expect you must be Madam Russel's sister."

"No ; I have not that honor—only her cousin."

"Then I will never trust a likeness again," muttered the other in a disappointed tone, turning to the table to hide her vexation. "I am sure the other young lady favors her no more than I do. No body would dream of their being related." Guessing was certainly Mrs. Ramsay's forte ; and she now completed the arrangement of the table, with an air which evinced her displeasure at the failure.

Alice Weldon was the only one who seemed not to relish the inviting repast. There was a violent tremor in her whole frame, a strong and visible excitement of feeling, and notwithstanding her complaints of the effects of cold and weariness, her gay companions ere long desired to know its cause.

But at that moment, the wind moaned heavily through a distant part of the building, and all

the unpleasant associations which the cheerful appearance of the little parlor had for a time dispelled, seemed to return with increased energy. "It is nothing but the whistling of the wind," replied Mrs. Ramsay, as Susan rose suddenly from her seat by the table, and earnestly demanded its cause. "The shutters too are loose, and a breeze from the north will always move them." But neither this explanation, nor the raillery of her brother, had power to allay the excited fears of the young lady. When the keen apprehension of evil is once aroused, it needs no frightful occurrence to continue and strengthen its influence. The slightest sound, the most trivial incident, is greedily converted into cause of alarm, until the mind is wrought up to an intense and perhaps intolerable pitch of emotion.

"If you had seen what I have seen," said Mrs. Ramsay, as the trio seated themselves by the fire, "and if you had heard what I have heard, you might well be afraid." She paused as if for encouragement to proceed.

"And prythee what have you seen?" replied Richard, with a contemptuous smile, "be a little more definite, I intreat you."

"Why, to tell you the truth—to be plain with you," continued Mrs. Ramsay, approaching the fireside, with a solemn and mysterious expression, "you must know that this house, a certain part of it I mean, is *haunted*. Those who find it for their interest may deny it as they will, but I will stand to it, the longest day I live—the house is a haunted one."

"What part of it, good Mrs. Ramsay?" cried Susan, looking earnestly around the room, and

suppressing, for a moment, her quickened breathing.

"Do you see that door?" continued the other, pointing to what seemed a small closet behind Susan.

"What of it, Mrs. Ramsay?" exclaimed the young lady, suddenly vacating her seat for one on the opposite side of the fire.

"Nay, Susan," interrupted Alice, now raising her thoughtful and abstracted glance from the embers. "You do wrong thus to agitate your feelings. I cannot feel that there is cause for your alarm."

"Ah, you cannot," replied the other with a scornful smile. "Well, I will confess to you, cousin Alice, my inferiority. I am not so much wiser than the rest of this generation, as altogether to defy supernatural beings. Perhaps if I were as good as Richard and yourself, I might exhibit more courage."

"Perhaps you might, my dear," replied the youth calmly. "But as it is, we must intreat Mrs. Ramsay to defer her frightful stories till daylight."

"Ah! and good reason," retorted Susan, "you dare not hear them."

"Dare not?" repeated her brother contemptuously, "You shall see. Good woman I will save you the trouble of describing these apartments," and he moved with rapid steps towards the door so mysteriously designated. But Richard was not at heart ill-natured and the agonizing intreaties of his sister at length prevailed. Perhaps too some private misgivings of his own exerted their due influence. Be this as it may, his character

was vindicated, and he now again approached the fireside.

"And now, Mrs. Ramsay, do tell us all about it," continued Susan eagerly. "That mysterious door. Where does it lead?"

"Heaven knows," replied the old woman, devoutly folding her eyelids. "Heaven knows—not I. So long as I have lived in this house, which is two years this coming Thanksgiving, I have never lifted the latch, and heaven forbid I ever should. But I have seen it opened. Aye, with my own bodily eyes have I seen it—and that too when the lock was turned and the key hanging above the mantel-piece, as plain as it does at this moment." Mrs. Ramsay moved her chair into the circle as she spoke, and Susan Leet drew closer to her cousin.

"Did you see any one?" inquired the latter in a faltering voice.

"Aye, as plainly as I see you at this moment. I saw a face like the face of a human being, but pale and ghastly, and the eyes were sunken"——

"Nay, Mrs. Ramsay,—tell me no more of these things," cried Susan, shuddering and turning to Alice, who now indeed seemed herself to have imbibed a portion of her own interest in the narration. "Do, dear Alice, sing us a song, and let us forget these horrible ideas."

The request was immediately complied with, and Miss Weldon rejoiced in an opportunity of diverting her own attention from the fearfully fascinating narrative. The song selected was one calculated to arouse a far different train of association, and Richard soon found means to introduce subjects of conversation better suited to

his own mirthful spirit. The evening now wore away without further recurrence to the subject of their apprehensions; though an occasional glance at the mysterious door, testified that Susan had not entirely forgotten it.

It was now ten o'clock. Richard had a few minutes ago retired; and the young ladies drew their chairs more closely around the fire, to enjoy for a few moments its delicious glow, ere they ventured to brave the cold of their sleeping apartment. If there is one time when young females are more prone to indulge in fanciful reveries than another, it is certainly this, when the ceaseless hum, the absorbing cares or pleasures, of the day, are past, and they sit quietly down to commune with their own wild and happy thoughts, without fear or distraction. Ah, how many lovely hopes have sprung up in the brightness of the winter's hearth, how many airy castles have arisen to the eyes of beauty, and crumbled and faded away, in its glowing crimson. But we cannot transcribe the thoughts which now kindled the eye of our heroine. It is a time when the loved and the absent are remembered; and Alice Weldon would not have breathed, even to the cousin whose arm was around her, the secret hopes which her fancy then cherished.

But these reveries were now unexpectedly disturbed by the re-appearance of Mrs. Ramsay. She came into the room with a hurried movement, and Alice could not but think that there was a singular expression on her features; but as she seated herself silently by the fire, she forbore to notice it.

"Do you hear that noise?" exclaimed Susan, after a few moment's silence, and directing as

she spoke, a surprised and terrified glance around the apartment. "For several minutes I have heard that strange sound. Say, Mrs. Ramsay, can you tell me where it is?"

"Not I,"—replied the old woman, while her eye reflected back the whole quantum of terror which Susan's had communicated,—“Do you hear it, Miss Weldon?"

In the interval of profound silence which now ensued, Alice could indeed faintly distinguish a sound like that of a human groan, as if echoing along some distant passage. All eyes were now fixed intently upon the mysterious door, until the cheek of Alice Weldon became as pale as that of her more timid companions. The low repeated groan, seemed gradually to grow more distinct, as the increased effort of attention rendered the effect more powerful.

"Does Mr. Russel never enter these strange apartments?" murmured Alice faintly.

"Ah, that he does; and the more the sin, and the shame say I, for him, a christian minister."

"And do you believe," continued Alice, "that so true and holy a man as your minister, would have dealings with the spirits of evil? Hark!—Again!—Listen, Susan, that surely is the voice of human suffering."

Susan had arisen in the extremity of her terror and was now leaning, pale and almost breathless, against the corner of the mantel-piece. Mrs. Ramsay sat trembling beside her. "Are you sure," continued Alice, glancing at the latter, "that yonder key will indeed unlock this door?"

"Quite sure;—I know it. But what would you do with it, Miss Alice?" she added in an al-

tered tone, as the young lady calmly approached and took it from its resting place.

“Alice, Alice Weldon, what would you do?” cried Susan, casting on her cousin a look of agonized inquiry, as she stood for a moment gazing thoughtfully towards the door.

“If it were not too bold a deed for a single girl, Susan, I would open at once that mysterious door. Oh, those fearful tones!” she added as still another groan was borne on the air,—“They pierce my heart, I cannot stay here, when there is a chance of relieving the sufferer. Say, Mrs. Ramsay, does Margaret, does Madam Russel herself ever enter those apartments?”

“So they say,” replied Mrs. Ramsay, reluctantly.

“Susan, I will never believe that Margaret hath done aught beneath the character of a christian woman.”

“Oh do not depend on that,” replied her cousin intreatingly, “dearest Alice, I assure you that strange suspicions rested on her name, many years ago, even before she left our village.”

“But you forget Susan, that you are speaking to her sister. Margaret is no more connected with unearthly beings than I am at this moment.”

Susan had, in the ardor of her emotion, laid her hand upon her cousin’s arm as if to prevent her daring purpose, but at that moment she suddenly withdrew it, as though those words had conveyed to her some strange and fearful meaning; and after gazing at her for a moment with an expression which Alice could by no means comprehend, she turned shuddering away from her.

“How can you, how dare you go?” said Mrs. Ramsay, as the young lady slowly approached

the door, for at that moment the sound of a distant tread was clearly perceptible. Alice paused for a moment, and then placing the key in the lock, the next, the dreaded door was open before her.

She now found herself standing at the head of a rude staircase; and the light she held in her hand, streamed upon it, sufficiently to make visible the darkness of a narrow subterranean passage beneath. The damp air from below sent a sudden chill through her frame; she paused a moment, and throwing over her shoulders the rich mantle which hung beside her, again set out on her fearful errand. The staircase was steep and difficult of descent, but her foot at length rested on the flooring of earth below and she moved quickly forward. The passage through which she was now treading, was extremely narrow. A stone wall on either side bounded her vision, and the fearful glances she directed down the dimly lighted vault, were equally confined by an abrupt angle in the path before her. But the undaunted girl still moved on; and, in a few moments more, she had reached the corner and was rapidly turning it. At that instant there was a sudden darkness. A gust of chill air from beyond had extinguished her lamp. It was in vain that she sought to rekindle the lingering spark, it only expired the more readily and she now found herself involved in total darkness. To return from whence she came, and that with all possible speed, was the first terrified impulse; but, in the confusion of the moment, she had lost the direction of the parlor, and had now no possible guide to her steps. At that instant, there appeared a faint light shining high in the aperture of a wall at

some distance before her, forming what seemed the outline of a door; but whether this would conduct her again to the parlor, or to the mysterious object of her search, was only a matter of fearful conjecture. After groping for some time in perfect silence, for the groans had now entirely ceased, she found herself ascending the ladder which led to the lighted apartment above. Now there came from within the sound of a heavy tread, and the young adventurer paused—but the life blood came back to her heart again, and with it her dauntless purpose; the next moment, and she stood on the threshold above. The lock rattled to her touch—there was the sound of a turning key within, and the door of the apartment opened wide before her. Amid the sudden and painful rush of light, a form of commanding grace stood before her, and a dark and sorrowful eye rested sternly on hers. She would have spoken, but the words died on her lip; she leaned tremblingly upon the wall, and at length there came a low and brief apology; but the stranger still gazed as if heedless of its import. If the idea of supernatural agency had for a moment intruded while groping through the darkness below, it all vanished beneath that silent gaze. There was a touch of earth and its sorrows, on every object of that lonely room, and her very soul was hushed and awed, at the recollection that she had dared to intrude upon its sacredness.

It was only a momentary glimpse indeed which Alice directed to the objects of the apartment. It contained no windows, the faint light of the mouldering fire flickered upon the walls, and the lamp burned dimly in its socket. A case of

books stood near the door;—there was a low table in the center of the apartment, and scattered around it a few cushioned chairs with covers of faded green. A couch stood near the fire, of like ancient and worn materials, and here indeed the quick glance of Alice rested. A wide cloak fell carelessly over it, and its folds were heaving to the low and quickened breathings of human agony. It was no fancy then; that deep groan had borne its own true and fearful meaning, and there lay the suffering and dying one. And yet the pity which had prompted the effort, almost vanished amid the deep emotions that now thrilled her heart. It was the face of an old man, and very pale, the eyes were closed as in slumber, and every feature was thin and worn as if with long and bitter suffering. Yet there was around those features the peaceful beauty of holiness, a smile was on the thin and faded lip, and in every furrow of that noble brow were the records of the battle fought, the victory won, and the diadem laid up above, incorruptible and unfading; it seemed as if the brightness of heaven were near, and the agony of earth almost ended. But Alice was still conscious that the other inmate of the apartment had not ceased to regard her with fixed and painful earnestness. He was indeed silent, but a strong flush, mantling high even among the dark locks that shaded his temples, betrayed no trivial emotion.

“Forgive my intrusion, sir,” said Alice in low and trembling tones, “it was not for idle curiosity—indeed, sir, I will prove that it was not; only tell me how I can in any way serve you, or”—

The stranger was evidently about to speak,

but at that moment a low and protracted groan burst from the couch of the invalid. Though the sound of heavy steps and opening doors, had not aroused him from that deathlike lethargy; the faint tones of that sweet and murmured voice, seemed to have recalled him to the consciousness of suffering—his eye roamed wildly over the apartment. In a moment his companion was beside him gently bathing his temples, and evidently stifling his own deep sighs with words of consolation. But there was no reply—for the eye of the invalid now rested on the spot where the beautiful young stranger was leaning, her face bright with emotion, and the drapery of her scarlet mantle streaming from her shoulders. There was something irresistibly attractive in that beseeching glance, and she almost unconsciously drew near the couch.

“Now the blessing of the God of heaven be on thee, my Isabel, my own lost and beautiful one,” said the old man in slow but unflinching tones, as Alice Weldon advanced towards him. I knew thou wouldst not forsake us altogether. I told thee, William, she would come again to us, though it were only to soothe our dying moments. Give me thy hand, my sweet daughter Isabel, let these eyes look once more on thee. Ah, *once* more, for surely there is nothing else on earth that I would not now close them on joyfully and forever.”

Alice cast upon the other a glance of anxious inquiry, as she placed her fair hand in that of the aged invalid. But there was nothing there, to check her amazement; all that had appeared strange and mysterious in the exclamations of the sufferer, seemed more than confirmed in his

countenance. The old man still continued to gaze wistfully upon her.

“Methinks the long years that have rolled so wearily over us, have fallen but lightly on thee, my noble daughter. I am old, and worn with grief, and even William’s dark locks are sprinkled with snow ; but thou dost seem more young, and far more blooming, than when we left thee in the cave of the mountain. Say, Isabel, is it that thou hast wandered free and happy among the fresh breezes of the earth, that thine eye is so bright, and thy cheek so blooming? But no—no, he added mournfully—it cannot be. They told me that my Isabel lay in the dark prisons beyond the ocean.” And he closed his eyes as if to shut out the bewildering image.

A tear trembled in the eye of Alice, as, with a look of earnest inquiry, she once more raised it to the countenance of the stranger. “Tell me your name, young maiden,” exclaimed the latter in a voice of uncontrollable emotion, “and haply I may read you his meaning.”

“They call me Alice Weldon,” replied the trembling girl, while a strong rush of associations overpowered her spirit.

“Then wonder not that visions of that beloved one are kindled. Thy mother was his own and only daughter, and thou art mine.” There was a moment of doubt—of deep incredulous wonder, and Alice gazed in silence. But the springs of natural affection are hidden and mysterious ; and it was not long ere she threw her arm around the neck of him whom but now she had deemed a stranger, calling him her father, and weeping over him with wild and pas-

sionate tenderness, as if from her earliest childhood she had loved his name.

The old man seemed only in part to have comprehended the recognition that had taken place; and his thoughts still wandered with painful earnestness, to the memory of that heroic being whose living image seemed before him. "Oh I had prayed that I might see her again," he murmured in weak and sunken tones, "and I had forgotten that the illusions of earth are not yet over."

Only half an hour had elapsed since Alice had departed on her mysterious expedition, when she again found herself traversing the subterranean passage. There seemed a perfect silence within the little parlor as she ascended the staircase, only the ticking of the clock was plainly perceptible. Mrs. Ramsay was sitting precisely in the same place as when she had left her, and close beside her was Susan whose countenance exhibited the same emotion as before, save that there was an expression of even deeper terror in her eye as it glanced upon the opening door. Alice instantly perceived, that during her absence, the party had received a singular addition. On the opposite side of the fire sat a stranger, a tall and elegantly proportioned female. She wore a pelisse and bonnet of rich black velvet, and a ribbon of the same hue, fastened around her throat with a small diamond clasp. The lady had evidently passed the noon of life; and here and there a solitary line of silver mingled among the dark hair that was parted on her forehead. Her face seemed throughout of the pure and colorless tint of marble; and so perfectly regular was the contour of her features, that it seemed rather like

some exquisite production of the chisel, than like a form of life and motion. A faint smile lingered on her lip; and there was a certain wildness and indescribable sweetness of expression in the brilliancy of her soft dark eye, as it beamed upon the admiring Alice.

The young lady waited a moment, as if for some introduction to this stranger, but there was an uninterrupted silence; and a meaning glance at that moment interchanged between Mrs. Ramsay and her cousin, suddenly convinced her that she was to them an object of aversion and fear. There were no inquiries as to the success of her errand; and she now sat down, without attempting to interrupt the awkward silence.

Several minutes had elapsed, and Alice was still vainly endeavoring to account for the appearance of the stranger at this untimely hour, when a sudden and startling knock on the outer door diffused a general thrill throughout the company. Susan started up hastily, and seizing a mantle from the chair beside her, stood resolutely, as if prepared for any emergency.

"Where are you going?" said her cousin in surprise.

"To take up my abode with christian people, for the night, if indeed there are any such in the vicinity. No, Alice, you need not urge me," continued the young lady with a flush of indignant spirit, "I would not stay in this house another hour, even if you would tie around my neck that golden charm which gives you so much courage. Do you see," she added in a whisper to Mrs. Ramsay, "how that strange being's eye flashes at the very name of a charm."

"Are you not going to the door, Mrs. Ram-

say?" continued Alice, without replying to her cousin, for at that moment another loud and rapid knock intimated the impatience of those without.

"Not I, ma'am," replied the resolute dame, gathering courage. "Gentle or simple, they must e'en wait till morning—we've queer comers enough for the night already." And she cast a timid and suspicious glance upon the stranger. "At least," she added in an under tone, "if worse comes to worse, there's a kind of people that can e'en come through the key hole."

The stranger was evidently embarrassed, she looked earnestly for a moment upon the young ladies, upon each alternately, and seemed about to speak; but a third knock, more violent than either of the preceding, now rang through the building.

"It is a bitter night, Mrs. Ramsay," said Alice, rising hastily and seizing a light from the shelf. It would sound ill too, that a traveler had perished at the minister's door for want of a hand to open it," and casting as she passed, a single and earnest glance upon the dark eyed stranger, she proceeded through the narrow hall to the outer door of the dwelling. After some little embarrassment, the bar was at length removed, the key turned, and the door thrown open.

"For the love of mercy," exclaimed a tall and closely muffled traveler, who stood knocking his boots against the stones, in the extremity of his impatience, but the words died quickly away; and the next moment, the hand of Alice Weldon was grasped in his, a tone of joyful greeting rung in her ear, and he who had dared for her the deep,

and the dangers of a foreign clime, and the pride and grandeur of a princely court, was standing once more beside her.

“And now do I claim my reward,” cried Henry Davenport, as they entered the parlor together, for Mrs. Ramsay and Susan had made good their retreat; but the stranger still sat by the fire.

“The condition,” replied the young lady in a low and agitated voice, her eye glancing upon the stranger with a look of trembling interest. A bright flush was kindling on that pale cheek, and the wild and joyful meaning of that beaming eye was no longer a mystery. The next moment, Alice Weldon lay folded in that lady’s arms, the warm tears of a mother’s love were on her cheek, the rich music of a mother’s voice fell on her ear; and dreams, and fears, and wishes, were all faded in one bright reality. The tale of mystery was soon unravelled; and though the kindness which had sought to shield her from the misfortunes of her family was not unappreciated, a tide of deeper pleasure filled her spirit, when she learned that he who had that night folded her in a father’s embrace, was none other than the noble outcast, whose story of high devotion had so often kindled her fancy.

Isabel Goffe had not in vain, sixteen years since, summoned up the strength of woman’s courage, for a hopeless and almost desperate effort. Her errand across the deep had not been in vain. Long years had indeed been wasted in the silence of her prison walls, until the beautiful and smiling infant whose memory had gladdened its loneliness, could scarcely be recognized, even by a mother’s eye, in the elegant

and graceful being who now hung over her. But it was not in vain. The eloquence of the wife and daughter at last prevailed even at the foot of the English throne; and she now came with an assurance of secret pardon to the sorrowing exiles. Was it then too late? Oh no—it was a moment worth ages of the heartless existence of many whom the world call happy, when the heroic Isabel kneeled that night in the lone chamber of death. And a nobler and costlier legacy than the gold of Peru, was in those words of blessing, with which the tried spirit of her father, at last burst away free and happy to its home in heaven.

Three months after these occurrences, the beautiful house and grounds of the deceased Mrs. Wilmot, were purchased by an English gentleman of fortune, recently arrived in the colony of New-Haven. Walter Goldsmith, (for such was the name of the new comer,) was a man of commanding person and manners, much esteemed among the inhabitants for his benevolence, the high and pure morality of his life, and more than all for those strong principles of holiness, which evidently formed the springs of his existence. He was however reserved, and somewhat unsocial in his habits, and seemed almost exclusively devoted to the happiness of an extremely amiable and beautiful wife, who had accompanied him to his new residence.

Little was known, among the colonists, of the former condition of the emigrants. They were supposed, however, to have been in some way connected with the deceased Mrs. Wilmot, as her favorite niece resided wholly in their family. Alice Weldon indeed addressed them by the endearing appellations of parents, and certainly

there are few stronger attachments than that which was here mutually exhibited. It was also noticed by some, that there was a striking similarity of person between Miss Weldon and her beautiful adopted mother. The mystery however was never duly investigated; the extreme reserve of Mrs. Goldsmith's manners on this and many other subjects, prevented those communications which might have been desired.

Henry Davenport obtained, the ensuing autumn, the hand of the lovely Miss Weldon; but as her new guardians refused to be separated from the object of their affection, he concluded, at their earnest solicitation, to establish himself beneath the same roof.

It was not until many years after, when at the close of a long and happy life, Walter Goldsmith was laid by the grave of the regicide, and only the simple initials, W. G. appeared on the rude tombstone which marked his resting place, that a secret report prevailed through the village, that he was other than he had seemed, and that the name of Goldsmith had long concealed among them the family of the devoted and high souled Goffe.

THE FAIR PILGRIM.



THE
FAIR PILGRIM.



CHAPTER I.

As lovely a morning as ever rose on the loveliness of an English village, was tinging, with its rosy light, the cottages and magnificent turrets that adorned the valley of D——. Doubtless, to some, the appellation of village suggests only the picture of one of those smiling groups of human dwellings, which adorn our American landscapes,—nothing, however, could differ more widely from the present scene. Not only the castle, the chapel, and the shady park appeared in their ancient grandeur, as the monuments of aristocratic pride and power; but for miles around the humble cottages of the villagers, nay, even their inhabitants were nearly all only so many appendages to the dignity of the one noble family, whose residence graced the vale. Among the few houses which appeared to maintain an independent existence, there was one, which, from the neatness of its structure, and the beauty of the surrounding grounds, was well fitted to excite attention. It was situated at

a considerable distance from the castle, in the midst of a beautiful coppice. Behind it rose a high, wooded bank, and the verdure which enameled the turf in the shady walk, was every where enriched and deepened by the meanderings of a brook, whose blue wave, here and there, gleamed up from among the trees. Every circumstance which renders rural life beautiful, seemed here to exist in delightful combination. Nature's melody was not wanting. The voices of birds were uttered low and sweet from the boughs, the bleating of lambs on the hill, the notes of a thousand bright insects, and the murmurs of the little brook, all came on the ear in rich and mingled music. The house was of wood, large and neatly painted; but the ivy which had crept over the porch, and the moss which had here and there overgrown the sloping roof, gave it a venerable air.

The windows of one of the front apartments were thrown open, and amid the grateful coolness which pervaded it, several elderly men of dignified and respectable appearance sat eagerly conversing together.

"Sir Richard, did you mention aught to the king concerning the charter?" said one who leaned upon the window seat.

"The subject," replied the baronet, "was but slightly touched upon. I deemed it impolitic to urge the matter as yet, for I saw that the impious Laud, that most cruel enemy of the Puritans, watched my steps. But Strafford is on our side. He cares not whether we die or prosper, so he doth but gain gold and honor for himself. He hath promised me that he will favor our petition, when a fitting opportunity presents. Mean-

while, my brethren," continued the baronet, "let us render thanksgiving that this great and difficult undertaking of ours, doth seem so nearly accomplished. The proprietary grant hath been easily and firmly secured. The ships are prepared for departure, and as far as our resources have allowed, fitted out with all things needful for so perilous a journey. All that remaineth is that you, my brethren, do gird on your spiritual armor and go forth to your work."

The silence which succeeded this declaration remained for some time uninterrupted. The emotions it had excited were too deep for words, and each spirit seemed quietly searching its own mysterious depths, for those treasures of strength, and that holiness of purpose, which their noble enterprise demanded.

"It is time, then, that the day of departure should be appointed," said one after some minutes silence.

"Three days from this, if it seems fitting to you all," replied Sir Richard Saltonstall. "What say you, Endicott?"

"It is well, Sir Richard. Our plans admit of little delay; but, Wilson," he added, turning to the gentleman by the window, "can your scattered flock so soon be gathered together?"

"They are all at this moment, apprised of a speedy departure, and are, I doubt not, ready for the summons. And yet not all," he continued hesitatingly, "One tender lamb of the fold is as yet ignorant of our purpose."

"And why?" exclaimed the baronet, in surprise. "When the Father of mercies hath opened so clear and glorious a path for his people, why should man presume to veil its light?"

Reverend Sir, you say the lamb is a tender one, will you leave it to the ravening wolves that are now spoiling God's heritage?"

"Sir Richard," replied the clergyman calmly, "she of whom I speak, hath stronger ties than we to bind her here. As for us, our wives and our children are going with us; but she must leave kindred as well as home. She must come forth not from the shadows of the Presbyterian faith, but from amid the clouds and darkness of this pompous hierarchy. Sir Richard, I know that the lady serves God in purity of spirit, and her heart is with his people, but she hath been bred amid the splendor and luxury of a magnificent home, and the first spring flower is not more frail and delicate. And you will better comprehend my meaning, when I tell you that the lady Eveline, the daughter of the noble Earl who dwells in yonder castle, is the one of whom I speak."

There was an expression of universal surprise as the clergyman said these words. "But, Wilson," exclaimed Sir Richard, "the Earl, her father, is the friend of our arch enemy, the bigoted and persecuting primate. Doth he permit his daughter the indulgence of her religious principles?"

"I fear not," replied the clergyman, shaking his head sorrowfully. "The lady is compelled to join in rites and ceremonies which her soul abhors, and I have often heard her long for the green pastures, and still waters, where none might make her afraid."

"And yet," said Endicott, reproachfully, "you refused to lead her beside them. My brother, you have done what to my feeble vision seems wrong. You should have told the lady your

purpose, and the God whom she hath chosen, would have been her counselor."

"I have perhaps been too much guided by my own wisdom," replied the pastor, "and God may choose to prove it foolishness. Brethren, do you counsel me, even now, to apprise the lady of our departure?"

"We do, we do," exclaimed several voices at once. "Heaven will point to her the path in which she should go?"

"Then," continued Mr. Wilson, "I will this moment forward a message which shall convey to her the necessary intelligence. Sir Richard, you know the lady well. Will you not yourself indite the epistle?" and he arranged on the table before him the materials for writing.

"But," replied Saltonstall, "is there any one beneath your roof, who would venture to place it in the hand of the Lady Eveline? The task, methinks would be an extremely difficult one."

"It would, Sir Richard. Nevertheless I will seek to provide you with a messenger. There is but one to whom I could trust the embassy," and as he spoke the clergyman left the apartment.

Just as the baronet had completed his task, a graceful girl with a sweet and modest countenance, opened the door, and approached with a sort of hesitating air the table by which he wrote. A loose scarf was thrown over her neat and simple dress, and a bonnet in part concealed her features. She blushed, and paused a moment. "My father told me, sir, you had a message to one of the ladies of the castle. Shall I carry it thither?"

"Sir Richard was folding the letter, and he

cast on her a benignant glance. "Ellen Wilson, you are kind in offering to perform this duty. But have you ever seen the noble sisters of the castle? For remember, you must place the note in the lady Eveline's own hand."

"I once saw them both," replied Ellen, "it is two years since, but I can remember them at this moment as though it were but yesterday. They had lost themselves in a ramble on our hill, and I led them through the coppice. But the lady Eveline was much taller than her sister, and her tone and look were both so different from the other's, I am sure I could not mistake her even now."

"And do not return, my child," said Sir Richard, as he placed the letter in her hand, "until the lady hath read the epistle, for she will doubtless give you her reply."

The heart of Ellen Wilson beat with an unwonted violence, as after a long and pleasant walk, she found herself standing within the enclosure which surrounded the castle. Though her whole life had been past within half an hour's walk of the place, she had never but once before ventured within these noble domains, and that was in her early childhood. The mother of the noble sisters, who had now long slept in the tomb, was then a young and beautiful matron; and the affectionate kiss which she had here imprinted on the cheek of the little wanderer, was at this moment distinctly remembered. But other and more agitating reflections, soon presented themselves. Aside from the appalling grandeur of the place, and the high rank of those upon whom she was about to intrude, the heart of the simple girl

was awed with the recollection of her errand, and its probable effects.

She had come to invite the daughter of that proud Earl, openly to renounce the faith of her father, her rank, her home, and all that she held dear, and to become a pilgrim to a distant wilderness. But it was no time for faltering purposes; and the heart of Ellen Wilson had lately been taught to lay aside, together with the indulgence of earthly hope, that fear which bringeth a snare, and after requesting of the porter who opened the inner gate, permission to speak with the lady Eveline, she soon found herself traversing with haste, the immense halls of the castle. These were furnished in a style of ancient and costly magnificence, and she could scarce refrain from pausing to return the gaze of the fine pictured countenances, which now in rapid succession met her eye. At last the servant paused, and throwing open the door of a splendid apartment bade her enter.

A hasty glance assured her that she was not yet in the presence of the noble inhabitants of the castle, and the servant, after informing her that he would immediately communicate to the lady Eveline her request, left the room through a door which communicated with a still larger apartment. For the moment which it remained open, she had caught a glimpse of several forms within, and the sound of their voices at the same time met her ear. In a few moments, the servant again appeared.

“The lady is at this time engaged. Her brother and the Marquis of B—— have just returned from London, and she is now in their presence. In less than an hour,” he added, “she may be

ready to see you. You can wait for her in this apartment."

The condition seemed so slight in comparison with an entire denial, that Ellen concluded without hesitation to accept of it. Just as the servant had again left the room, a sound of near voices caused her to raise her eye, and she perceived with surprise, that the door from which he had last entered, still remained partly open. A distinct view of the persons within, at once presented itself.

The lofty walls were adorned with the richest tapestry which ancient art could produce. Immense mirrors, superb sofas and tables, the rich damask curtains, all burst with the imposing grace of novelty upon her bewildered eye, and even the pure light of heaven itself seemed to have caught a strange voluptuousness, as it stole in rosy beams through the richly colored glass.

An elderly man whom Ellen at once recognised as the proprietor of this noble dwelling, was near one of the windows. On the same sofa sat a young cavalier gaily and fashionably dressed, and another still whom she knew to be the young heir of D——, was pacing the floor.

But objects of far higher interest than these, soon met her eye. Seated on a low sofa in a distant part of the room, the two beautiful ladies of the castle appeared, engaged in that branch of needle-work which was then deemed a meet occupation, for females of high rank and fortune. They were both apparently very young and from any thing in their appearance, it would have been difficult to have determined which was the elder. One was taller and fairer than the other, and as her head bent over the embroidery frame,

the bright brown hair, parted away from behind, fell curling beautifully over the snowy arch of her long and graceful neck. There was a fresh bloom on the cheek of both the maidens, but that on the countenance of the taller was not so vivid as the other's, and her lip too had a pale and rosy hue in comparison with the full bright coral of her sister's, and in her eye, and on her brow, and over her whole mien, there were the marks of an unfettered and noble spirit, which Ellen knew to be none other than the lady Eveline's.

The voice of the Earl now caught her attention.

"Any more news, at court, my son? The puritans—how prosper they? Hath our worthy prelate given any new proofs of zeal against these heretics?"

"No, but Charles has given new proofs of his folly," replied the youth hastily. "It is rumored that to the most hypocritical and ranting set of them all, he is about to convey a charter transferring the powers of government from the Grand Council of Plymouth to the colonists themselves."

"What colonists, what mean you, George?" rejoined the Earl with a look of impatient surprise. "Do you speak of the Plymouth colony?"

"No, my Lord," replied the young Marquis, "he refers to a more extensive scheme of folly which Sir Richard Saltonsall has lately projected. It seems that the honest puritans are at length wearied of the good offices of the Archbishop, and intend making their escape to America, to join their Plymouth brethren. Saltonstall has lately purchased a large tract of the Grand Council and is about to despatch thither a fresh cargo of hypocrites."

"And why," rejoined the Earl angrily, "is the

Duke of Lenox so desirous of establishing this hated religion in the very heart of his possessions? One would think the colony already there, enough to give a godly savor to the land."

"Ah," replied the young nobleman "I believe the council are quite in despair concerning their great territories, and willing to part with them as they best can," but continued he, "my Lord you need not fear their increase. You could not have placed them in a better place. If all tales are true, the bears and Indians will soon cool their enthusiasm. I fancy the Archbishop himself could never have found a more effectual method."

"You say truly," replied the Earl with bitterness. "A better place could not have been found for them; and when you have dealt as long with these stubborn rebels as myself, you will not need to be told that the more they are persecuted, the more they flourish."

"And may not this, my father, indicate the goodness of their cause?" said the lady Eveline, as she raised her flushed countenance from her work.

"A thousand pardons, my blessed little puritan," exclaimed her brother, hastily approaching her. "I certainly forgot your presence. And you, my Lord," he continued turning to the young nobleman, "come and kneel, as you value the lady's favor."

A frown of displeasure at the same time gathered on the countenance of the Earl. "A young female who is wiser than all her relatives, is surely an object worthy of admiration; but, Eveline, why not place the climax to your devotion by joining this pious pilgrimage?"

"And if I should," replied the lady calmly,

“I should only exhibit a far less noble example of devotedness, than did those holy females who are already enduring the hardships of the wilderness.”

“But surely, Lady Eveline,” said the Marquis, “you do not mean to say that you favor the opinions of the Puritans?”

“Even more;” replied the lady while a pale blush suffused her countenance, “I have made their opinions my own.”

“And it is a part of your religion, I presume,” exclaimed her father angrily, “to disgrace those who have the misfortune to be connected with you, by the avowal of your creed.”

The indignant glow of a proud spirit for a moment colored the lady’s cheek, but there was evidently some controlling principle within, which forbade the indulgence of earthly passions; for ere she had essayed to reply to her father’s words, the flush was gone, and instead of it a smile of heavenly sweetness, such as became a follower of the “lowly in heart.” “I cannot, my father, indeed, I cannot refuse a portion of the obloquy which rests upon my religion. Would it not be ungenerous, for me to deny my principles, because I feared the disgrace attached to them?”

“I admire the Lady Eveline’s spirit,” exclaimed the young Marquis with animation. “I deem it unfair, my Lord, to quarrel with any religion whose precepts distil upon us in such gentle glances and from such lips as just now pleaded for the puritans. I fear I shall become a puritan myself, if I linger long in this fair presence. Say George, is it not dangerous?”

“Disturb me not,” said the youth, in a tone of

affected pathos, as he stood with his eyes fixed upon the lady, "I am even now painting to myself the form of the fair devotee wandering about among the caves and mountains of the new world. But, my beloved sister thou must lay aside the needle from those small and lily hands of thine, for to my best knowledge the heroines of America do wield the hoe instead thereof, and thou must doff that costly robe, simple and plain though it be, did not the martyrs of old wander forth in sheep skins, and goat skins? And that coronal of pearls, that shines so brightly among thy tresses, it is not good. Do we not hear of the holy women of old, how they sought to adorn themselves not with gold and pearls and costly array"—

"Would to heaven, George," exclaimed the lady interrupting him, "that I had instead thereof the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit," and then again repressing the bright crimson which mantled her cheek, she bent her head over the frame to conceal the tear of wounded feeling.

But there appeared to Ellen something peculiarly touching in the idea which the young nobleman had expressed in such tones of irony. There was a frailty, an exquisite delicacy in the form and features of the noble girl and an air of elegance in her simple and costly attire, which seemed all unmeet for the trials which she doubted not would soon be her portion.

The Lady Julia had, till now, borne no part in this agitating conversation; but on catching a sudden glimpse of her sister's moistened eye, a look of tenderness lighted her countenance. "I pray you forgive us, my noble brother," she exclaimed, looking coldly upon the young Lord,

“if we do not duly admire your costly politeness. My sister and myself have lived much in retirement of late, and scarce know how to appreciate the lofty polish which the court of Charles has given you. I pray you forgive us.” The beautiful lip of the young lady curled with an expression of disdain and after speaking a moment to her sister in a low voice, they rose together and left the apartment.

There was silence for several moments, after the door had closed upon them, and when at length it was interrupted by the Earl; the voice was so low that Ellen could scarcely distinguish his words. She was just indulging in a feeling of secret impatience, when the sound of a light tread caught her ear, and turning, she beheld approaching from a distant door, the tall, light figure of the Lady Eveline. She came close to the blushing girl and her tone was low and sweet.

“I was told that you waited to speak with me, young maiden. Am I mistaken? But if it is aught of a private nature,” she added, casting a sudden glance at the open door, while Ellen hastened to present the letter, “this is no fitting place for it. Will you come with me?” Ellen rose, and after following the footsteps of the young lady through a long suite of apartments, they stood at last in an elegant reading room, the favorite resort of the young Eveline. “And now you may speak freely,” she said, as she placed her chair by the side of a small mahogany table at the same time seating herself near her, “I believe I know you already. Are you not Ellen Wilson—the same who once gave us such a fine ramble in the coppice?”

Ellen replied in the affirmative, and placed the

letter of Sir Richard in her hand. The lady unfolded it, and glanced slowly over its contents. But as she proceeded, a new and sudden light seemed to kindle in her blue eye, the paleness of her brow extended itself over the whole countenance. And when, at length, she slowly folded it again with an appearance of assumed composure so colorless was her lip and cheek, that Ellen feared each moment to see her fall fainting from her chair. But still the paper remained in her hand, and she seemed pressing its folds with greater exactness. "Madam, the news which this letter conveys are sudden and strange. It has come upon me unawares. My faith is weak, and I dreamed not that it would so soon be put to the test. Three days from this, if I read aright, the pilgrims set sail. The time is short—too short for all I have to do. I fear, Ellen Wilson, I cannot so soon give up all I love."

"You need not, dear lady," said Ellen, in a timid voice, "He whom you have not long loved better than all others, will still be with you. Lady Eveline is not his grace sufficient for you?"

"Surely, Ellen, your father is of the puritans," replied the lady gazing with admiration upon her fresh and smiling countenance. "And you are going forth to danger and suffering with a cheerful spirit. Oh that I also might have grace to do the will of my heavenly Father joyfully."

There was an expression of agony on the pale face of the noble maiden, and Ellen dared not witness that fearful conflict of feeling. "Lady," she said, "God himself will make you know your duty. Methinks it cannot be his will that you should thus abandon your home and kindred."

There was still another pause, and then the lady rose. "Ellen Wilson, come to me again tomorrow evening at sunset, and I will tell you my decision." Ellen felt the pressure of her hand in parting, it was cold and moist, and trembled violently; she could scarcely refrain from tears, as she followed the servant through the long and splendid apartments, and remembered the agony of their beautiful mistress.

CHAPTER II.

“ Their dauntless hearts no meteor led
In terror o'er the ocean,
From fortune and from fame they fled
To heaven and its devotion.”

THE alarming paleness which the countenance of the Lady Eveline exhibited during the remainder of the day, was a subject of much remark in the castle ; and the bitterness with which the young Marquis reproached her brother for his unkind jesting, showed that his interest in the lady's peace was of a peculiar nature. What rendered her melancholy still more touching, was an apparent and studied effort on her part to appear with her usual cheerfulness.

On the afternoon of the second day, the lady after having with much difficulty escaped from the gay company below, appeared pacing with a quick and agitated step the floor of that lofty gallery which terminated in the sleeping apartment of the sisters. The time which had been appointed for making known her decision was almost arrived, and as yet nothing but a succession of dark and agonized feelings had crossed her mind—an indistinct impression of stern duty urging her to the renunciation of every earthly hope. But she felt that it was wrong—it was not what the mighty decision before her demand-

ed; and she now entered her apartment and closed the door with a firm resolution that she would calmly and dispassionately listen to the still small voice of truth, and come no more out, until she had fully resolved whether the earth was henceforth to be to her a wilderness, and the voice of sister, kindred, and the home of her childhood, with all the hopes of a gay and beautiful imagination, were henceforth to be to her but as remembered dreams. The lady felt that her soul was weakened with the pressure of sorrow, and she sought for a portion of the undying energy of Him who "fainteth not, neither is weary." And was it for her to withhold from God the influence of her high name, was it for her, in the pride of human greatness, to turn away from Him who now spake as it were from heaven, demanding the example of her faith, her exertions and her whole life for the honor of his despised and afflicted church, whose name was a reproach among her people? And was it for her on whom the deep vow was resting, to live not for herself nor for the few fleeting days of time, but for the vast, shadowless and immortal existence beyond,—was it for her to cling with fond affection around the elegances and endearments of her home?—that home too where her religion was a by-word and whose strong influences were hourly urging her from heaven and holiness?

The prayer had not been vainly said, and amid weeping and untold agony, the beautiful lady of D—— at last resolved to give up all for God. And now a light burst in upon her spirit, calm and peaceful as the light of heaven. She thought of her sister, her beloved Julia, dearer to her than her own soul, her motherless sister; she thought

of her as the companion of her childhood, the friend of her youth, and all around her were memorials of their love. Her eye glanced over the apartment which for long years they had shared together, and she thought of the ocean which would soon roll between their pillows. But the agony which for a moment dimmed her eye, caused no faltering of purpose; and the fragrance of her bruised and broken affections only arose in richer sacrifice to the will of heaven.

She thought of an eternal farewell to the home of her childhood, of a father's and brother's last embrace; and, not least of all, was remembered the surrender she was to make of the affections of the high born and generous youth now in the castle, whose tones and glances had so often assured her of his love. But still there was no faltering of purpose. The heart of the maiden did not refuse to suffer affliction with the people of God; for she remembered One who for her sake had undergone deeper sorrows than these. Neither were the dark nights of tempest on the ocean forgotten, nor the untold horrors of famine, sickness and death on that distant shore,—but a courage not her own, imbued her spirit.

The trial was almost over, and now there came to the kindled and enlightened fancy of the young christian, dreams of unutterable blessedness, bright visions from the calm and distant homes which God prepares for those that love him, and the embrace of an endearing love, stronger than death, and though she knew that instead of the high and joyful enthusiasm which the sublimity of her resolution had imparted, in place of this glad victory of holy feelings there would come the hour of long ungladened

and painful exertions, still her soul was comforted with the thought of her last glorious rest in heaven. The long vista of futurity seemed open before her, and with a kindling eye she trod the apartment, till the might and grandeur of earth had passed away, and the lofty halls of her fathers crumbled with years, and the ivy and the moss had mantled their ruins, and she beheld a free and glorious nation bright with the light of heaven's own truth, planted by the exertions of that pilgrim band, who now, amid weakness and sorrow and fear, were about to traverse the deep. Surely a low grave among them on that distant shore, was far more noble than a resting place in the tombs of her ancestors.

The light of the setting sun was already straying through the crimson curtains, when the Lady Eveline remembered her request to Ellen Wilson, and determining to go forth and meet her in the avenue, she hastened to prepare herself for her walk. She had already crossed the gallery, and was descending the superb staircase which led to the outer hall, when a glimpse of the young Marquis leaning thoughtfully against the entrance arrested her steps. She wished to avoid him, but it was too late. He had caught a view of her, and now demanded the privilege of accompanying her in her walk. The lady was embarrassed, she could not refuse, and they descended together through the winding avenue which led from the castle.

“You are surely well again, my Lady,” said the Marquis, glancing with surprise on her countenance now lighted up with a glow and brightness altogether unusual. There were still traces of tears on her cheek, her eye beamed with the

fervor of intense feeling, and a smile of that peace which the world cannot give played on her lip.

Here was an object which of all others, human love clings to most tenderly, and the impassioned words which the young nobleman uttered, showed that his heart confessed its power.

The lady had desired earnestly that this bitter trial might be spared her; for it was too true that there had been moments, when she had dreamed, even in this very avenue, of giving her young heart with all its affections to him who now so earnestly solicited it, and beautiful had the long life before her seemed, when she had thought of devoting it to his happiness. But this was all over. She knew that he was in heart a hater of the puritans and a despiser of their faith, and that however his young affection for her might now soften his feelings of contempt for her religion, such affection was but a broken reed to lean upon—all was over—and now some other love must brighten the grandeur of his princely home.

She had told the Marquis of this, with a noble firmness; and they were leaning silently upon the gate, watching the brilliant and fading hues of the western clouds, when the form of Ellen Wilson approaching the remote extremity of the avenue drew their attention. Her eye was fixed upon them and she seemed in doubt whether to approach.

“Yonder girl has a message for me, my Lord,” exclaimed Eveline, opening the gate, “I must leave you for a moment to receive her errand.”

“What message shall I bear to my father’s house?” said Ellen as the lady approached her,

“there are many there, anxiously awaiting your decision.”

“Say that I will go with them,” replied the lady, calmly. “Ellen, at what hour do we leave the valley?”

“At eleven, my lady, and at two we sail. The moon will be bright, and ere the morning dawns, we shall have gone far on our long way. And my father bade me tell you also, that if you had aught to carry with you, it must this evening be conveyed to the ship. If you will send it to the cottage, Lady, it shall be safely done.”

“It is well—it is well,” repeated Eveline, with quickness, endeavoring to subdue some painful emotions. “At eleven, Ellen, I will be in your father’s cottage. Is there aught else?”

“Nothing,” replied Ellen, but she turned a moment with a glistening eye, “only dear lady, God will bless those who love him, better than father, and sister, and houses, and lands, and I know *you* will be blessed when you have forsaken them all for his sake.”

The ties of christian love are strong; and the high born lady bent to kiss the lip of one, who was henceforth to be her sister, and the companion of her pilgrimage.

The Marquis still waited for her at the gate; and after pursuing their walk a little farther on the lawn, they returned to the castle. Eveline immediately retired to her dressing room for the purpose of making the necessary preparation for her voyage. This was quickly done. From the mass of rich dresses which her wardrobe contained, a box of her simplest clothing was soon selected; and this, with another containing a few choice books and letters, a small portrait of her

mother and sister, and a casket of costly gems, the gift of her father, and of themselves sufficient to purchase the supply of her future wants, was all that this noble heiress chose for her portion, from the boundless wealth of her father. After this painful duty was accomplished, she directed a servant to convey them to the cottage at the foot of the coppice, and in a few moments after, she descended to the sitting-room below.

The Lady Julia was this evening splendidly dressed, and to the eye of her sister she had never looked more lovely, her voice too thrilled with affection's music, and every tone seemed to bury itself in her spirit. Her father and brother were there, and unkind though they had often been, the heart of the Lady Eveline was not one in which such ties could be lightly severed, and every time she met their glance, or heard their voices addressing her, a tear would involuntarily tremble in her eye, that she whom they looked upon as daughter and sister, would soon be to them as a forgotten exile.

The gay Marquis appeared this evening strangely melancholy; and when at length the young ladies arose to retire, he accompanied them to the door. A hasty summons from a distant estate had just arrived, and as he was to leave the castle early the ensuing morning, he availed himself of this opportunity to bid them adieu.

The Lady Julia's compliments were uttered in that easy and graceful manner which the slightness of the occasion seemed to demand; but her sister, for a moment, appeared singularly embarrassed. Her cheek at once became deadly pale and then the blood mounting suddenly, gave it so rosy a tinge, that Julia gazed upon her in sur-

prise. "Sister, shall we go?" she said, gently drawing her away.

"Farewell, Lady Eveline," exclaimed the Marquis. Ah! that farewell, he dreamed not that it was forever.

But the door was closed. Eveline felt they were to meet no more on earth, and she was now almost unconsciously traversing the hall with her sister's arm in hers.

The following morning was spent by the Lady Eveline in the solitude of her reading room. She was principally engaged in writing an affectionate letter to her father, in which she prayed for the continuance of his affection, his forgiveness and blessing, when she should be far away on her lonely exile, and another of exquisite tenderness, addressed to her sister, in which she laid open to her all her sorrows, and told her of the stern conflict of duty and feeling; and besought her by all the tenderness of their early love to remember her until death. The letters were both moistened with many tears, ere they were consigned to their temporary concealment.

The day stole rapidly away, like the other days of earth; noontide, sunset, and the fading twilight were all gone, and now amid the shadows of the starry evening, the moon was just lifting her unclouded light. As it first began to gleam through the windows of the castle, the Lady Eveline was slowly walking along the wide gallery, while her sister still lingered a moment in the dressing room, to complete the arrangement of her toilet. Far different were their reflections. When that light which now fell from the lofty windows of the gallery upon the form of Eveline should fade away in the grey beams of morning,

—oh where would she be then? The thoughts that overpowered her heart were too bitter for endurance, and she hastily approached the door of the dressing room.

“Dear Julia are you not ready yet? Methinks you are long.”

“I cannot help it, Eveline,” replied the other in a half vexed and half sportive tone, “I have been lecturing this awkward curl these fifteen minutes, and it will not mind me. See how ungracefully it falls! And do you know there is a great deal of company below this evening, and the young French Count that George has told us so much of? There, Eveline, does it look better?” and as she spoke she held the lamp to her face and turned full upon her sister.

“You look well, very well,” replied Eveline, almost unconscious of what she said, while she gazed upon the countenance of the lovely young lady. “Yes, you look very, very beautiful,” continued her sister, gazing wildly upon her.

“So then you are laughing at me,” replied Julia, blushing and placing the lamp again on the dressing table. “I shall never ask you again, if I am becomingly dressed.”

“No, no,” thought Eveline, “*never*.”

“But, sister, upon my word no one can accuse you of vanity,” continued the young lady. “I do not believe you have looked in your mirror since morning. A plain white dress, not a single ornament, and your long curls all in your neck with nothing to confine them. And yet, Eveline, that Puritan dress is so becoming, I will not go one step until you are remodeled, lest the Count should say I had stolen your gems in very spite. Nay, no resistance. Sit down upon this sofa, and let

me see if I cannot spoil that look—what did the Marquis call it, Eveline? Oh, ‘simplicity, sweet simplicity.’”

“You speak foolishly, Julia,” replied the lady, while her sister prepared to fulfil her threats—
“It matters little now what robes I wear”——

“Ah, Eveline, taste, and heart and all gone? If I remember aright, they have been missing since morning. It looks a little suspicious of that young Marquis, sister.” She paused a moment, but Eveline had no heart to reply.

“There, that blue sash is quite becoming, Lady Eveline, I have tied it behind in a true lover’s knot, and these curls begin to look extremely graceful beneath my magic touch. And not the least symptom of a bracelet,” she continued with increased vivacity. “One would suppose you were dressed for a fine night’s slumber, instead of the drawing room. But do not look so sad about it, you may wear these amethysts of mine. Now, my lady, look in the glass,” she added taking her hand, “and pay the compliments due to my skill and taste.

“It is beautiful, very beautiful,” repeated Eveline, her thoughts still dwelling on the bitterness of her approaching destiny.

“You are in the complimentary mood this evening, my grave sister, but come, we must hasten down. We have waited too long already.” And arm-in-arm they now moved quickly through the gallery and were soon standing in the brilliantly illuminated drawing room.

All seemed in fine spirits, save the Lady Eveline, and if she was sad, it was not for want of attempts at cheerfulness. Her gay brother, notwithstanding, rallied her much upon her mourn-

ful visage, but as the evening advanced and her paleness every moment increased, he became alarmed, and Eveline soon saw him directing her father's eye to her, from a distant part of the room. The Earl instantly approached.

"You look ill, daughter," he said to her. "Do not weary yourself by sitting here. Indeed, Eveline," he added, in a tone of unwonted feeling, "I fear you are much indisposed."

"Oh, no," replied the lady, with a sudden effort, "I am quite well. George will tell you I have been laughing with him all the evening. But my walk this afternoon, was long and I am unusually fatigued.

"Then," replied the Earl, "you must retire to your own apartment and stay till you can come forth with a fresh bloom. Do not wait for ceremony," he added, "I will excuse your absence. Good night, daughter."

The lady looked silently up, for a moment, on her father's countenance, as if with that one glance she was seeking to stamp it forever on her memory;—"Good night, my father, good night," she repeated in a low and solemn voice, and she seemed waiting for the parting kiss, as she had been wont to do in her childhood. For a moment her father's lip met her's, it was for the last time, and a thrill of strange anguish rushed through her frame.

George was standing by the door as she passed.

"There, Eveline, am I not a dear and precious brother, to procure your banishment from the parlor in such season?"

"Oh, yes, George," said the lady interrupting him, in a tone of thrilling emphasis, "you *are* dear and precious." She would have said more,

but her voice trembled, the gay smile faded from her lip; her brother's hand rested a moment in hers, and there beamed from her countenance such a look of sorrow and holy tenderness, as long years had not power to efface from the memory of the youth.

Just as the door was closing, Lady Evelin caught a glimpse of her sister. She was sitting in a distant recess, conversing gaily amid a group of admirers. Her whole countenance was bright with gladness, and a keener pang pierced the heart of her sister, as the door closed upon this last best object of her earthly affection.

It was nearly ten when the Lady reached her apartment. One short hour was all that remained,—one hour more and the places which knew her now, would know her no more. She leaned her head upon her pillow—the firm restraint which had hitherto borne down her feelings, now gave way, and the lady wept bitterly. Suddenly she felt a light arm flung around her. “Dear sister, why do you weep?” said the gentle tones of the Lady Julia, as she gazed with surprise upon her tearful countenance.

“Oh, Julia, my heart is broken, I cannot bear it, indeed I cannot,”—and she leaned her pale, wet cheek on her sister's shoulder.

“And why,” exclaimed the lovely girl, as she pressed her lip affectionately to hers. “Why will you not tell me your sorrows? Have I ever refused you my sympathy?—Once, indeed, when I thought you enthusiastic and bewildered with the doctrines of the Puritans, I blamed you—but surely that can have no connection with your present sorrows.”

There was something in her last words which

aroused the lady from her reverie ; she now rose calmly from her sister's arms, and throwing back the curls from her pale forehead, endeavored, with a smile beautifully serene, to conceal the agony of her spirit. Oh, deeply was that image written on the heart of the sister, when months and years rolled on and she saw her no more.

“Julia, excuse my weakness—my spirits are low to-night—my heart throbs painfully. I need repose, dear sister.”

“But, Eveline, you look extremely pale. Let me call my father.”

“No, sister, do not concern yourself,” replied the lady,—“I thank you for your kindness, Julia, for *all* your kindness,” and she turned to the dressing table to conceal her emotion.

In less than half an hour, the younger sister lay asleep on her pillow, but Eveline still slowly paced the apartment. She was clad in a habit of dark, rich velvet, and the fanciful dress and ornaments she had that evening worn, together with her sister's, and many other gay articles of apparel were lying on the sofas around her.

The taper threw a feeble gleam on the various objects of the room ; the last echo of retiring steps had ceased, and there was a stillness throughout the castle. With a trembling step she approached, to take one last farewell of the beloved sleeper. The warm tear which dropped on the cheek of the dreaming girl for a moment aroused her.

“Eveline, is it you ?” she murmured, “why do you wait so long ?” Then again closing her eye, she turned her face upon the pillow, and the lady saw her no more.

Ellen Wilson was standing at the foot of the avenue, when she beheld in the distance the form

of the Lady Eveline, coming forth for the last time from the halls of her fathers. There was something deeply affecting in the sight of such devotedness in one so young; and Ellen could not but weep. But there was no tear on the lady's cheek. The bitterness of the sacrifice was past; her step was firm, her eye bright, and her brow calm with the fervency of devotion. Once indeed, when they had reached the boundary of her father's domain, the lady turned—she leaned a moment on the wall and gazed for the last time on the loved scenes of her early years. The venerable castle, long avenue, and the shady park, were lying in the solemn moonlight. For an instant, her eye lingered on the high window where the light was still burning in the Lady Julia's apartment; and then again they walked swiftly onward.

Ellen Wilson was also of the Pilgrims, and as her feet pressed the soft grass of the beautiful coppice, where she had played in childhood, her heart knew its own bitterness.

Lights were moving swiftly through the cottage, and the lady soon found herself seated in the midst of that stern and sorrowful band whose kindness was henceforth to be to her instead of the strong ties of earthly love.

All was now ready. Carriages were waiting at the door. But they lingered a moment longer. The heads of the Pilgrims were bowed in prayer. Little children with golden curls, and hoary age, youth and manhood kneeled together; and their mingled spirits, and "the warm blood of their slain affections," ascended to heaven in grateful oblation. All that they asked was granted. Dauntless courage, unwavering fortitude, love to God and

man, and hopes full of immortality, fell on them like the dew of heaven.

The lady was soon seated in a closed carriage by the side of Ellen Wilson, and she gazed with a tearless eye from the window, till her native valley, and its lofty turrets had quite faded in the distance, and ere the bell had tolled through the castle the second hour of the morning, she was standing far away on the deck of the vessel which was soon to bear her to her destined home.

CHAPTER III.

“Hail to the land of our toils and our sorrows !
Land of our rest ! when a few more to-morrows
Pass o'er our heads, we will seek our cold pillow,
And rest in our graves, far away o'er the billow.”

WHEN the joyful sound of “Land—land in sight,” was echoed in the ear of the wearied voyagers, the Lady Eveline was sitting in her cabin engaged in those refined and elevating studies, which during her voyage she had found means to prosecute. Ellen was seated on a low stool, beside her, busily occupied with her needle, and from time to time her eye glanced on an open book which lay in the chair before her. There were many other females present, but as the cabin was large, it allowed them to scatter themselves in various groups, as best suited their tastes.

“Do you hear it, my Lady?” said Ellen, throwing down her work, and gazing earnestly on her. “Was it not land they cried?”

They listened again, there was no mistake. The loud “huzza for land,” echoed in the hoarse voices of the sailors above them, and Ellen, with many of the females, immediately hastened upon deck. The former, however, soon returned with a look of much disappointment, assuring her friend that the object of their curiosity was only visible through a glass and on the top of the mast. This was nothing more than the lady had expected ;

and had it been otherwise, she found that without some preparation of heart, she could not even now look unmoved upon the land of her voluntary exile.

It was midnight, when the ships conveying the Pilgrims approached the shore of their destination. Ellen Wilson and her noble friend were standing together on the deck, gazing silently before them as they slowly neared the rock-bound coast. The deck was crowded with Pilgrims, all looking eagerly forward to catch a glimpse of their future home. The dim light of the stars only, illumined the scene; and even this was in part obscured, by a few cold and broken clouds, that swept cheerlessly across the heavens. Nothing could be discerned but a faint outline of forest, rock and vale; and the awful gloom which seemed to rest upon them, the noise of the sailors, shouting and running to and fro, and the damp midnight breeze which moaned over the wave, all sent an icy chill through the hearts of that gazing band. How often amid the silence of midnight had this long expected vision arisen before their sight. Was it still a dream? Oh, no, the warmth of fancy was gone, and over it all, there was a touch of cold reality which fancy never brings. If there had been enthusiasm, it was over now; if the coloring of an ardent imagination had ever been thrown over their enterprise, it all faded as they leaned forward, and gazed on that dim shore, and remembered that this dismal forest was now their only home, and the cold blue heaven their only covering. If tears dropped on the wave, it was not strange; for some were thinking of the quiet and loveliness of the pleasant firesides, far away over the ocean; and some were there, whose dearest

kindred were at this moment sleeping in princely halls, and who had been wont to rest beside them.

The destination of the present colony was at a considerable distance above the rock upon which the first Pilgrims had landed, and was on many accounts a far more eligible situation. It was styled by the natives Naumeak; and when the Pilgrims again looked upon it, in the pleasant light of morning, there were no murmurs, nay, the voice of praise was heard, that "the lines had fallen to them in such pleasant places."

After much preliminary business had been arranged, about noon on the second day after their arrival, the whole body of the emigrants prepared to go on shore. The Lady Eveline leaned on the arm of Ellen, as this strange procession moved away through the untrodden paths of the forest. During the preceding day a party had been despatched to reconnoitre the place, and having selected as a spot for settlement a small clearing near the shore, they now acted as guides to the remainder. A large temporary shelter had been hastily thrown up of broken boughs and trees which had been cut down for the purpose, and a party of the settlers were soon employed in conveying thither the articles of furniture they had brought with them from England. All was now joyful bustle and confusion. Many of the females, with the gentle assiduity of their sex, were busy in the interior of their new dwelling, seeking, notwithstanding their various disadvantages, to give it a cheerful appearance. Meanwhile another party had arrived from the ship, with tools and materials for building; and in a few moments the

noise of the axe and hammer resounded on all sides through the forest.

There was something strangely animating in their toil. The Pilgrim females stood around for a while, gazing upon it with anxious silence, while the sportive voices of childhood rang through the wood, and even the babes themselves lifted up their meek brows from their mother's arms, gazing on the strange scene with smiles.

Under such auspices, it was not long ere a rude village had risen instead of the waving forest. A sanctuary for Him whom they had come over the waves to worship in freedom of spirit, was reared in the midst of their dwellings. Pleasant indeed to the souls of the wearied Pilgrims, was the light of their first New-England sabbath. They could now fearlessly worship the Father of spirits, in spirit and in truth; and as the voice of prayer rose to heaven, from the depths of that solemn forest, with no voice to chide, and no ear to hear but the ear of a forgiving God, as the rocks and vales which till now had listened only to the hymn of the morning stars, echoed with the loud sweet song of praise, and their souls drank freely of that well of living water, of which if a man drink he is athirst no more,—they felt that they had not vainly abandoned all. And could the worshipers in the proud cathedrals of Old England, have glanced on that band, they would have read on many a meek and beautiful brow, and in the warm flush that lighted even the cheek of manhood, the records of a devotion no less lofty than their own.

The rude huts, which on their landing had been hastily erected, were only considered as temporary habitations. Each family soon made

efforts to provide its own dwelling place ; and as many of the colonists had possessed wealth in England, some were able to do it in a style of simple and becoming neatness ; and the lovely village of Salem with its pleasant church and cottages and cultivated fields, ere long had risen in the bosom of the forest,—so that, literally, in the beautiful words of sacred promise, “The wilderness had begun to blossom as the rose.”

A pleasant room in the dwelling of Mr. Wilson, had been fitted up for the accommodation of the Lady Eveline. Ellen had planted beneath the window a rose bush from the forest, and a vine of wild honeysuckle crept over the wall. Precious indeed to Ellen was the happiness of that noble lady who had come with her across the deep, whom from her earliest childhood she had regarded with that indefinite veneration inspired by high birth, and who now, in the new and endearing relations she sustained to her, was at once the object of her love and admiration.

But as for the lady herself, she seemed well to have learned that bitter lesson, which the sorrows of her youth had inculcated ;—her affections no longer rested on the things of earth. Their strong tendrils had been too cruelly torn, to fasten on aught beneath the skies ; and all that did not still linger on the remembered and cherished forms of her kindred far away over the ocean, now bloomed in heaven.

Not that the lady regarded with indifference the holy companions of her pilgrimage ; she loved them tenderly as the sharers of her toils and sorrows on earth, and as those whom she hoped would share her long reward, when these toils and sorrows were over. But there was none of

that strong clinging of natural affection, which had marked the days of her wealth and splendor. There was no singling out of objects for deep attachment. She was contented to love them all, as children of the same heavenly Father. And the lady was not unhappy. Long hours of calm and pure enjoyment, were often her portion amid the silence of her own apartment. Often as she sat by her pleasant window, and gazed upon the beautiful land around her, the near ocean, and the bright skies above, such moments of holy feeling, such exquisite conceptions of the purity and tenderness of heavenly love were granted her, that her soul seemed almost to participate in the blessedness of that land, where the rivers of pleasure flow unmingled. The events of her life had been fitted to purify and elevate her affections; and she felt that one moment of this holy enjoyment was more than sufficient to reward her for her painful sacrifice.

But the days of darkness were many. Famine, disease, and death, came often to the cottages of the Puritans, and sometimes their hearts failed them and the path seemed too thorny for man to tread. It was in such seasons that the tender exertions of the Lady Eveline were peculiarly useful. Her unwavering self-denial, her tenderness and condescension, had won the hearts of the colonists; and this influence, so nobly acquired, was exerted only to relieve the afflicted, and comfort those that mourned.

The second year after their landing, a large accession of emigrants arrived from England. They brought with them a charter, which after much solicitation had been obtained from Charles, transferring the powers of government into the

hands of the colonists themselves. One of the ships also conveyed their first officers who were appointed by the crown. In consequence of this, their numbers during the succeeding summer were greatly increased, and the emigrants at length became so numerous that it was deemed advisable for a large portion of them to settle themselves at a place, called by the natives Shawmut, but now well known as the site of a flourishing city. And now approached the season of their severest trial.

During the ensuing winter a dreadful mortality prevailed among the colonists. Hunger, weariness, and sickness they had borne unmurmuring; but here was death in all its bitterness. Fathers and mothers died; babes and children were laid in the grave, while the bloom of life was scarce cold on their young faces; the warm dreams of youth were quenched in the stillness of the long sleep; and many a voice, like the voice in Rama, arose from among the Puritan cottages. Few escaped the power of the raging sickness, and every day the fresh turf of the burial ground rose on some new made grave.

It was now that the religion which had softened the heart of the Lady Eveline, was revealed in its most touching light. The natural delicacy of her frame, seemed all to have vanished. While the strong lay prostrate with disease and death, fresh energies seemed given to her; with a light unwearyed step, she moved by the couches of the dying and the dead; and days of anxiety and nights of sleepless watching, wasted not the bloom of her countenance. The pillow of many a dying child was softened by her attentions, and when the mother had turned away in the depths of her

agony, the cold hand of the little sufferer rested in hers; and her kind and gentle assiduities were continued till the calm smile of death had settled on its features. Her pure and elevated piety gave her also unwonted access to the souls of the bereaved, for her words were low and soothing, and all of heaven, and of the blessedness of a land, where sickness and death might not come, and sorrow and sighing should flee away.

The long winter at length rolled by, and with it the heavy calamities which had visited the colony. Ships from England gladdened the hearts of the wearied exiles; and as the pure spring air danced freshly over the earth, it seemed to endue them with health and vigor.

But there was one, to whom the spring in all its freshness, bore no promise of future years. Slowly and surely the frost of death was descending on the brow of the young and beautiful. She who had watched so tenderly by the couches of the dying, was now herself to die; she who had so often directed others to heaven, was now herself to enjoy its blessedness. But the disease was deep, and its secret work impaired not, at all, the loveliness of the frail flower it was destroying. To one who might have gazed, for a moment only, on the lady, thoughts of decay and death would have seemed strangely inappropriate. None of her usual avocations were neglected. At morning and evening she was still seen taking her accustomed walk along the shady paths of the village, or through her favorite forest walks, her visits of kindness and sisterly love were still continued, and those who passed the pleasant dwelling of the pastor, might still observe her light

form through the honey-suckles, or see her rambling with Ellen in the little green enclosure.

But they who watched her daily, with that intense anxiety which the love of earthly objects so surely brings with it, felt too truly that though death was coming on forms of strange loveliness, he had none the less surely marked his victim. They saw that every day her step became slower, her form more light and airy, and her low, thrilling voice, yet more low and thrilling. They saw too that whenever she spoke, her eye wore an unwonted brilliancy; and instead of the pale damask, a color all too deep and bright for earth, mantled her cheek.

The lady herself felt that she must die; and though at some moments, the sudden recollection of this firm conviction, would bring the rich crimson to her lip, in general the thought was peace. She knew that she had not lived in vain. The principles of holiness implanted in her soul, had long been developed in high and holy action; and though the love of heaven was her only hope, these recollections were now inexpressibly sweet, as evidences that this love had sanctified her affections. Upon the first conviction that death was approaching, the Lady Eveline had addressed letters to her friends in England, informing them of her illness, and repeating her solemn farewell, till she should meet them again in the world of spirits.

It was June—and a beautiful sabbath afternoon. For some days past, the lady had been confined entirely to her own apartment; and now, supported by Ellen Wilson, she walked from her bed to a seat by the open window, to catch the fresh breeze that was springing up from

the ocean. Exhausted even with this slight exertion, she leaned her head a moment on Ellen's shoulder. The only contrast to the marble whiteness of her countenance was in the hue of the long eyelash that now lay in such deep repose on her cheek. The rich coloring of life seemed gone forever. Her cap had fallen carelessly back, and the breeze played lightly among the long and beautiful hair it released. Ellen had supported her head with pillows; and now stood beside her, gently fanning her brow, and gazing with intense grief on the altered hue of her features.

"You are too ill, dear Lady, to sit up thus, do not attempt it to-day," she exclaimed, as the invalid at length slowly opened her eye.

"I am better now, my kind Ellen," replied the lady. "I will sit here awhile, for I long to look out once more on the green and freshness of earth. Oh, how fervently have I loved it. I cannot go away from this world forever without one last look;" and as she spoke, she leaned gently forward to gaze on the beautiful prospect.

A more quiet and lovely scene has seldom met the eye. Perfect, sabbath stillness hung over the cottages around; and far beyond stretched the rocky shore, and the wave of the Atlantic. It was the hour of afternoon service and the inhabitants were now all assembled in the house of God. This was near them, and as they leaned upon the window, the loud hymn of praise rose in rich swells on the air.

"Oh, Ellen, hear that holy music!" murmured the lady faintly. "I could almost dream that the airs of heaven already played on my ear. Surely there was never so lovely a sabbath before; or,

Ellen, is it because the earth grows beautiful, as it fades from my sight?"

She paused a moment, and some pleasant recollection seemed to flit across her mind. "The grass in the coppice, Ellen, must be green ere this," she suddenly exclaimed,—“and the shady avenue. Oh, for a walk in that avenue to-day.”

Ellen was surprised. The lady had hardly ever spoken of her former enjoyments, since the period of their landing; but now all restraint seemed over.

“Ellen, look over that blue wave, and far beyond,” she continued. “You can see nothing—and yet I have looked there, hour after hour, till my eye has pierced the dreadful distance, and the lovely valley, the castle, and the park, were all before it; nay, I roamed through the halls of my ancestors, and I heard the voices of those who were dearer to me than life. But, Ellen, it is over now, my eye is dim, and the pleasant land, far away over the ocean, will rise no more to it,”—and the lady wept.

“But you have long had grace from heaven, to strengthen you in suffering. Oh, my Lady, will it fail you in your need?”

“But to die, Ellen, far away from my kindred, unremembered and unblest—my soul cannot endure it. There is music and dancing in my father’s hall, my own Julia smiles gaily, my brother’s laugh rings through the castle as joyfully as ever, and even”——she paused a moment and a rich color tinged her cheek,—“and I, whom they all once loved, am dying, alone, on this distant shore.”

Ellen perceived that the unusual emotion which the lady now exhibited, was fast exhausting her

strength, and she was intreating her to retire again to her couch, when the appearance of a ship entering the harbor, arrested her attention. Though this had of late become a less rare occurrence than formerly, still the sight of these messengers from the land of their nativity possessed strong fascinations for the eyes of the pilgrims, and Ellen now parted away the clustering vine, and leaned forward to watch the landing. The eye of the lady was also directed to the same point, and now and then a few brief remarks indicated her interest in the scene. The deck was apparently well crowded with passengers, and so near was the harbor, that they could even distinguish their figures as they walked separately across the plank which had been thrown over, to facilitate their landing.

“Ah, Lady Eveline, those are not all pilgrims, believe me,” exclaimed Ellen, as a richly dressed group, one by one, passed over. “That lady’s robe is all too gay, and her step too proud, and those young cavaliers that are over now, and walking with her, they are no pilgrims, my Lady.”

At that moment a slight noise caused her to turn her head, and she perceived with alarm that the lady had fallen, fainting, on her pillow.

“Oh, help me to my couch, Ellen, for I am sick and weary,” she murmured, as her eye slowly reopened; and when her pale face at length rested quietly on its pillow, Ellen saw that she was to rise no more a living being. A deathlike slumber soon sealed her eye again, and they who were hovering around her couch, almost feared it was death itself. Long and sorrowfully did Ellen watch by her noble friend, until at last a deep

hectic began to brighten on her cheek, her lip burned with a living glow, and when her eye again opened, it shone with an unnatural and dazzling brilliancy.

“Oh, where is Julia?” she said, gazing unconsciously around her. “I have long been sick and sorrowful, and she has not come to me, my sister, my own beloved sister, where are you?” and she looked wildly upon Ellen. “Nay, Ellen Wilson, do not tell me that I am dying far over the ocean, among the pilgrims. It was all a dream, a long strange dream. Is not this my own apartment, and is not this the pillow that the Lady Julia sleeps on?—and these lofty walls, and those rich curtains and hangings, do these belong to the puritan cottage?” She smiled and shook her head. “No—no—I saw none such in my dream. “Ah, Julia, you have come at last,” she continued after a few moment’s pause, regarding Ellen. “Now lay your soft hand on my aching brow, it seems ages since I felt it last.”

Ellen gently laid her hand on her forehead.

“Ellen Wilson, do not mock me,” she exclaimed after a moment’s pause. “Your touch is light and gentle, but it is not like the touch of a sister’s hand. Once more, Julia,” she added in a tone of indescribable tenderness, “once more, only for one moment, I pray you come to me. Oh, she will not come, I have intreated and prayed, and she *will* not come,” and again the dying lady wept.

It was sunset, and the yellow light reflected from without, had given a rich and mellow tinge to the objects of the apartment. The lady’s eye had long been closed, but she had not slumbered. Strange visions flitted across her mind. She had

heard many a light tread by her bedside, sweet tones repeated her name low in her ear, warm tears dropped on her cheek, soft lips met hers, and faint thoughts of the bliss of other years came over her like traces of faded dreams.

At last her eye opened. The small fair hand that lay on the quilt was loaded with gems. Slowly she raised her glance to the bedside. Ah, whose was that beautiful and glistening eye that now met hers? Was it still a deceitful vision? She gazed slowly around. All illusion vanished. She was lying in her own humble apartment, in the cottage of the minister. The window by which she had leaned a few hours since, was still open. There was her little book case, her writing table, and the cup of roses on it, just as Ellen had gathered them in the morning. Ellen too was standing at the foot of her couch. Her glance again turned to the pillow. It was no vision. That eye was still on hers. There was a quick and searching glance, one wild burst of ecstasy, and the long parted sisters were folded in each other's embrace. They who had separated amid the splendor of the far distant castle, were again united in a lowly cottage beyond the ocean.

“Eveline, my blessed sister! say that you will part no more from me. I have come over the wide waters to see you. Eveline, do not call for me again so mournfully. You are not indeed forgotten; all that have ever loved you, love you as tenderly now. Dear sister, this is no place for one like you to languish and die; you shall go back with us to our father's house, and we will all love and cherish you.”

The lady calmly gazed upon the fresh and blooming countenance of her sister. "No—no, Julia," she replied, "I shall go no more hence, till I go to my long home, my bright home in heaven. Do not weep, dear sister, that I am dying, for my heavenly Father hath at last made death lovely, even to me."

"Do not think of dying, Eveline," replied the lady, with a shudder. "Now that fearful slumber is off, your eye is bright, and your cheek far more rosy than when I saw you last. Oh, Eveline, you *must* not die."

At that moment Ellen approached from the door.

"They have desired to know if they may see the Lady Eveline," she whispered in the ear of the sister. "I have told them that we thought her dying."

Julia regarded her with a look of agony. "Look at that beautiful color on her cheek," she whispered, "you are surely dreaming."

Ellen shook her head mournfully. "I have known it long, my Lady, it is only the hectic flush. Does she sleep?" and she bent her head a moment to the pillow.

"No, dear Ellen," murmured the lady faintly. "Of whom were you speaking?"

"Eveline," said her sister, in a voice almost choked with emotion, "I came not alone to see you, some whom you once loved, are now in the next apartment; but you are wearied; shall they wait till morning?" For a moment strange energy seemed given to her frame, her voice was strong, and she almost raised herself from her pillow.

"Speak not of to-morrow, Julia, those whom

I would see again on earth, I must see *now*. There was one over the wave whom my unwearied affections have strangely clung to, and"— At this moment the door gently opened, and the forms of her dearly remembered brother, and of him who had long ago loved her, arrested her eye.

The soul of the dying Eveline, was now at peace. Earth's visions were indeed over; but the tones of human love were still sweet to her ear. In one short hour from the time when she had deemed herself a forgotten exile, the forms of brother, and sister, and friend, surrounded her couch, and her dying moments were cheered and sweetened, with the kindest endearments of earthly affection.

For a few moments, she spoke with earnestness, and told them of the strong depths of her affection for them, and prayed them to bear her dying blessing to her father. Of heaven, too, she spoke, and of the beauty and holiness of that religion she had so honored, and besought them by the strength of the love which had led them over the deep, to meet her in that world. And just as her beloved Ellen had bent to kiss her brow, while she breathed the assurances of her grateful affection, and her eye was yet bright with feeling, the eye closed, the voice ceased, and something like a beautiful and placid sleep, settled on her features. The spirit was in heaven, and they who had come so far to bear the lady to her princely home, soon bore her in sorrow to her long resting place, among the tombs of the *Pilgrims*.

CAS'TINE.

CASTINE.



CHAPTER I.



“SATURDAY night and Lucy not yet returned,” exclaimed the minister of H——, in a severe and impatient tone, as he lingered at the open door of his dwelling. The sun was down, but a few clouds still glowed in the red and beautiful light, and the little valley beneath, the sweet village of H—— with its fields and gardens, was still beautiful in the last flush of brightness. Yet to the dwellers in that quiet vale, the weekly season of care and toil was already past, the sacredness of the sabbath had come upon them, amid the gathering shadows of the early twilight.

The minister still leaned in the door, looking anxiously down the silent streets, while the dusk of evening was advancing, and the lights began to gleam through the village. “Methinks our daughter is becoming wayward and careless of late,” he continued as he closed the door, with a displeased countenance, and turned again into the parlor.

Mrs. Everett was at that moment placing a lamp upon the stand, beside the bible and hymn

book that already adorned it. At this last remark of her husband, she raised her mild blue eye to his countenance, with an expression of some surprise. "Our daughter went to tarry a few hours with her friend Jane, so at least she told me, and I have not been wont to doubt her word."

"But why does she linger so long?" interrupted Mr. Everett. "The sun went down an hour ago, and what will the congregation say, when the minister's daughter profanes holy time? And Sarah," he added, lowering his voice and bending his eye with a mysterious expression on the countenance of Mrs. Everett, "I bode no good for the child herself at this hour."

"True, true," exclaimed the mother, rising up hastily, while her countenance kindled with an indescribable expression of maternal anxiety. "I had for once forgotten the Indians"——

"No—no, Sarah, it is not the Indians I fear, but a more deadly enemy. Have you not noticed how, from the time the young stranger from the north first came among us, our Lucy's heart hath been going after other things than her parents on earth, and her Father in heaven? It hath pressed upon me long, that there is one whom she loves better than these. Nay, Sarah," he continued, "why look at me thus, have you yourself seen nothing of this?"

"Never," replied the mother. "Lucy has never breathed to me aught of the young Canadian, and even when every one else is inquiring into the cause of his mysterious appearance and his protracted visit, I have noticed that she has been silent. But if she has given you her confidence, surely you ought not to have withheld it from her mother."

“Lucy has told me nothing,” replied the clergyman, “but I have watched her closely; and when day after day, as she sits with us, and her eye is on her needle, I have read her countenance, I have seen that her soul was full of visions—not the calm visions of the better land, but warm, unhallowed dreams of earth. I have seen her eye kindle, and her lip tremble with smiles and even unconscious whispers; and if I did but ask her of her thoughts, such a deep and sudden blush would come over her face, as a pious and free hearted maiden need never wear. And I have seen it too, Sarah, even in the house of God; her eye has a fixed and vacant gaze, which shows that her heart is not there, and when the Canadian comes up the aisle her face grows flushed, even though she sees him not.”

“Mr. Everett,” exclaimed the mother with unwonted animation, “you do indeed wrong our beloved Lucy. Little as I know of the schemes and devices of the great world without, I can at least read that one gentle spirit, whose every motive and feeling I have so long studied. I know that my Lucy’s heart is a shrine of pure and elevated affections”——

“Then so much the more carefully should we guard them, Sarah; she has a wild and romantic fancy, that may lead these affections astray. There is something too, in the mien and look of the elegant stranger, singularly attractive even to me.”

“And is it strange, that one who has been reared amid the simple retirement of this little village, should not regard with feelings of perfect indifference the accomplished stranger whom you yourself admire?”

“No, Sarah—it is not strange—but wrong. Would it not be wrong for the daughter of a Puritan minister, to give away her heart’s best affections to a stranger, and a Papist? I know the slightest breath will kindle the enthusiasm of a young heart like hers; and do you trust to the strength of her love for us, and for the pure religion in which she has been educated? Sarah, Sarah, you have too soon forgotten Lucy McGregor.”

Mrs. Everett started as though some sudden light had flashed on her mind, and the clergyman continued to pace the floor in evident agitation. “I do not say,” he continued, after a few moments silence, “that, even were she put to the trial, our beloved child would ever forsake us, to become the wife of a superstitious and bigoted Catholic. I cannot believe she would thus break our hearts; but, Sarah, years of grief taught me that it was a bitter thing, to throw away, on some hopeless object, the strong ties of early love. I know you think me suspicious; but I have had cruel lessons, and he of whom we speak, doth strangely remind me of one whom once we both too well knew.”

At that moment the little latch of the gate without was heard to fall. “Good evening, sir,” said a low, subdued voice, and presently after the door of the parlor opened, and the minister’s daughter stood before her parents.

There was something in her appearance well fitted to strengthen those apprehensions, which had just agitated the heart of the father; something, aside from that extreme beauty, which in a world like this, must ever excite anxiety

for its possessor. She had closed the door, and stood for a moment leaning against it, like one overcome with some painful exertion. A flush appeared on her countenance, brighter than the mere tint of health and beauty, and though her eye was downcast, there was visible some deeply excited feeling, seeking to conceal itself beneath an air of indifference.

“Is this well, Lucy Everett?—Is it well?” said the clergyman, seating himself at the table, and assuming an expression of sternness, as he gazed on the countenance of his beautiful child. There was no reply.

“Come hither my child,” said Mrs. Everett, “where have you been, and why have you tarried so long?” Lucy approached the table, the flush deepened on her countenance, and she raised her hand before her large, dark eyes, apparently for the purpose of shading them from the sudden light. “You know, mother, I have been with Jane this afternoon,” she said in a tone of affected carelessness, “and I was not aware that it was so late.” She still stood by the table.

“But, Lucy, you are surely not going out again,” continued Mrs. Everett. “Take off your bonnet, and come and sit down with us. We have waited for you already.”

The young lady hastened to obey her mother; and then drawing her chair to the table near her, she leaned her head upon her hand, so that her features were entirely concealed from Mr. Everett by the dark ringlets that fell over them, and at the same time taking up the little hymn book, she opened it and began to read in silence.

“Lucy, my dear, you may close the book,” said Mr. Everett, after a few moments silence.

“I have a few simple questions to be answered.” The book was closed, but the countenance of the young lady was still inclined towards the table.

“Lucy, with whom have you spent your whole time since you left our dwelling?”

“I have spent the afternoon with Jane Grant, sir, as I have before assured you,”—replied the maiden.

“And was it Jane Grant who accompanied you to the gate?” said her father, bending his face towards hers. There was no reply. “Lucy,” he continued, raising his voice and speaking with much earnestness, “they who walk with you at this late hour, must be no strangers to me. I must know why you have lingered so long abroad, profaning the sacredness of holy time in unhalloved ramblings.”

“The sun was far above the hill, sir, when I left the village, but I came by the forest path; and it was later than I had imagined it would be when I left the valley.”

“Ah, Lucy, but you came not alone. Would you deceive me?” The anguish evinced by the father as he uttered these words, seemed only to increase the agitation of the daughter; for a few moments she covered her face with her hands, while tear after tear moistened her cheek.

“My father,” she at length said, raising her eye, and assuming an appearance of calmness, “he who came with me through the forest path this evening, was the young Catholic stranger.” Her voice trembled, and she paused.

“And how long,” said Mr. Everett, with a forced calmness, “since this Papist youth has been the chosen companion of your walks?”

An expression of unwonted pride curled the lip of Lucy Everett. "By accident, sir, I found myself this evening intrusted with the life of this stranger—and Papist though he is, I rejoice that no pride, or foolish delicacy prevented me from fulfilling my duty. My father, I have not been wont to deceive you, but more I cannot and must not tell you, for I promised, as I myself hope for kindness, that I would not."

Mr. Everett gazed on her countenance with unfeigned astonishment. He could not for a moment doubt her sincerity, and though every word of her explanation had only deepened the mystery, there was that in her countenance which at once convinced him that further inquiries were useless.

The next morning was the sabbath, and a more beautiful one never dawned on the earth. The dwelling of the minister was considerably remote from the village, and just at the foot of a little hill, covered with evergreen woods. In front, the ground was gradually descending, and the green slope was occasionally diversified with neat houses and gardens. A distinct view could also be had from the front window, of the church spire in the valley below, and the small cluster of houses surrounding it, which had received the appellation of "the village." It was May, the air was exceedingly soft and fragrant, and Lucy Everett had thrown open the window of the little parlor, and stood leaning over the sash, gathering a bunch of roses from the bush beneath. She had just spread the damask treasure on the window seat, and was endeavoring to arrange them in a graceful bouquet, when the sound of the "first bell" came swelling in clear and solemn notes,

from the valley below. At that moment, Mrs. Everett entered the room. Lucy perceived at once that there was something unusual in the manner of her mother. A deep shade of sadness hung over her usually placid brow, and her eye was moist with tears; but the daughter dared not ask the cause of her disquietude, lest it should lead to a recurrence of embarrassing inquiries.

Lucy was sitting in the window, and Mrs. Everett, after taking from a locker near the door a small and closely wrapped case of ivory, approached and seated herself beside her. Covering after covering was removed, she slowly unclasped the case, and at length Lucy perceived that her mother was gazing with looks of intense emotion, upon a small miniature picture. It was set in gold and brilliants, and she felt her curiosity strongly excited concerning the object which had power to awaken such agitating interest, in so placid a spirit.

“God forgive me,” murmured the mother, with a strong effort, at last subduing her feelings. “These idle tears do ill become the sacredness of an hour like this. It was not to mourn for the long perished flower of Glenville that I made this effort but for the living—God be praised, my own Lucy Everett is yet among the living. My daughter, you are opening again in our hearts, wounds which long years have scarce had power to heal, and much I fear, beginning to cast away from your confidence, the counsellors whom God hath given you. Child, child, you are standing strong in the might of your own frail spirit, but look you here, if one like this should fall, why should Lucy Everett, standing on the same brink, be fearless of evil?”

As she spoke, she placed the miniature before the eye of her daughter, and every other feeling was at once forgotten in admiration of its beauty. It was the picture of a young maiden, apparently not more than sixteen; and such a look of sweetness and innocence, Lucy felt she had never before beheld. The beautiful lips were parted with smiles; and she met and returned the speaking glance of that soft blue eye, till a living spirit seemed before her, one that had known no sorrow and no sin, yet meek, and mild, and rich in all the depths of human tenderness.

“And so young and beautiful,” exclaimed Lucy, as with feelings of intense admiration she still continued to gaze upon it. “Blessed spirit! Who would dream that sorrow and death were your destiny?” and the warm tears of pity fell unheeded over the smiling features of the picture.

“And why mourn, daughter,” replied Mrs. Everett, “for the vain and fleeting beauty that hath long since perished from the earth? Think of the gem within—the living imperishable spirit that was dimmed and broken within”——Her voice faltered. It was only for a moment and then in her usual calm, impressive tones, she commenced her narrative.

“Lucy Mc Gregor was the companion of my early youth, and alas, the idol too, to which I offered up those affections of the soul that belong alone to the Almighty. She was your father’s cousin, and but a child when I first saw and loved her. At that period she came to her uncle’s house in England, an unprotected orphan, from the Scottish hills. He received and cherished her as his own child, and to your father she was ever

as a sister, only and well-beloved—perhaps even more. They were both bred together in the doctrines of the Puritans. Lucy McGregor had been taught all those pure and sacred precepts, which we have sought to instil into your mind—she was gentle and docile, and seemed to return in full measure the love that was so freely lavished upon her; but, Lucy, hear me—she whom we had deemed so affectionate and pious, at last died an alien from the church, and from those who had loved her as their own souls.”

An involuntary exclamation burst from the lip of her auditress, but Mrs. Everett continued her narrative.

“Even from the period when she first came among us, with the blue eye and golden hair of her clime, Lucy was ever one that the world called beautiful. God had endowed her too with a mind of noble powers, and with a rich and rare gift of winning to herself the hearts of her fellow creatures. Ah! ‘How did the gold become dim, and the most fine gold changed!’ Ere Lucy had attained her nineteenth year, the noble family of C—— first took up their residence in our vicinity. And from this period did we date the beginning of that misery which afterwards overwhelmed our hearts; for, daughter, mark me—from this period did our Lucy first delight in the company of the unholy, the vain and proud ones of the world, more than in the lowly and despised whom God hath chosen out of the world; from this period did she begin to contemn the restraints of her pious home, the hedge with which God in mercy had guarded the way of her youth. I cannot tell you now how step by step this change was wrought; indeed it had proceeded far, ere those

who of all others should have shared her confidence, were at all aware of its existence. The family of the castle had seen and admired her for her beauty, and they were not long in learning, that notwithstanding her present lowly lot, Lucy McGregor was the daughter of an ancient Scottish clan, and that the name of many a renowned chieftain graced her lineage.

“Among the persons of distinction who visited the castle, there came one—a youth from a foreign land, whom Lucy regarded with deep interest; mayhap such as Lucy Everett cherishes for this unknown Catholic. To enter into any particulars concerning him, would surely lead to details and feelings unbecoming this holy day; some hour less sacred I may tell you all. Suffice it then, my daughter, that though of the blood which men call noble, he of whom I speak was of a light and profane spirit, and withal a proud contemner of ‘the faith once delivered unto the saints.’

“Meanwhile we all saw, and mourned in secret, that the orphan’s heart was becoming estranged from her early home, and the friends of her childhood. Solitude was preferred to the company she once held so dear; her joyful laugh was no more heard among us; she seemed looking forth to some brighter destiny than our love could give her. The stranger at length sought her hand of her uncle and guardian, and was refused; for, Lucy, how think you could a minister of the true faith, thus give up the child of his affections and prayers, to a stranger and a Papist, high-born though he was, and gifted in all worldly graces?

“At length it was rumored through our dwellings, that the castle was soon to be deserted of

its gay occupants, and we all rejoiced—all save Lucy. The day after their departure, I set out once more for my wonted visit to the inhabitants of a few poor hamlets, that lay at no great distance from our village. It was nearly sunset ere my return, and my path lay through an unfrequented and solitary lane, it was therefore with surprise that when arrived within a mile of our dwelling, I perceived a lady in a rich traveling dress, rapidly approaching me. She was closely veiled, and yet there was something in her form and movements strangely familiar. ‘Lucy McGregor,’ I exclaimed, recognizing her with astonishment, as trusting to her disguise she endeavored to pass me unnoticed. I threw my arm around her and an undefined foreboding of evil almost overpowered me. My apprehensions indeed were not without reason. Upon the plea of illness, Lucy had for some days past excused herself from the company of her friends, and the excessive paleness of her face, as I drew the veil from it, convinced me that her indisposition was not feigned. But this only rendered the circumstance of her present appearance yet more suspicious. I intreated her to return with me.

‘No—no, Sarah,’ she replied, with a strange smile, ‘I cannot go back—it is too late now.’ Unable to understand her, with a painful oppression at my heart, I walked by her side in silence. At length, in some measure suppressing my feelings, I endeavored to speak of the pleasure we should experience in resuming our excursions to the hamlet I had just visited, for the vicinity of the many gay youth at the castle, had for some time past interrupted them; but suddenly a long and agonizing

sigh, caused me to stop. She was leaning against the stile, her face pale as the snow-wreath of her native hills, and there beamed from it such an expression of indescribable agony, as I trust these eyes may never again witness.

‘It is too late now—too late,’ she repeated in the same despairing tones. ‘I am no longer Lucy McGregor.’ There was a pause, and then came the fearful truth. She whom I saw before me was the wife, yes the true and plighted wife of the Catholic stranger. ‘But I have loved you and my cousin, and my more than father,’ she continued, without regarding my amazement, ‘how fervently I may not now tell you, but I have been dazzled—blinded and deceived—there is no more happiness for me.’

“And now on looking up, we perceived a stately equipage coming down the hill before us. Then did I intreat, and pray—aye, on my bended knees I besought her, by the love I had borne her from our childhood, by her duty to the friends that still lived, and by the tears and prayers of those who were already in heaven, not for the sake of a few fleeting honors, thus to cast away the blessing of God—but it was in vain,” continued Mrs. Everett, wiping away the dew which even the remembrance of that long past agony had gathered on her brow. “It was in vain. One long, bitter farewell she wept upon my neck, and I saw her no more. Three years after this, Lucy Mc Gregor died among strangers in a strange land, and the prayers of the corrupted priests were murmured over the departed spirit of one, who from her infancy had been

nursed in the purity of the true religion. Many years we mourned for her in bitterness of spirit, and he who had been to her as a second father died, and for her his grey hairs went down in sorrow to the grave."

Mrs. Everett paused, and now the bell sounding again from the distant valley, announced the hour of morning service.

CHAPTER II.

THE duties of the sabbath were over, and the shades of twilight were softening the beauty of the landscape, when Mrs. Everett and her daughter went forth, as they were wont to do of a sabbath evening, to walk a few moments among the large old elms that shaded the path to the village. They were both silent. Mrs. Everett's usually gentle spirit had been deeply agitated both by the task she had that morning imposed upon herself, and by the mysterious conduct of her daughter; and it was evident she had not yet recovered her composure. Lucy herself was apparently the subject of some stronger excitement than the tale of Lucy McGregor alone could have aroused; she had several times essayed to speak, but the words died on her lips.

"This is a lonely path at evening," she at length remarked, as if seeking to draw the conversation to the subject of her late mysterious conduct, but the observation failed of its effect. The silence still continued. "Mother," said Lucy, with a sudden effort, "I fear I have appeared to you an undutiful child. You would not have told me the sorrowful story of Lucy McGregor, had you not believed me in danger of some strange offence. But you are mistaken.

I do not mean to say that I am more innocent than was Lucy McGregor," she hesitated and blushed deeply, "but I have no temptation placed before me, I mean none like those which led her astray."

"And yet," said Mrs. Everett, gazing full upon her countenance, "can you say that your feelings are not at all interested in the stranger, who was as you yourself acknowledge, the companion of your walk last evening?"

There was a short silence. "No, mother, I will not say it, I am deeply interested in this youth, not merely because of the mystery that hangs over his name and character." She added with much earnestness, "No, mother, it is because his safety, nay, his life, has been placed by accident in my own hand."

Mrs. Everett paused in astonishment. "Do you speak only to tantalize my curiosity, Lucy, or am I to look for some explanation of your words?"

"To you, my dear mother," replied the young lady, "I can confide this secret. To my father I have promised that I would not, even as I valued the life of the stranger. You will not betray it, mother, even to him?"

"Not if you have promised, Lucy, but methinks you were exceedingly imprudent to make such engagements. Do not, however, delay any longer the explanation of this mystery."

"You know then, mother," continued Lucy, with a slight embarrassment in her manner, "Jane's home is situated so far out of the village, that the path through the woods is almost as direct as this. I have always chosen it because it

is far more quiet and pleasant. I mean always till—of late.”

“And why have you abandoned it of late?” said her mother.

“Because I had reason to believe it was a favorite place of resort to the gentleman we were speaking of. I had twice met him there, as I supposed by accident, but Jane Grant soon after found in our little bower a copy of French verses which I knew he must have dropped, and I cannot think it was entirely accidental, for my own name was upon them.”

“And what were they?” said Mrs. Everett hastily. “Could you read them, Lucy?”

“I could, and I rejoiced for once that Jane knew nothing of the language in which they were written. The words were beautiful, but they were not true, for they spoke of a being as sinless and lovely as the angels of heaven, and gave to it the name of a frail and erring mortal. Until last evening, I have never since walked through the woods.”

“And why did you then?”

“Jane was to accompany me part of the way, and she insisted upon taking the forest path. I dared not tell her my scruples, neither did I think it at all probable that at this hour I should again meet the stranger. Jane parted with me on the chestnut knoll, and just as she was quite hidden from sight among the trees, on turning my head to the little arbor we had fitted up for our own accommodation, I beheld the stranger himself—he was standing just in the edge of it. It was the third time we had met precisely in the same place. I would have turned, but I saw that his eye was upon me, and knew myself to be just in

the center of the woods, so I moved on with a quickened pace, without once averting my eye from the path, until I had nearly reached the edge of the thicket. Being exceedingly fatigued, I now began to move slower, and it was well that I did. For some time I had perceived before me a singular object lying a little on one side of the path. As I drew near, my curiosity increased; and I was turning aside a moment to satisfy it, when a slight movement in the adjoining bushes arrested my steps. Do you wonder, dear mother, that my blood ran cold with horror, when I found myself standing within a few feet of a sleeping Indian, a warrior too, and armed with tomahawk and arrows!"

Mrs. Everett threw her arm around her child, as if seeking to protect her from the threatened danger. "Why did you not tell me this before? We must go home, Lucy," she continued, "it is no time to be walking now," and she drew her daughter's arm in her's, as they moved hastily towards the gate of the cottage.

It was quite dark when they had reached the porch, and it was not until Mrs. Everett had closely locked and barred the outer door, that Lucy found opportunity to renew her narrative.

"I was just hesitating what to do," she continued, in reply to her mother's inquiries, "when the sound of distant voices met my ear. They seemed rapidly approaching—retreat was impossible; if they were foes, my only security lay in concealment. Mother, have you ever noticed the hollow oak that stands to the right of the path, just as you enter the valley of wild flowers?"

"Yes—yes, go on," said Mrs. Everett with impatience.

“It was only a few rods behind me,” continued Lucy, “and I was soon concealed within it. The voices had all the time been approaching, and were now so near that I could distinctly distinguish their words; I was surprised too to perceive that they spoke in French.”

“And who were they, Lucy, and what did they say?” inquired Mrs. Everett, whose interest in the narrative had every moment increased.

“Who they were, mother, I do not know,” replied Lucy, “but as to their words, I remember them as distinctly as though I had but this moment heard them.”

“Hertel de Rouville,” said the first voice, “he is a noble and gallant youth; we should be well convinced that he is a traitor, ere we come to such desperate measures.”

“And what do you call noble and gallant?” exclaimed the other and rougher tone. “If to betray to the enemy the counsels of his party, is noble, I grant you that he is so; if to fold up his arms, and sit down in the camp of the foe, is gallant, I grant you, he is a gallant youth.”

“But, De Rouville,” continued the first voice, “what proof have you that he has betrayed our counsels? I thought that Vandreuil himself despatched him to the enemy.”

“As a spy, not as a traitor,” replied the other. “His orders were to go from one end of New-England to the other, to seek its weak and defenceless points of attack, to reconnoitre its strong places, and see where the ambushed foe might best hide themselves; and Vandreuil is informed that he lingers here to obtain an opportunity of opening our plans to the governor. At all events,” he continued in a lower tone, “Vandreuil assures

me that a little of this same gallant's blood will contribute materially to the betterment of our cause, that is, if secretly drawn; and Hertel de Rouville is not the man who hesitates at his bidding. But if you have any scruples, Beaumont," he added, with a tone of half suppressed laughter, "we will call on the old Penobscot priests for absolution."

"The other voice now became so low that I could scarcely distinguish the words, but I soon perceived that they were speaking of the sleeping Indian."

"No, Beaumont, do not arouse him yet," said the rougher voice. "Wait till the victim is in sight, he will only trouble us. I know that he is in the forest; and, I believe, in this vicinity. Unless he is previously alarmed, he will undoubtedly pass this spot."

"I heard no more for several moments, and ventured carefully to peep from my concealment. By the twilight, I saw two military figures reposing on the ground, near the Indian. Happily their faces were from me, and unless my tread aroused them, I yet hoped to escape. At length I found myself at such a distance, that the shadowing branches hid me from their sight. I paused a moment, and considered what to do. One single, foolish moment, I remembered that the youth was a Catholic and a stranger, and I a Puritan maiden; but soon came better feelings, and I shuddered when I thought of the blood, of one so young and unoffending, poured out by the merciless Indian. I resolved to warn him of his danger. Mother, was it wrong?"

"No, my child. It was such a deed as became

a christian woman. And where did you find the youth?"

"Near the spot where I had left him. He was stretched on the bank by the arbor, in a kind of careless repose; and was gazing on the sky with such intensity, that he took no notice of me until I was near enough to speak to him in a low voice. He started up, and looked extremely surprised. At any other moment pride would have withheld me, but the dreadful conviction of his danger rested on my mind. I scarcely recollect my words, but I remember I spoke of life and its sweetness, for I felt that this strange intrusion needed an apology. He heard me with respectful silence, but I saw he could scarce conceal his astonishment. Just then there was a slight rustling in the leaves; but it was only the evening wind.

"Stranger," said I, "have you any deadly enemies, any who seek your life?"

"Doubtless I have," he replied with some agitation, "for I have found that deadly enemies are easily and quickly made. Fair lady," he said, approaching me, "I see you have come on an errand of mercy. There is danger then!" He paused, and without waiting for further inquiries, I hastened to relate to him every particular of the scene I had just witnessed. Meanwhile we were hastening rapidly towards that part of the forest, from which I had first entered; and just as I had finished my recital, we were opposite the dwelling of my friend Jane. I would have hastened in thither for security; but the stranger forbade me, even as I valued the life I sought to save. The light from the window gleamed upon his face, and I saw that he was deeply agitated.

Here we paused a moment. "Lady," said he "my life is a weary one, and I have long deemed it a light thing to die; but I would rather find my death in fair and honorable fight, than fall unknown and unwept into the secret grave that Vandreuil has prepared for me. A temporary concealment is now my only security. When the enemy find their search here fruitless, they will pursue me in some other place of my resort, and were I to fly, I might probably fall into their hands."

"Then come to my father's house," said I, "he is kind and noble hearted, and would sooner die than betray you."

"He looked at me a moment, then mournfully shaking his head, "No—no. It will not be safe," he said. "Your father must never know of my concealment,—promise me that he shall not." The safety of my mysterious companion was now my only object, and solemnly and unhesitatingly I promised it. "But you must not linger here," I added, "you need concealment until the pursuit is over; and I will seek it for you, even at the risk of my father's displeasure." We were now walking through the village, and I quickly revolved in my mind the various places of concealment with which I was familiar. I knew there was one on the pine hill behind us, singularly well calculated for our purpose, for in our childish games it had often afforded me a secure hiding place. I described it to the stranger, so that he could not mistake it, and we parted at the gate. Mother, have I not accounted to you for all that seemed wrong in my conduct?"

"But, my child, think of the engagements you have made, to conceal the whole from your father!

The conversation in the forest was full of strange meaning, and ought not to be withheld from him. And, Lucy, who can this stranger be, who seems a person of so much importance to the Canadian Governor, and why should he fear so benevolent a man as your father? If he were innocent, sure he need not fear him. Who knows but this very stranger whom you are secreting without his knowledge, may be plotting our ruin?"

"Oh, no," exclaimed the young lady, repressing a cold thrill of suspicion, "it cannot be—he is too frank and generous for treachery. Mother, do not betray him. I know I have involved myself in a strange task, and yet if I had refused it, the tomahawk of the Indian would even now have been stained with his blood."

"But did you make no engagements of further assistance?" said Mrs. Everett.

"Only that I would obtain all possible intelligence of his foe, and convey the first news to the place of his retreat." But at that moment Mr. Everett's voice was heard in an adjoining room, and presently after his entrance put a period to their conversation.

CHAPTER III.

THE ensuing day was spent by Lucy Everett in efforts to obtain further intelligence of the Canadian officer and his associates. For this purpose, she had extended her walk to the village, calling upon those persons of her acquaintance whose situation or character rendered them most familiar with the floating news of the day. She could not believe that the conspirators would abandon their object, without first instituting a search among the inhabitants, and thus afford her an opportunity of ascertaining something concerning their future plans.

It was about noon, and Lucy was returning perplexed and disappointed, when her eye was arrested by the appearance of a genteel looking stranger, sitting in the half opened door of a small dwelling, which she was that moment passing. The circumstance was enough to awaken her curiosity, and she determined not to pass until she had learned whether the appearance of Mrs. Marsden's guest, did not in some way affect the object of her solicitude. The face of the stranger was turned from the door, and she heard the voice of the good woman loud within. Unwilling to intrude without some precaution, she paused a moment before the bars, at the same time calling

to a little flaxen headed boy who was playing within the enclosure. He had thrown down his kite and with a delighted air was approaching the young lady when Mrs. Marsden herself appeared in the door.

"Come in, come in, Miss Everett," she repeated in a tone of good natured intreaty. And the little boy threw down the bars which guarded the entrance.

Lucy needed no further invitation. Upon her entrance the stranger had risen and seated himself in a remote corner of the apartment and seemed studiously to avoid notice. But Mrs. Marsden allowed no time for conjectures, and notwithstanding the variety of her cares and employments continued to pour forth such a strain of inquiries that the only alternative was silence. At length she paused a moment, and Lucy was proceeding as concisely as possible to satisfy her curiosity.

"But do you know, Miss Lucy," exclaimed Mrs. Marsden quickly interrupting her, "that the stranger gentleman across the way has left his lodgings and gone nobody knows where, just as his friend here, has come in search of him."

"Indeed!" said Lucy in a low voice, while the color mounted high in her cheek, and she directed a sidelong glance to the gentlemen in the corner. He was leaning his chair against the wall, his arms folded and his eye fixed intently on the floor; but notwithstanding the smile which played on his features, Lucy discovered at once such an expression of covert ferocity, that she turned away shuddering, and prepared to doubt the authenticity of any thing she might have heard in his favor.

"Since Saturday evening," continued Mrs. Marsden, "the young gentleman has been absent, and his friend here is sadly concerned for him."

"He left no word then, where he was going," said Lucy with a painful effort.

"None at all, ma'am. He did not even mention that he was going, and his trunk and papers are all there. I am sure he will return soon," she continued turning to the stranger, "for he has several times gone off suddenly, before this, and never stayed but a few days."

"And do you know whither he went?" said the stranger lifting up his large, grey eyes with an expression of eager curiosity.

Lucy Everett could scarcely conceal the sudden shock that at that moment agitated her frame—the voice was that of *Hertel de Rouville*.

"Ah to be sure I do," replied Mrs. Marsden, "when my husband was the very one that met him in Boston with the big hat slouched over his face. And now I think of it," she continued, "if you are in such a hurry to see him, you had better go to Boston. You will undoubtedly find him there. Would not you advise him too, Miss Lucy?"

"Good woman," continued the officer in the same harsh tone and foreign accent, "you say he had no friends no acquaintance among you."

"It was his own fault that he had not," replied Mrs. Marsden, "but he had a very reserved sort of a way with him, and never spoke a word to any one, not even to answer a civil question. But you had better not go to-day, sir," she added as the stranger rose and approached the door. "It is a long way to Boston."

"Then the sooner I am off, the better," replied

the officer, and after laying upon the table a French coin, and bidding a hasty good morning, he quitted the dwelling. Lucy saw that he directed his steps to the forest. That the search in this vicinity was now over she could no longer doubt, and ere she left the house of Mrs. Marsden the officer and his companion, mounted on horseback, were seen swiftly pursuing their way to the south.

It was four in the afternoon, when Lucy Everett, overcome with agitating emotions, prepared for her excursion to the hiding place of the stranger. She had rested herself awhile in her mother's parlor, and related to her the particulars of her interview with De Rouville; and she had not departed without giving her promise that she would ascertain if possible the import of the mysterious conversation in the forest. Many embarrassing thoughts passed through her mind, as she slowly parted away the thick brushwood from the winding path that led to the summit of the hill. The beautiful stillness of the lone wood, interrupted only by the voice of singing birds, and the cool murmur of a distant waterfall, came over her feelings with a soothing influence until her reflections had gradually assumed a softer character.

That the youth whose life had recently been redeemed from destruction by her own exertions, could ever have acted in that plan of deliberate treachery which the words of De Rouville had revealed, was an idea too painful to be indulged. Neither were her emotions unmingled with fearful apprehensions. The conversation in the woods had referred to a systematic plan of offensive operations, in contemplation against the New-England colonies, at a time when perfect peace

was supposed to exist between them and their Canadian neighbors. Were then the horrid atrocities to which the "Treaty of Ryswick" had at length put a period, again to be renewed; and if so, was not her silence with regard to it culpable? Surely the welfare of a single stranger was not dearer to her than that of her father and country. Her cheek was yet warm with the embarrassment which this inquiry excited, when she found herself suddenly in his presence. He had wandered from the place of his concealment, and stood leaning in the shadow of an old hemlock, just on the summit of the hill.

His brow was uncovered, and the hunting cap he had worn lay at his feet, his eye was fixed on the ground, and such a shade of sadness darkened his youthful features, as the fear of death alone could never have imparted. The rustling of the tangled evergreens which lay in the path, at length aroused him from his reverie; and with a flush of unfeigned delight he hastened to meet his beautiful deliverer.

The courtesies of the puritan life were few and simple; those fine, benevolent feelings which are the essence of all true politeness, indeed were not wanting, but the devotion of the pilgrims had stamped upon the manners of the growing nation its own rigid character; and though in every movement of the minister's daughter there shone a simple and chastened elegance which no art can purchase, it formed a striking contrast to the polished bearing of her mysterious companion.

"I have seen Hertel de Rouville," said the maiden interrupting his graceful compliments. "He seeks you at Boston, and if the Indian does

not yet remain to watch your steps, you may now escape in safety."

Again the eye of the stranger sunk, with that look of melancholy, which the appearance of Lucy had for a few moments interrupted. "I have then a short reprieve. Heaven bless you, gentle maiden, for your kindness to a stranger. We shall perhaps meet no more. And yet," he continued, "I cannot leave my name loaded with crime, to one whose approbation would be dearer to me than that of the world beside." Lucy felt that this was no light compliment; for the words were uttered in the deep tones of feeling, and the stranger's brow was flushed as he spoke. "Sweet Lucy Everett, do not remember me as a spy and a traitor; think of me as one whose early education has taught me to love the puritans, but whom the ties of kindred and the love of life itself are urging to join against them in schemes of treachery and cruelty. I cannot yet throw off the restraint. The time has not come, for were I convicted of the offence of which Vaudruil suspects me, it would only hasten on the scene of bloodshed."

"But why does he seek to murder you in secret?" said the young lady with surprise.

"He has no proof of my guilt; and he dare not do it openly. He would as soon draw upon himself the vengeance of the king himself as my father's wrath. "Here," he continued without regarding the astonishment expressed in the countenance of his auditor, "here is the bitterness of my lot. It is hard to throw aside the ties of parental duty."

"But I must not linger here," he added, after a little pause, "it is necessary that I should hasten

immediately to the presence of Vandreuil, and by refuting his suspicions, defer his plans a little longer, until some slight preparation for resistance can be made; for the moment that Dudley is supposed to be in possession of our secret, the French forces would rush instantly upon the defenceless frontier."

"But your words are parables to me," said Lucy, "you speak of bloodshed and plans of attack; are we not at peace with our enemies?"

"Pardon me," replied the youth, "I should have told you that war is in anticipation, and probably already declared in England, against France and Spain. The Canadian governor has long been in preparation for this event; and his forces are prepared for an immediate attack. The moment that the declaration of war arrives, the whole country from Casco to Wells, will be devastated. All that I have told you of the war, communicate without delay to your father, all that I have told you of myself, I pray you conceal."

The cheek of the young maiden had gradually grown pale during this recital; and at its conclusion, she had no power to speak. The line of attack comprehended her own beloved village. Horrid pictures of blood and conflagration floated through her mind; and the awful certainty of the impending evil, left no avenue for hope.

"Heaven be praised," she at length exclaimed, as if her mind had at length fastened on some slight alleviation. "The Indians are now our friends, we have none but gallant soldiers for our foes. Heaven be praised we have not again to fear the tomahawk and scalping knife."

Something like a groan of agony burst from the youth. "Fear every thing *here*, dear Miss

Everett. These beautiful villages are meted out for utter destruction. The savages will not regard their treaty. Every effort has been made to induce them to slight it; and the machinations of those cruel and fiendish priests have at last prevailed."

"Talk not of the priests," said Lucy, her eye kindling with sudden indignation. "Cruel and fiendish as they may be, they are but tools to that one master spirit of iniquity who excites and governs them all. The Baron Castine hath surely learned wickedness from no mortal teacher, and if the spirit of darkness doth indeed come to our world in human form"—she paused—"It is plain, I see it, sir, Castine hath again lighted up their wrath, and there is no more peace for us." Her voice was choked with agony and the cold perspiration stood on her brow. "It is time that we part, sir," she added, after a few moment's silence, "you must fly from danger, and I must go home and prepare to meet it."

The stranger had become meanwhile deeply agitated." Now that you are warned of the coming evil, surely you will not remain to meet it. Dear Miss Everett I pray you hasten from the scene of danger."

"My father is a pastor, replied Lucy looking sorrowfully up, "he will not forsake his flock and I cannot forsake *him*. Farewell." She turned hastily and drawing the veil over her tearful countenance, returned by the path which led directly to the garden behind her father's dwelling.

Jane Grant waited at the gate to welcome her approach, and they entered the parlor together. The clergyman and his wife were at their evening repast, and a single glance was sufficient

to convince the daughter, that some train of painful reflections already occupied her father's mind.

"Jane," said Mrs. Everett, "hath your father returned from the south?"

The reply was in the affirmative.

"Brought he then the tidings from England?"

"I heard none, sir. He was talking principally of two singular looking strangers who overtook him a little before he reached the village, and who seemed to be coming on a matter of life and death."

"Which way were they travelling?" inquired Lucy.

"They tarried a moment at the inn, and then went off again at full speed on the northern road. They seemed to be foreigners and persons of distinction."

"And what news from England dear father?" continued Lucy with breathless interest, while the warnings of the stranger flashed painfully over her mind.

"You may as well know it now," exclaimed the clergyman with a hasty effort. "Great Britain has declared war against France and Spain; and it is more than probable that the French colonies will commence hostilities immediately. We must prepare for war again in all its horrors." The persons who listened to this communication, seemed variously affected by it. Jane Grant manifested only unmingled surprise and apprehension; but when Mrs. Everett had uttered her first exclamation of distress, she cast on Lucy a glance which seemed to say, "the mysterious conversation is explained. The man

whose life you have saved was the spy of our enemy."

Mr. Everett continued. "It cannot be expected that the fury of the war will fall upon this portion of the country; for the eastern Indians who have recently become our friends will furnish us with the best safeguard. Yet ought we not the less to mourn for our brethren, whom God hath so grievously afflicted. The ways of heaven are dark," he added, rising and pacing the floor. "Our wretched country hath not yet recovered from the wounds and bruises of the late war," and he groaned bitterly. "But our Heavenly Father knoweth what we need, and he will not surely blot out his people's name from among the nations."

"Father," said Lucy "are you sure that the savages will remain true to us? The French are a subtle people, and—remember the Baron Castine."

Mr. Everett looked upon his daughter with some surprise. "You speak reasonably, my child, strange that I myself had not remembered these things, but my mind was overcome with the greatness of our calamity. True, true," he continued, "were our Indian friends to become traitors, we must expect incursions from the foe, and that immediately."

"My father" said Lucy "I have received sure intelligence, that the treacherous Castine and his priests have indeed won over the Indians, notwithstanding their treaty, and they are at this moment prepared to assist in laying waste our villages. We lie upon the very frontier. Within a short distance is an armed force who wait only for the news you have just communicated as the signal of destruction. Without doubt they will be

apprized of it as soon as ourselves, nay I have reason to believe that the strangers who were hastening with such rapidity to the north, are the bearers of this intelligence." Every eye was fixed upon Lucy in amazement.

"And how know you this, Lucy?" said Mr. Everett, endeavoring by the sternness of his look to conceal his emotion.

"*How*, I cannot tell you, pardon me father, my intelligence is true, there is no time for words. Dear father is it indeed too late for resistance?" Mr. Everett gazed a moment on his daughter in silence, and a sudden light seemed to flash upon his mind.

"The young Canadian—Ah! I see it now. Jane Grant," he continued turning to the young lady who pale and trembling was leaning in the window seat. "Go home as quickly as possible and tell your father, I desire he would hasten forthwith to Boston and inform the court of the ruin that is prepared for us. An armed force must be raised without delay. Ah! I comprehend it all now, this comes not suddenly upon Vaudreuil. Hasten my child," he continued addressing Jane, "give the message to your father, and pray him not to sleep until he sees that help is prepared for us, and Lucy, my daughter," he continued as Jane departed swiftly on her errand, "you must run with all speed to the village and give the alarm. Let the bell be rung to assemble the people, and when they ask wherefore, tell them that the Indians are coming we know not how soon, perhaps this night, to murder us on our hearth stones. I have letters to write to the frontier towns and will be with them presently."

Lucy waited not for a second bidding, and

the alarm was quickly spread. In a few minutes from the time of her departure, the sound of the bell rose from the village; and Mrs. Everett who was gazing from the window, perceived by the dim twilight the appearance of hastily gathering crowds.

When the clergyman at length entered the church which had been appointed as the place of assembling, he found it occupied by such an assembly as such an alarm always gathers together. Young maidens and matrons, and wailing infants, youth and grey headed magistrates, were mingled in one crowd; and the partial illumination of the candles which some in their haste had brought with them, served to increase the singular effect, revealing here and there the pale countenances of the assembly. There was a confused noise of questions without answer, and the bell was still pealing through the valley. That there was some dreadful cause of alarm, every one comprehended; but beyond this, all was horrid uncertainty.

In the midst of this scene of confusion, Mr. Everett caught a view of his daughter. She was reclining pale and motionless against one of the pillars that supported the pulpit, amid a group of eager listeners, her bonnet was off; and the comb had fallen from her dark and waving curls.

At the sight of the clergyman, the confusion which prevailed throughout the assembly in some degree subsided; at the same moment the bell ceased, and having ascended the pulpit the better to command attention, he began calmly and concisely to state to them their real danger and the cause of their assembling. They listened with eager and deathlike stillness. The clergyman

assured them that he had despatched a petition to Boston for immediate aid. "But even this," he continued, "may arrive too late. We are not ignorant of savage warfare. We know they sound no trumpet before them. Perhaps this night the war whoop may echo through our dwellings." A simultaneous groan burst from the crowd. "At all events, let them not find us unprepared. We can all fight, and fight willingly that cruel and treacherous race, the enemy of God and man. Brethren we have arms, and we will not be scalped unresistingly. As for the women and children," he continued glancing around on their pale faces, "they have nothing to do, but go home and pray the Almighty for his strong defence. We can all rest "beneath the shadow of his wing."

One by one, the females and children now retired. Of those who remained, a guard was formed for the defence of the town. The better to accomplish their scheme, it was agreed that the houses without the valley should be abandoned, and that one third of the guard should be constantly upon duty. These resolutions having been entered into, they departed with all speed to carry them into effect.

Lucy had left the church just at the time when nothing had been resolved upon; and an hour of more agitating suspense she had never passed than that which intervened between her own return and her father's. During this period she related to her mother the particulars of the stranger's conversation; and she was still standing at the window, watching with eagerness the hastily moving lights in the village, when the sound of near voices met her ear. A group of

figures, faintly discerned in the darkness, were seen approaching the cottage; and a moment after, Lucy met her father at the gate.

“We must abandon our home my child,” he said, “it is too far from the center to lie within the line of defence.” Mrs. Everett approached the door. “Hasten Sarah,” said the clergyman, “and seek for yourself all that is most dear to you. There are some without, waiting to convey our most valuable goods.”

There was no time for remonstrance or reply, and the mother and daughter silently prepared to obey the injunction. All was now confusion in the cottage. Where every object was so endeared by ancient ties of association, it was hard to resolve which should be abandoned to the vengeance of the savage. The domestic who had been speedily summoned from her now useless department in the kitchen, was soon engaged in tearing up and packing the various articles which accident first threw in her way. The clergyman had gone to his study to select from thence the most valuable papers; and Mrs. Everett was laying away in a basket, the contents of an old fashioned cupboard, consisting of a few precious relics of family plate, together with a more modern and less costly set of China. The little yard before the door was soon filled with promiscuous heaps of boxes, chairs, and tables. At length the arrangements were hastily completed, and the men departed with their burthen. Lucy and her mother, followed by Amy, were slowly descending the hill, and Mr. Everett, after turning the key upon his solitary dwelling hastened to accompany them.

We need not stop to describe the sensations of

this sorrowful party, as they moved silently along the path to the village; those who have ever felt the sudden dissolution of the strong attachments which bind to a beloved home, may easily imagine them. They had nearly half completed their walk, and Mr. Everett perceived with pleasure that the houses which composed the village were already under the protection of an armed and efficient guard, when Mrs. Everett suddenly paused and turned to her husband.

"The picture, Mr. Everett! The picture, I have surely forgotten it." There was a momentary embarrassment.

"Mother, I will return for you," exclaimed Lucy, "and Amy will go with me; where shall we find the picture?" Mr. Everett hesitated.

"It is a dangerous time to walk alone, Lucy."

"But, my father, you are fatigued, and you look ill. You cannot walk to the cottage again to night. Do not fear for us. Amy and myself are young and active, and we will join you by the time you reach the guard,"—and after obtaining her mother's directions, without further delay they turned to retrace their steps to the cottage.

The moon was rising, and there was something mournful in the appearance of the deserted cottage, with its dark back grounds of evergreens. The windows which had been wont, at this hour, to send forth a pleasant light, now looked dark and cheerless. Lucy lifted the latch of the little gate. There was no sound of glad, kind voices within; the stillness of the grave hung over the dwelling. The heroism of poor Amy was so entirely overcome by the air of gloom which pervaded the whole scene, that when Lucy had at

length succeeded in opening the door, she refused to enter; and sat down trembling upon the bench of the little honey-suckled porch. With a painful effort, Lucy hastened through the dark and lonely apartments. The faint light of the moon was just struggling through the windows, and tears involuntarily rushed to her eyes, as it revealed to her the dismantled appearance of the little parlor. Familiar as she was with the objects of this apartment, it was impossible for her to discover the key of the locker, without first obtaining a light. Her hand had already fastened upon a little lamp, that stood on the mantel-piece, and she now made her way into the kitchen. A few embers still remained on the hearth, and by means of these, she soon succeeded in relighting the lamp, and in a few moments more found herself in possession of the object of her search.

A sudden and violent scream from Amy, at that moment arrested her attention. In an instant she was at the door, just in time to witness the broad illumination which for a moment lit up the valley, ere a sound like the peal of distant thunder at once revealed its cause. A more fearful and wretched situation than that in which they now found themselves, can scarcely be conceived. The foe had indeed come, for blaze after blaze, and fresh volleys of musquetry, now rapidly succeeded each other, nay, in the distant and momentary glare, she saw, or fancied she saw, the well known uniform of the French soldiery, interspersed with the tall figures of the Indian warriors.

Her exertions had not then been in vain. A guard had indeed been raised, one strong in heavenly faith, and in the might of human affec-

tions. Many a firm heart must be laid low, ere harm could come to those within the enclosure; but here was she, far from them all, in this dreadful moment, alone and unprotected. Horrid and sickening emotions filled her mind. Death was already in the valley, for even at this distance, the voice of strong agony was distinctly heard; and such cries and groans as those that now mingled faintly in the din of battle, she felt that death alone could inspire. The exclamations of Amy wild with terror, served only to increase her distress.

She still stood in the porch, gazing in passive silence upon the valley. Horror had frozen every faculty, and she now waited in calm expectation for the moment when the conflagration of the village should complete the horrors of the scene. But a new idea of her situation suddenly filled her mind, and bringing with it the hope of safety at once aroused her from this torpor. The house was at some distance from any other, and quite out of the path of the enemy; the moon was obscured with clouds, and the possibility, nay, the probability, that it might escape their notice, was sufficient to banish despair.

She now regretted extremely that she had allowed the lamp to remain burning in the parlor, as she had thus considerably increased the chances of discovery; and followed by Amy, to whom a portion of her hopes were already communicated, she hastened to extinguish it. The door was quickly locked and barred; and with a sudden animation, they began to devise all possible means for their security. Even in case of an attack, Lucy trusted that the lonely and deserted air of the house, together with the appearance of

the apartments stripped of their furniture, by inducing them to believe it uninhabited, might still secure its safety. Amy had just succeeded in closing the shutters of the kitchen, and was engaged in heaping upon the embers a few light splinters when the sound of a measured tread broke upon the stillness. "They are coming," she shrieked, in an agony of fear.

"Hush—hush"—whispered Lucy, "as you love life be quiet." Meanwhile the heavy, monotonous sound which had excited their dread, drew each moment nearer; and Lucy motioning Amy again to be quiet, ventured carefully to enter the opened door of the parlor. She dared not approach the window, but she could distinctly perceive that a small party of soldiers had that moment reached the summit of the acclivity, and were now within a stone's throw of the house. There was a short and dreadful silence, interrupted only by the voice of the officer. Though his orders were given in French, Lucy understood them sufficiently to comprehend that they were to remain in their present situation, while a few of them moved forward for a careful reconnoitre of the house and grounds. They were soon hastily scrambling over the pickets, and Lucy retired again to the kitchen.

"What did he mean," said a low voice under the window, "to send us puffing up the hill for the sake of burning this old deserted house. Not a cat stirring! Upon my word, I do not believe it has been inhabited since the flood."

"But you know," replied the other, "we must make a division of that saucy guard. We may fire upon them all night, at this rate, without effecting any thing."

“And is De Rouville so witless as to think that they will come running forth to save these rotten shingles? See,” continued the same voice, “they have left us nothing for booty, but that old fashioned locker. I will burn the house in very spite to these cunning puritans.”

“Ah! They are more cunning than you dream of,” exclaimed the second voice. “When we left the village a bright light shone through these windows, and if I am not mistaken, it still contains human beings notwithstanding its deserted look. Some too, whose lives are of importance. I believe De Rouville learned as much before he sent us.”

“At any rate we can soon settle the matter,” said the first voice, in a tone which made Lucy shudder, though she could not understand the meaning of his threat.

There was another silence of considerable duration, and then light streamed up from under the windows with so sudden a blaze, that an involuntary scream of horror burst from her lips. “They have fired the house, Amy,” she exclaimed in the anguish of despair, and was hastening to unfasten the door. But Amy caught her arm.

“Do not go out, dear Miss Lucy, the Indians are waiting there for us, and it is better to die here than fall into their hands.” At that moment a column of smoke and flame burst from the door of the parlor; and almost suffocated and dead with horror, Amy herself threw open the door which led to the garden. To escape to the forest on the hill, was now the only alternative. They had already crossed the garden and Lucy leaned a moment over the gate to undo the fastening, when the loud and fearful war-whoop

arrested her purpose. The clouds rolled away from the moon, and she saw that they were surrounded with a fierce circle of waving tomahawks. All that they could do for life was done, and Lucy leaned against the pickets, to watch the coming up of her foe. At that moment a fainting, like death, came over her, the forms of the savage warriors faded from her eye, and insensibility succeeded to the long excitement of agonized feeling.

CHAPTER IV.

WHEN consciousness again dawned upon the soul of Lucy Everett, the objects around her were entirely changed. It was still night, the moon was in its meridian, and she was reclining on the ground, in the midst of an evergreen forest. At first she supposed that this was none other than that which adorned the hill behind her father's dwelling; and fancied that by some unknown means she had escaped from the power of her enemy, in time to obtain its concealment. But a second glance convinced her that she was now far away from her beloved home, and a captive of the enemy.

The forest extended in every direction as far as the eye could penetrate; every where one unmingled and solemn mass of waving foliage met her eye, save when she turned it to the pale blue skies above. Near her, and stretched upon the ground in a deep and listless slumber, she now perceived the companion of her misfortunes. The countenance of Amy was excessively pale, and had it not been for her low and heavy breathing she would have deemed it the sleep of death. But that which excited her deepest horror was the appearance of several Indian warriors, reposing at short distances around them. They had cho-

sen their resting places among the thick under-wood, so that she had not at first been aware of their presence. The long knife and tomahawk still lay beside them, and in many instances were yet strongly clenched. All seemed buried in deep slumber, and her first thought was to arouse her sleeping companion, that they might together effect their escape. She was slowly rising for this purpose when from beneath the branch of a large tree before her, the eye of an Indian met her own with a fierce and steady glance. The savages had not left their captives unguarded,—all resistance was in vain, so pillowing her head upon the grassy hillock she at length sunk into the slumber, which fear had induced her to feign.

Ere Lucy again woke to the remembrance of her captivity, a strong sunlight was piercing the sombre shades of the forest, and the loud guttural tones of her Indian guides were mingling harshly on her ear. She arose and gazed earnestly around her. Amy was no where in sight; and the dreadful suspicion of her probable fate, pressed heavily on the heart of her young mistress. The noise of rustling foliage now drew the Indians about her, while they still continued their singular and animated debate. Meanwhile that strength and decision of thought, which had long been nursed in secret within the bosom of Lucy Everett, was seeking to reveal itself in appropriate action. The character of the Indians as a people had long been known to her; and though that instinctive horror with which the early settlers of New-England naturally regarded this savage race, prevented her in some measure from appreciating those nobler traits of character,

which we who live in later days have leisure to admire, she still knew that they were human beings, and that there are in every human heart, some tender chords to vibrate at the touch of a skilful hand; that however true to them as a race those stern features of cruelty, there were still individual exceptions. She therefore determined to analyze the various expressions of character in her savage companions, and to endeavor if possible to excite in her own behalf, the glow of benevolent feeling; for without doubt a long and painful journey was before her, unless indeed some sudden kindling of wrath should sacrifice her at once to their fury.

While these thoughts were revolving in her mind, the Indians continued their debate around her, with many wild and fierce gestures. They gazed frequently upon their beautiful captive; and Lucy fancied that, every time, their glances returned upon her with a calmer and less ferocious aspect. There was indeed much in her appearance to soften the resentment of her savage guards; for while her youth and the tenderness of her sex claimed their pity, the beauty of her person, and the high and graceful demeanor, seemed well fitted to call forth the more powerful principle of admiration. Beauty has its influence even with the savage, and Lucy Everett's was precisely of that style of which an Indian would be most likely to acknowledge the power. There was no obsequious and fawning servility, no meek intreaty for life—the maiden knew too well the character of her foe; a haughty smile was on her lip, her step was free and proud, as she moved through the windings of the forest, and the glance of the Indian frequently sunk

beneath the brilliant flashes of spirit that gleamed from the dark eye of the captive maiden. There was also manifested on all occasions a kind of fearless confidence in their generosity, exactly suited to win the hearts of her proud companions. Whenever danger approached, she drew nearer to them, as if claiming their protection, and the sweet and gentle smile with which their acts of kindness were rewarded, was rendered more acceptable by the usual reserve of her manner.

These exertions were not in vain. A spirit of kindness was gradually diffusing itself through the hearts of some of her companions, and now only waited for a meet occasion, or some slight increase of excitement, to reveal itself in her favor.

The savage travelers seemed to know no weariness; from the first break of morning, till the last glimmerings of day, with untiring steps, they pursued their route through the wilderness, pausing only to partake of their light refreshments. It was the evening of the third day since their departure from H——, and the moon was shining bright through the openings of the forest, ere they had selected their halting place. This was at length chosen on the banks of a tributary stream; whose murmurs as it dashed over the stones in its channel, were all that interrupted the quiet of nature. To the lovers of the picturesque, if any had been there to look on, the group, the hour, the place, would have presented a scene of peculiar interest. The beautiful and dejected young captive, the forms of her Indian guards scattered in strange contrast on the turf and hillocks around her, the vivid touches of moonlight on the ragged wave below, the flickering and fit-

ful glare of the immense blaze which had been kindled as well for safety, as for the preparation of their evening repast, together with the gloomy mass of forest which no ray might pierce, extending vast and dim around them, were the most obvious features of the picture.

With the exception of Lucy, by far the most interesting and prominent figure was that of a tall and well formed youth, reclining against a fragment of rock in the center of the group below, and at that moment an object of fixed and earnest attention to every individual which composed it. At another moment, in an hour of security, Lucy Everett could scarce have regarded without fear and horror the ferocious aspect of the young savage, his long hair waving in the night breeze, and every feature kindled with a glow of unnatural excitement. But the heart of the captive had become strangely inured to sights like these; and amid all the terror and anguish of her long march, when looks of cunning, and cruelty, and savage hate, glanced upon her from the eyes of her fierce conductors, and angry voices rung around her, there had ever been a tone of kindness on the lip of the young Alaska, and a look of pity and compassion, softening the sternness of his glance. Alaska was the favorite of the whole party, and the son of the venerable chief who conducted them. Lucy had from the first regarded him with a feeling of secret confidence; and by degrees and almost insensibly, had begun to hope that he would become her deliverer from captivity.

But the low tones of the youth had gradually increased in fierceness like the rush of the coming storm, and now rung high and wild through

the forest. Every eye was fixed eagerly on him. Some ancient legend, some tale of high and daring deeds evidently claimed their attention; the dark faces around her every moment assuming some new expression of savage triumph, and every lip trembling with exclamations of wild excitement. Then came a burst of song—supported at first only by the mellow tones of Alaska, but gradually swelling and deepening until every voice had mingled with his, and the wild inspiring melody thrown back on her ear in the loud echoes of the forest, became overpowering. Lucy turned shuddering away, and no longer wondered at their deeds of inhuman daring. But these at last died away; and on raising her eye amid the silence that succeeded, she perceived with surprise and fear, that the attention of the whole party had become suddenly transferred to herself. Her apprehensions, however, were soon relieved by the gestures of the chief, who, after repeated attempts, at length succeeded in intimating to her the desire of her companions that she should furnish them with a specimen of the songs of her country. Requests in this instance were but commands; and Lucy, after revolving in her mind the various simple airs with which she was familiar, selected one, which, for its exquisite tenderness and depth of melody, was well worthy of the occasion. It was one of the beautiful and holy hymns of the pilgrims; and as it rose amid that savage throng, now melting on the air in soft and solemn cadences, and now in loud sweet tones ringing through the arches whose echoes were yet dying with the war song of the Indian,—the effect was thrilling. Even the stern spirits of the warriors seemed bowed with its influence. The

strains at length ceased, and a confused murmur, that seemed like approbation, succeeded them. The young Alaska hid his face; and the fierce eye of the chief, softened with an expression of kindly feeling.

“*Ecoutez, écoutez,*” exclaimed a low and distinct voice near her. She turned in amazement. Hitherto her only communications had been made by means of gestures; and the idea that there were any there, who comprehended a language with which she was familiar, was new and pleasing. The voice was that of Alaska; he had approached her unobserved, and perceiving himself understood now proceeded to address her in French with ease and fluency.

“Listen, listen, English maiden. Thou art like my dead sister, and my father loves thee. Elsingah was tall, and straight, and beautiful as the morning; her voice was the voice of birds, and her step like the fleet gliding of the deer. But, maiden, the dead leaf hath fallen on her grave; and the voice of Elsingah hath long been silent in her father’s dwelling. She hath built her bower, where the roses and violets never die, far away in the land of bright shadows, among the spirits of the brave and beautiful. But, maiden, she hath left us desolate. The old chief still mourns for her, and there is none to call me *brother*. And thou art like Elsingah. Thy voice, thy smile, are like hers; and my father loves thee. English maiden wilt thou be his daughter.”

The young lady seemed in doubt, how to answer this singular proposal, but Alaska waited for her reply.

“And who will soothe my own father,” she at length exclaimed, vainly endeavoring to re-

press a tear at the thought of her now desolate home, "and my mother, my own beloved mother," she added in broken tones. "Oh Alaska, if you have mourned for Elsingah, even in the beautiful and happy homes of blessed spirits, think of those who mourn for me a captive, a wretched captive in the power of enemies."

The youth seemed considerably affected with this appeal; but the remainder of the party, who had sometime waited in silence, now interrupted the conversation, commanding Alaska to interpret to them the words of the English captive. A cry of displeasure was heard among them as the youth obeyed; and a long debate succeeded, to the captive fearfully incomprehensible, though conscious that she was herself the subject of it. The old chief joined in it with expression of strong interest repeating frequently the name of Elsingah, and pointing to her whom he would fain have adopted in her stead. The remainder of the party, however, manifested signs of strong disapprobation, and replied to the proposals of Alaska and their chief with such an air of fierceness and resolution, that the prisoner could no longer doubt concerning her doom; and cold and darkly fell the fearful truths on her heart—the death of an Indian captive was before her.

Whatever the decision might be, it was evident that the old chief felt himself compelled to acquiesce in it; and after casting on Lucy a lingering look of regret, he quickly stretched himself on the earth for his evening repose. His example was soon followed by all except those appointed guard for the night; and Lucy herself, to avoid suspicion, reclined her cheek on the cold and dreary turf.

It was an hour of bitter suffering; and the young maiden now sought earnestly to recal to her recollection those lessons of holy truth, which in moments of gladness had fallen so lightly on her heart. Earth for her was now no more, its pleasant toils, its gay hopes and affections, were all over, and the grave—the lonely and unknown grave was henceforth to be her resting place. The last effort had been made for her, and made in vain; and the elasticity of youthful hope, which had hitherto borne her with incredible strength and cheerfulness through the perils of her long march, now seemed broken and crushed forever. And after all, she was to die just in the spring-time of her being, far away from all who would have soothed the bitterness of death, and among cruel strangers. The weary night passed away in tears and agony.

On the first appearance of day, the Indians renewed their march. Lucy still walked by the side of the Chief, but though her eye glanced frequently over the band, she could no where discover the youthful favorite; and indeed the Indians themselves seemed uneasy at his absence, frequently pausing and searching the openings around them, as if expecting his appearance. At length, about half an hour after sunrise, Alaska suddenly presented himself, springing from the thicket on one side of their path. There were slight symptoms of agitation on his brow; and his companions at first, regarded him with suspicious glances. But a certain air of ease and indifference which the youth soon assumed, together with some slight apology, ere long apparently removed their displeasure.

The whole party now endeavored to quicken

their pace,—they seemed apprehensive of evil at the slightest noise, manifesting signs of alarm, and drawing more closely around their prisoner. But the depressed spirits and wearied frame of the young captive, could no longer endure the unwonted hardships of her journey. The hope of safety, which had hitherto given energy to her steps was gone, and with the recklessness of despair she now paused suddenly in her path, and supporting herself against the tree that shaded it, declared firmly that she could and would go no further. She had expected death for her temerity, but the Indians manifested only surprise and concern; the most savage of them entreating her to accompany them a little further, and assuring her that she should then find rest and plenty. Scarcely able to comprehend their conduct, with a faint glimmering of hope, she at length yielded; and her guides now in some measure accommodated their pace to her exhausted strength.

Meanwhile the prisoner perceived, with deep regret, that he who had ever manifested the strongest interest in her welfare, seemed, on the present occasion, to regard her with indifference, and even aversion. Alaska was as usual the amusement of the party. He laughed and sung, and recited to them tales of ancient valor; but he seemed now perseveringly to avoid her presence, and there was a kind of heartless gaiety in his whole manner which she had never before discovered.

But in the midst of those bursts of merriment, the eye of the young Indian suddenly rested on hers with a glance of deep and secret meaning. There was an expression of mingled pity, apprehension and hope; and repressing the exclama-

tion of astonishment that arose to her lip, she became at once convinced that this apparent unconcern in her fate, was only assumed for some mysterious purpose of kindness. Unwilling however to attract the suspicions of her companions, by too close a scrutiny of his conduct, with a strong effort she confined her glances to the path beneath and the dense thicket before her.

"Move slower, maiden—as you love life, move slower," exclaimed a low voice near her as with a painful effort she was seeking to quicken her movement. She looked up in astonishment. The young warrior was standing on an elevated stone at a little distance before her; his bow was drawn, and he seemed deeply intent upon some distant aim. She almost doubted the evidence of her senses; for though the voice was that of Alaska, there was nothing in his countenance which intimated the slightest consciousness of her presence, and at that moment darting suddenly from the rock with a yell of savage delight, he disappeared in the thicket.

After ascertaining that this mysterious communication had been listened to by none but herself, she began at once to comply with the injunction, being now again fully aware that in advancing she was only hastening on to a more cruel and aggravated doom. But the faces of her conductors, exhibited symptoms of high impatience, as she again relaxed her efforts, sometimes almost pausing on her way. They again renewed their promises of speedy rest; and these being now ineffectual, threatenings were resorted to. But the energy of despair was in her heart, she gazed calmly and resolutely on the glisten-

ing tomahawk, and her step only became yet more languid.

Meanwhile Alaska and several of his young companions had moved on with a rapid step, and now the sounds of a wild and savage song came ringing through the woods. It was supported by several voices; but as they drew near, the prisoner could plainly distinguish amid the pauses, at the conclusion of every stanza, the single tone of Alaska chanting on in low and almost inaudible strains. The inherent love of life had quickened every sense and she was not long in perceiving that words of secret intelligence lingered in the seemingly unmeaning sound.

"Listen, listen, English maiden," at length caught her ear; and with downcast eye and quickened breathing, she waited for his mysterious communication. It came at length in low and fitful strains. "Fear not. Wait here. They will not harm you." And the voice of the musician again burst forth in the wild accents of his native tongue. Irresolute, and almost overcome with emotion, she awaited the conclusion of the succeeding stanza. "Another hour, but one hour more, wait here, or in yonder valley, and you shall not die. The white conquerors will not murder you."

A cry of joy almost escaped the lips of the young captive; but with a quick effort she concealed her emotion, still moving on silently and languidly as before. They were now descending a hill into a little sheltered nook, overhung with birch and maple. It was about noon, the sun had become exceedingly oppressive, and it was the time which the Indians had usually selected for refreshment. Lucy ventured therefore, to de-

mand of them an hour's repose, assuring them, by signs, that the strength thus acquired would more than compensate for the loss of time. After a short debate, the Indians, with much dissatisfaction, complied with the request.

With an air of as much composure as she could assume, Lucy now reclined herself in the shadow of the clustering maples, and leaning her head on her hand, feigned that repose, the need of which, she had urged as an excuse for their present delay.

Meanwhile a profound stillness prevailed among the savages. They spoke occasionally in low whispers; and whenever Lucy ventured to lift her eye, she perceived that they were gazing anxiously around them, as if in constant expectation of an alarm. The time rolled slowly on;—to the agitated heart of the captive, minutes seemed hours, and still no signs of the promised deliverance. The prescribed period had indeed nearly elapsed, and Lucy was already shuddering at the gathering signs of impatience on the countenances of her conductors when her eye became suddenly fixed on the opposite thicket. A human face, fiercely painted, was peeping out from among the foliage, and quietly and unobservedly surveying the scene before him. Not the slightest noise announced his presence, and he continued for several moments cautiously directing his glances upon the unconscious objects of his scrutiny. At length, perceiving that the prisoner had discovered his presence, he moved slowly down the bank followed by a close but single file of Indian warriors.

The surprised guards started hastily on their feet; but it was too late for flight, and the high

authority of the chief who now approached them, was such as to preclude the idea of open combat. The fierce words which immediately ensued, were to Lucy totally unintelligible ; but it was evident that on the part of her guides an expression of servility mingled with angry looks, while the countenance of the stranger chief exhibited only haughty reproach. The altercation was at last concluded, and the victor approached the tree beneath which his prisoner reclined. There was nothing in the appearance of the stranger at all calculated to soothe her fears, and yet after glancing a moment upon her Indian friend, she was convinced that this was the anticipated succor. The chief hastened to inform her that she was to accompany him ; and, with a fresh impulse of strength and hope, she prepared to obey the intimation.

When the little summit was once more gained, Lucy Everett turned for a farewell glance at those whom, a few minutes before, she had regarded as her murderers. They were still standing in the same posture in which she had left them, gazing after her with looks of deadly hate, and even now scarcely restraining the expressions of their savage resentment. Alaska had separated himself from the group ; and, as long as Lucy could discern the sheltered nook, he was still standing with folded arms, and gazing after her with looks of mingled joy and sadness. The captive waved her hand in token of gratitude, and the nodding foliage soon hid the whole company from her view.

CHAPTER V.

NOTHING interrupted the profound silence with which the whole party now moved forward, save the breaking of the long grass beneath their feet, and the sound of rustling boughs, as their strong clusters parted before them. They had retraced for some time, the path which Lucy had so recently trodden, when the leader of the band plunged into the midst of a dark thicket to the left, commanding the rest to follow him. The way had now become more intricate than ever, and notwithstanding the utmost exertions of the impatient travelers, the progress made was but inconsiderable, the foremost in the march frequently pausing to hew away the tangled bushes which obstructed their steps.

These interruptions, however, occasioned no inconvenience to the young captive; and indeed the intervals of rest thus afforded, together with the slow pace thus necessarily adopted, were all which prevented her light frame from sinking under her fatigues.

The beams of a descending sun threw a faint and obstructed radiance on their way, as they at length silently emerged into a wide and well trodden path, which intersected the one they had previously trodden. They all gazed eagerly

forward, and amid the openings of the foliage was now plainly discoverable the appearance of distant water. Then followed a brief interchange of signals and expressive glances among the guides, and again they moved silently on. The darkness was now every moment increasing; and the eye of the captive, weary of gazing on the endless and unvarying succession of forest and sky, sunk heavily downward. Her grieved spirit wandered sorrowfully away to the distant friends and home, that she doubted not were lost to her forever, until the strong and beautiful pictures of memory seemed living realities; and the thickening gloom of the forest, and the forms of her stern and silent companions, only as the moving pageant of some troubled dream.

A sudden halt in the movement of the advanced guard, now attracted her attention, and she beheld herself at once standing on the margin of a wide river. With the exception of two, her guard had suddenly deserted her, leaving her to examine at her leisure, the picturesque beauty of the opposite shore, now softened with the shades of the deepening twilight.

After a short interval the Indians reappeared, dragging from the concealment of the thicket several small and rude canoes. These were speedily launched, and the chief again approached the prisoner. Lucy turned for a moment, shuddering from the cold dark wave, but there was no alternative. With a glance of fervent but un-murmured supplication to heaven, she now followed her guide to the margin of the stream, and was soon seated beside him in the rude canoe. The sound of the plashing wave echoed mournfully in the stillness,—the shore seemed receding

behind them, and in a few moments more, they were sailing quietly down the current of the stream.

The broad river was now gradually widening into a bold and majestic bay; and Lucy soon found herself, in that frail bark, and with that savage companion, alone on an inlet of the wide sea. Meanwhile one by one the stars of heaven shone out from the soft twilight, while the outline of the opposite shore seemed every moment to grow more wild and strange, amid the gathering shadows. But the eyes of all were now directed to a bold and woody promontory, jutting forth from the eastern shore at no great distance below them.

A shape like that of a fortress now appeared on its summit, but often ere this had the fantastic skill of nature mocked the weary eye with views of distant towns and cities. The illusion, however, if such it was, seemed only to grow more strong and distinct upon a nearer survey. Indeed as they gradually neared the shore the dark building with its strong outworks and barriers of defence, might no longer be mistaken, though the deep obscurity which enveloped the objects of the shore, prevented minute observations.

Her companion now muttering a few unintelligible phrases, made rapidly towards the object of her curiosity, the other canoes following closely in their rear. A loud quick challenge was now heard from the shore, while brilliant streams of light issuing from the buildings above, seemed to render the darkness without more gloomy by its contrast. The watchword had been given by her guides, and in a few moments more, they

were standing on the low landing point just beneath the fortress.

The idea of her wild and singular situation, rushed painfully to the mind of the captive, as, following the steps of her guide, she now perceived that they were approaching the haunts of civilized men. There was a confused mingling of human tones, the song, the whistle, and the boisterous laugh, the sounds of heavy steps echoing on the pavement within, the stirring tones of the fife and drum, and amid their brief interludes the notes of a softer and more distant music. They had already passed the entrenchments, and half fainting with terror and embarrassment, Lucy soon found herself standing amid a sudden glare of light at the entrance of the building, every sense dazzled and bewildered with this unexpected transition from the gloom and silence of the forest.

The apartment into which the whole party were now slowly entering was a high and extremely spacious hall illuminated by means of lamps suspended from the ceiling. Many and various were the forms which now presented themselves, issuing from the numerous rooms with which the hall communicated. Servants were hurrying to and fro, soldiers in the gay French uniform, gathered in little groups talking and singing in their foreign tongue, while others whose rich dress and haughty step denoted them officers of rank, were slowly moving through the apartment. Neither was the prospect bounded by the bewildering succession of objects which the hall itself presented. The doors on either side were constantly opening, revealing at every moment a glimpse of the objects within. Light

music floated from the one directly opposite the spot where the savages and their captive were stationed ; there was a sound of quick steps moving within to its melody, and now there appeared the form of an elegant female gliding for a moment before the opening door. It would not be expected that in a situation like this so singular a groupe could long remain unnoticed. Curious glances began one by one to fasten upon it, until Lucy Everett would have welcomed joyfully even the gloom and shadow of the wilderness.

The various objects around her had however exerted so absorbing an influence upon her attention, that the absence of the Indian chief had not been noticed, until she now perceived him approaching from a distant part of the hall. He had no sooner rejoined the party, than commanding the remainder of his followers to await his return at the gate of the palace, he selected two of their number, and immediately sallied forth again in the same direction, accompanied by them and the English prisoner. The sight of one so young and fair, a stranger and a captive, seemed to create a strong excitement among the various inmates of the apartment, and a murmur of admiration and pity followed the group as they now slowly mounted the staircase.

But the noise and confusion below seemed gradually to subside, as having at length completed the ascent, they now traversed several spacious apartments. Weary of conjecture, faint and sick with fatigue, at length she paused ; and the chief murmuring a hasty caution to the guards immediately disappeared.

Voices within the next room were now distinctly heard. They spoke indeed in a foreign lan-

guage, but it was one with which she was in some measure familiar; and her conceptions of its meaning were now quickened by an overpowering curiosity which the singularity of her situation excited. The deep full toned voice which now met her ear, was evidently addressing the savage chief.

"Welcome, welcome, brave Anamanta, we have awaited you since morning; but surely a single prisoner is not all your booty."

"No, brother, the English captives are still in the wilderness. The *Sieur Hertel* bade me lead them to *Quebec*; but the maiden I have brought you is young and tender, and I turned aside with her, that she might not die unredeemed in the forest."

"And did not the *Sieur* pay the ransom of your prisoners?" exclaimed another and sharper tone.

"For all but her," rejoined the chief.

"The *Saco* warriors were treacherous, and sought to carry her away in secret to grace their triumph. But the brave *Alaska* came to me last night, and warned me of their treachery, and to day I overtook them in the forest."

"It is well, Anamanta," replied the first voice.

"Leave the prisoner here, and I will give you the gold for her ransom." A long drawn sigh interrupted the silence which succeeded.

"There was a time," exclaimed the Indian sorrowfully, as the clinking of the precious metal was heard within—"there was a time, when the chiefs of my nation would have scorned such an offering. They went forth gloriously to the fight, and came back loaded only with the scalps of their enemies."

"And that time shall surely come again," re-

joined the full melodious voice which had first spoken. "Grieve not, noble Anamant, that time shall surely come again. But not until the glorious race of the Mohicans stand once more on the green soil of their fathers, not until those unholy heretics have been torn up, root and branch, from the land which they have polluted, and the forests of your tribe wave high and free again on its blood-nourished valleys. So long as a single vestige of this unholy people stains your ancient inheritance, ask not for the help of God, nor of the blessed virgin, nor of the pure church they have defiled."

A new and fearful thought darted across the mind of the captive as those words of denunciation met her ear. Impious and inexpressibly dreadful as they had seemed, there was indeed one to whose character as it had long been revealed to the colonists, they seemed but too appropriate. The voice within so rich in its tones, so musical in its cadence, was surely none other than that of the Baron de Castine.

The conversation still continued; but Lucy Everett heard no more. Every other feeling was at once forgotten in the terror of this discovery. She looked tremblingly around the apartment. The mystery was then explained. It was the palace Castine, that strong hold of superstition and cruelty whose very name had once chilled her heart; and she was here, a lone and unprotected prisoner, within the very walls where all those fearful plans of ruin for her people had been maturing, the very scene where the treacherous peace had been plotted, the ambuscade, the war-cry, the cold blooded murder.

But these reflections were now interrupted.

The chief again entered the apartment, and Lucy Everett found herself summoned to the presence of the object of her terror. Perhaps it was the consciousness that she had nothing to hope from his mercy, that now banished the lingerings of timidity, imparting to the face and graceful carriage of the maiden, that expression of calm fearlessness, with which she slowly entered the apartment of the Baron Castine. It was not until she had reached its center, that summoning all her resolution for the effort she slowly raised her eye.

The first object which arrested it was a lofty and dignified form reclining against the table before her. His dress was plain and simply elegant, his features were decidedly handsome, nay there was an expression irresistibly attractive, in the large, mild, bright eye that seemed calmly reading her features. But the unsatisfied glance of Lucy still wandered on in search of that one dreaded object which filled her thoughts; and she immediately discovered at the remote end of the table, a person who seemed to answer to the fearful picture, and indeed his whole appearance formed a striking contrast to that of his companion; but her glance sunk quietly down, beneath the searching cunning of his sunken eye.

“And a fair companion for such an one as thee,” said the same musical voice which a few minutes since had uttered those fearful threatenings. Lucy started with surprise, for that voice fell from the lips of the mild and pleasant looking stranger, who had first attracted her eye.

“Father Ralle,” he added, turning with a smile to his companion, “thou shalt shrive the gentle maiden, and having absolved her from the guilt of her past heresy, we will seek to initiate

her in the doctrines of the true church. She is too beautiful to waste her loveliness among the puritans.

“Holy Virgin,” exclaimed the other in a tone of affected horror, “how is it possible, that one who hath wandered even from her infancy in the wild regions of heresy and sin, should *thus* be brought into the fold of the blessed shepherd. Noble Baron, I doubt not but that puritan girl is a thousand times more ignorant of the true religion, than the wildest savage of these forests.”

“That were a shame indeed,” exclaimed the maiden suddenly and involuntarily, the proud current of her English blood mounting high in her young cheek, “it were a sin and a shame for the daughter of one of its holiest ministers.”

An involuntary start announced the astonishment of her auditors. They had evidently supposed their conversation unintelligible to the subject of it.

“By the rood, Father Ralle,” exclaimed the Baron, turning with a smile to the surprised and incensed priest, “the fair heretic is not so ignorant as you would imagine. Nevertheless you must be her father confessor, if it were only to absolve her from the pride and sin of that single sentence.”

But the high flush of indignant spirit which for a moment had given energy to her exhausted frame, was now again vanished. There was yet however another effort to be made, suppressing for a moment the sensations of deadly weariness that oppressed her, she drew nearer to the table on which they leaned.

“Noble Baron, I pray your pity,” she exclaimed in a low and faltering voice, “I am my fa-

ther's only child—he would purchase my ransom joyfully.”

“Father Ralle, you will summon the guard,” exclaimed the Baron shuffling the papers before him with an air of seeming indifference. “It is time that these arrangements were completed. The prisoner may retire to her apartment. Let it be in the south wing and you may bid An-tonette attend her, until she hears my further pleasure.”

“Will gold redeem me?” continued the captive, heedless of his orders, and unfastening from her neck, as she spoke, a richly set miniature.

“Ah! beautiful Lucy Mc Gregor,” she continued, gazing for a moment earnestly upon it, “my mother will grieve bitterly to part with thee, but surely, thou art not more precious to her than her own living Lucy. Baron Castine, will this redeem me?”

The gentlemen seemed alike startled by the earnestness of her manner and a heavy frown for a moment knit the smooth brows of the Baron, as she laid the jewelled miniature on the table before him.

“A beautiful picture!” exclaimed the priest in a tone of seeming carelessness. “The diamonds are of the first water my Lord,” he continued approaching for a nearer survey, but the Baron had now drawn it towards him, and shading his face with his hands was evidently surveying it with much earnestness.

“Know you aught of the original?” continued the priest gazing curiously upon the prisoner. “Methinks she was no heretic.”

“She was—she was,” replied Lucy, with bitterness. “When the bigots of the Romish church

wiled her away from the true religion and tore her from her friends and home, then indeed she became a heretic. My Lord," she continued turning to the nobleman who still gazed upon the miniature, "she was my father's cousin, and this is the last memorial which is left him of one who was dearer to him than life. And now that too is gone—it is yours. The gold is pure, and the jewels are true and costly—only take not away his only child. I pray you break not altogether my poor father's heart."

The Baron de Castine raised his eye, a new expression seemed to have gathered on his pale and haughty features, and Lucy Everett read at once in that stern, cold, and angry glance, that her prayer was rejected. Her nature could endure no more. The objects of the apartment seemed swimming in sudden darkness before her, there was a sensation like death, a dim perception of strange and stern faces bent around her, and all was vanished. The wild visions of delirium now succeeded that long train of bewildering realities; but these were comparatively happy, for now came the soft and beautiful illusions of home, a father's arm protected her amid every danger, and even in the moments of her wildest suffering, the sweet melody of her mother's voice lulled and soothed her spirit.

CHAPTER VI.

THE illusions of a disordered fancy at length floated quietly away. Lucy Everett awoke from a long and refreshing slumber to recollection and reason.

She was lying on a couch of elegant workmanship beneath a light and fanciful covering. The room though small, was lofty and tastefully arranged. A few fragrant and fresh gathered flowers lay scattered on the fair covering; and a vase containing a still more beautiful variety, stood on the low toilette beside her.

It was a bright still summer afternoon, and the lofty window open before her, commanded a prospect of extreme and varied beauty. A soft haze hung over the quiet landscape below—the broad bay, and clustering islands, and the woody outline of its far off shores leaning against the cloudless azure. A faint breeze was just creeping along the sleepy wave, slightly stirring the folds of the muslin curtain, and freshening the pale brow and cheek of the invalid.

“Ah, Holy Mary, thou hast heard my orison,” exclaimed a low whispering tone; and the next moment a tall young female was bending over her couch, her dark features glowing with pleasure, and her lip yet trembling with the aspirations

of devotion. "Holy Mary, mother of Jesus, thou hast heard thy suppliant. The English maiden shall not die among strangers."

There was much that, to Lucy at least, seemed singular in the person and manner of the young devotee. Notwithstanding the unusual richness of her whole dress, and the air of hauteur which seemed to proclaim the lady of rank, too deep a shade was mingled over her fine and well formed features for a daughter of the European race, while the soft glow that suffused her countenance seemed too clear and vivid for the cheek of an Indian maiden. She wore on her bosom a small diamond cross, a golden rosary adorned her neck, and her long dark hair was wound in braided tresses around her head. But the invalid felt that it was the face of a stranger; and pained and wearied, she turned away murmuring in grieved tones the name of her parents, until a sudden and violent flood of weeping relieved her anguish. The stranger, meanwhile, still bent over her, unconscious of the meaning of those impassioned words, and uttering in her foreign language, every expression of condolence, which sympathy or affection could suggest.

"If you do indeed pity me," exclaimed Lucy, at length adopting the language of her companion, "let me go home and die in my mother's arms."

"Ah, no, heaven forbid," replied the young lady with a smile. "You will not die now. Your hand is as soft and as cold as my own, and the deep flush is all faded out. No, English maiden, I have not thus vainly told my beads. The Holy Saints and the Blessed Virgin, will not

reject the orisons that, with fasting and incense, I have offered them."

"Oh, talk no more to me of the Virgin Mary, nor of the Saints," interrupted the invalid. "Dear lady, if you do indeed love me, pray no more for me in those unworthy names. Oh, it is a bitter thing to die,"—she added, in murmuring tones,—“but to die among the despisers of the true faith, far away from all who love me, and in the dwelling of this proud and wicked Baron——”

Three successive times the lady had crossed herself during this burst of feeling, and at the conclusion of it, her keen dark eye flashed with a sudden expression of wounded pride.

"The Baron de Castine is my father," she exclaimed, drawing herself proudly up from the couch, "and though you are a prisoner of war, and the daughter of his enemy, he hath kindly and honorably treated you, as though you were of his own nation. It was he that bade me watch by your couch, and soothe you in your sickness, and do all for you that I would have done for the sister of my love, and now——" The remainder of the sentence was only told in the proud glance, with which she turned away from her, and walked slowly to the window. There was now a short silence, interrupted only by frequent and heavy sighs from the couch of the invalid. The eye of the stranger occasionally returned, and with every glance at that pale and lovely countenance, her resentment seemed gradually to grow less powerful, until at length entirely forgetting it, amid the glow of generous emotions, she again approached her couch.

"English maiden, I know that you have suffered

long and much, and I forgive your unkindness. Say no more," she whispered, as an expression of gratitude trembled on the lip of her young charge, "I know how hard it is to be parted from those we love—and a mother too—my own is far away in heaven, and though the daughter of the wild Mohican race, I mourned for her none the less bitterly."

"Ah, my sweet young nurse, my dear Lady Antoinette," exclaimed a shrill quick voice, at the door, "how fares your invalid, this afternoon."

"Better, a thousand times better," was the reply. "Come in, Madame La Framboise, and see if she be not changed, since yesterday."

A small and delicate female now opened the door, and gently approached the couch. "Ah, yes, my dear young lady," she exclaimed, after examining, for a few moments, the pulse of the patient, which though yet languid, was now calm and regular. "The maiden needs only your kind and gentle nursing, and she is well. And now," she added in a livelier tone, "I may do you my message from Lieutenant Beaumont; he says, if you do not join the dance this evening——"

"Hush, hush, Madame La Framboise," exclaimed the other, interrupting her, "how can you thus disturb my patient?" and leading her to the door, she added in a whisper, "If the prisoner continues better, I will join you again at vespers."

A profound stillness now reigned in the apartment, or if any sounds came upon the breeze from below, they were softened and blended in

the distance, like some faint cradle air, and long ere the vesper bell had chimed through the palace, the English captive had sunk into a gentle slumber.

Madame La Framboise had not vainly calculated upon the effect of the unwearied attentions of the Lady Antoinette, and in a few days more, her unfortunate charge was so far recovered as to walk from her couch to the window, while the faint pink of returning health, hourly deepened on her countenance. The subjects of reflection, however, which now constantly engaged her attention, were such as might naturally be supposed to retard her recovery. The extreme hopelessness of her situation,—for a long and bloody war was just opening upon the colonists,—her anxiety for the fate of her parents, and the idea of wasting, within her prison walls, the bloom of that existence which she would joyfully have devoted to their happiness, all contributed to lower that pitch of elastic feeling, with which we are wont to arise from the couch of languishing. She was not indeed insensible to the many alleviations of her fate. The kind Antoinette had frequently assured her of the utmost exertions of her influence; but the idea of escape from that well guarded fortress, was too hopeless even for the longing fancy of the captive,—and might this be effected, the impossibility of finding her way through the forest, effectually checked every project which friendship or hope could suggest.

It was in one of these dispirited frames, that the captive one evening sat by her window, watching the last lingerings of day upon the distant hills, and warbling a few catches of her fa-

ther's favorite air, while her thoughts wandered far away, over the expanse of wave and forest, to the lovely and beloved home of her childhood. The noise in the court beneath had meanwhile gradually diminished; and on casting her eye downward, she perceived that the group of Indians and soldiers, who a short time before had crowded the pavement, was now gradually diminishing, until only a single Indian remained in sight. He was apparently engaged in mending a broken bow; but Lucy noticed that as he persevered in his employment, his eyes were occasionally directed, as if by stealth, to the windows of her apartment.

There was nothing in his appearance or employment, at all peculiar, save that he hummed as he worked, occasional snatches of that well remembered song, which Alaska had formerly used as the vehicle of his communications to her in the forest; and at times too, she fancied that the voice itself seemed familiar. But the object of her curiosity soon arose from the pavement; and after gazing cautiously about him, he turned suddenly and directed his aim against the palace walls. Lucy now watched his seemingly unimportant manœuvres with intense interest, for the light was still sufficient to reveal the form and features of the noble hearted Alaska.

Several times he had shot carelessly against the wall, as if to test the mended string; but Lucy had noticed that each successive time the aim was higher, and she was seeking to ascertain whether this circumstance was indeed accidental, when she perceived with surprise that he had again fixed his aim, and was evidently about to let fly his arrow, precisely at the spot where she

now stood. In a moment she had retreated from the window, and the next, the arrow whizzed past her.

It was several moments ere she had sufficiently recovered from her surprise to venture from her retreat, and she then timidly approached to examine the arrow. A dark coil was wound around one of its extremities. It yielded to her touch, and the next moment a bracelet dropped to the floor. It was her own, and braided of one of those auburn locks that had waved on her mother's head in the day of her youth and beauty; and, with a sudden cry of joy, the captive at once realized that she beheld a token from her distant home. She leaned again from the window.

"They who send you this token, maiden," said Alaska, in low and distinct tones, glancing cautiously around him, "bade me bring you this message also. When one sun more has set, a guide will wait for you on yonder shore. English maiden, there is one within who can help you. The daughter of the white chief is good and gentle, she hath the heart of a Mohican, and she is mighty. All night the guides will wait for you, at the white rock beyond the hut of Wasaic."

At that moment, the deep toned bell announced that the hour of vespers was past; and Alaska speedily retreated to a distant part of the court. While yet trembling with the amazement which this communication had excited, a rapid step was heard along the corridor, and Antoinette presented herself at the door. That she was the person to whom Alaska alluded, Lucy

could not for a moment doubt ; and the singular and uniform kindness with which she had from the first regarded her, together with the repeated assurance of her sympathy and assistance, all designated her as a proper object for confidence.

The Lady Antoinette listened in silence to the brief detail. She trod swiftly up and down the apartment, and there seemed a conflict of overwhelming feelings.

“Forgive me, Lady Antoinette,” exclaimed Lucy, at length interrupting the painful silence, “if I have presumed too much on your friendship. I had thought—but I was wrong. Do not agitate yourself, Lady Antoinette, you are freed from any engagements you may in your careless moments have made me.”

“Speak lower, Mademoiselle,” replied her companion, pointing to the door of the apartment, “the guards were at this end of the corridor as I passed, and if they overhear us we are ruined. I know, my dear girl, that suspicions *are* awakened ; for when I kneeled at my confessions this morning, the holy Father bade me remember a sin of far more deadly hue than aught that I had owned, and warned me of the guilt of loving those whom the church regards only with holy horror. But, Lucy, I do indeed love you,” she added, pausing before her, and her dark eyes filling with tears. “Stranger and heretic though you are, I love you, may the Blessed Virgin forgive me ;—and for myself, I would joyfully incur all the anger and reproach, if so I could effect your escape. But, Lucy, I cannot do this alone. I must exert my influence over those that love

me, to do that which would dishonor their noble names,—secretly and treacherously to release the prisoners whom the blood of their soldiers hath purchased. Ah, that any should do this for the love of Antoinette de Castine! I could do all but this for you, Lucy Everett.”

“I believe it, dear lady. I believe that you would do all for me, that is kind and honorable; and I desire no more. Forgive me, if the idea of liberty and happiness, hath mademe selfish. Dear Antoinette, I have had fearful thoughts to-day, I know that the priests of your religion have ever deemed the blood of such an one as I, a grateful offering to heaven. Antoinette, I am a daughter of the Puritans, and who knows what dark trials are now in store for me. No—look not incredulous. I have read too well the history of your church and mine. Far better had it been for me to have died in the forest.”

“Lucy Everett,” replied Antoinette, after some minutes of thoughtful silence, “we must make Madame La Framboise our confidant. Aye,—do not fear her; she is a Catholic indeed, but so are we all, and she is full of invention and skill, and knows well how to conduct such stratagems as we shall have need of. I know too that she pities your misfortunes.”

Antoinette now drew towards the door. “Do not be surprised,” she added, in a whisper, “if I see you no more to-night. If suspicions are once excited, my efforts are all in vain. But I promise you, by the Mass, and by this image of our Blessed Mary, that I will not fail to exert my whole soul, for your deliverance.”

Lucy Everett could not for a moment doubt the sincerity of this earnest appeal; but her heart died within her, as the sound of retreating steps grew faint in the distance, and she found herself once more alone, in the solitude of her prison.

CHAPTER VII.

It was a sleepless night for more than one in the palace of Castine; and ere the pale beam of morning had looked through her curtains, Lucy had arisen from her weary couch, to await with renewed fearfulness the crisis of her doom. It was not until the hour of noon, that Antoinette again presented herself. Her finger was on her lip as she entered; and for some minutes only a few trivial remarks were uttered, evidently intended for the ears of those without.

“I have confided our secret to Madame La Framboise,” she at last whispered, drawing her to a remote corner of the room,—“and she hath promised her aid to the uttermost.”

“And is there any hope, dear Antoinette?” exclaimed Lucy, breathing quick and gaspingly.

“Be calm—be calm, my friend,”—whispered the other. “It is to your own composure and presence of mind, that you must now trust for deliverance. My brother hath this morning unexpectedly returned from Quebec. Fear him not, Lucy. I know he hath the name of a proud and haughty youth. He hath been much in the high palaces of the earth until his mien hath indeed caught something of their loftiness, but

few have kinder hearts, than Louis de Castine."

"And is it him that you would persuade to assist us?"

"No, Lucy. For the world, I would not have it said that he connived at this project. The shame—the disgrace, must all be mine. But no—to relieve a sister in distress, be she catholic or heretic, friend or enemy, will never degrade the high purity of a woman's honor;—and even if it would, for you I could bear it joyfully. But, Lucy, hear me. The Wassaic is of my mother's kindred, and Louis and I love well a moonlight sail along those waters. They are counted safe at present, and when the dews begin to fall, I will ask him to row me to the dwelling of the Wassaic, the chief of my mother's tribe."

"And how is it possible, dear Antoinette, even could I escape from these guards, to accompany you unseen by him?"

"You cannot, Lucy," replied the other, in a still lower tone, "you cannot *accompany* me, you must go in my stead."

Lucy felt at once that the project was not hopeless. The French maiden was tall and slender like herself; and though her complexion and whole countenance, presented a striking contrast to her own, now pale and delicate, from recent illness, the plan was yet worth attempting. A careful disguise would do much towards concealing it; and the darkness of evening, more.

"And if the discovery should take place too soon," exclaimed Lucy, as these thoughts passed hastily through her mind.

"Tell him the whole, dear Lucy. He has a

kind and generous heart ; and I know that, for my sake, he will not betray you. And as for the idea of his assisting your escape, if he alarms the palace on his return with the news of it, it will be enough. Dear Lucy, do not tremble thus. Keep your soul calm and quiet for this emergency. No, I cannot stay," she added, as the captive would fain have detained her longer. "Madame La Framboise is at this moment waiting for me. Fear nothing, Lucy, only be cool and collected."

Notwithstanding this latter injunction, the remainder of the afternoon was passed by the captive in a state of excitement, bordering on distraction. One moment, *home* with its thousand soothing endearments, friends, and kindred, all seemed her own ; the agony of fear was over and she lay a free and happy being weeping on her mother's bosom. The next, an imprisonment far more gloomy and hopeless, arose to her fancy ; she remembered the ferocity of the Roman priesthood, and cruelties untried and unknown, nay, death itself, seemed the fearful alternative.

Overcome with these agitating reflections, she had hardly noticed the flight of time, until the broad disk of the sun just lingered above the forest, throwing a last flood of radiance over the objects of her apartment. The captive now ceased her wearied step ; and with flushed cheek and throbbing heart she threw herself on her couch, seeking with a strong effort to recover something of that calmness which she knew her exigencies so much required. Several minutes more elapsed, ere any sound broke the stillness. Gay voices were then heard in conversation without ;—the lock turned, and the next moment

Madame La Framboise and the Lady Antoinette stood within.

“Hasten, Mademoiselle,” exclaimed Madame La Framboise, as with rapid movements she now unfastened the veil. “Fifteen minutes more, and the vesper bell will toll;—we must lose no moments.”

The exchange of dresses was quickly made; but it was in vain that Antoinette strove to assume an appearance of composure. Her hand trembled violently, as she clasped the rosary about the neck of her friend; and her efforts at firmness only rendered her tones more faltering, as she repeatedly murmured that there was no cause for fear. Madame La Framboise alone seemed calm and collected. With surprising composure she arranged and re-arranged the beautiful apparel, until each slight dissimilarity of figure had vanished, and the metamorphosis seemed complete.

“And now fear nothing, Lucy Everett,” exclaimed Antoinette, “the boat is ready and Louis hath promised to go the moment that Vespers are over. You must attend the Mass—nay, I would have saved you the trial if I could, but you will not be detected. A few moments since I left the drawing room in that very dress; and if you are silent no one will suspect the change. Draw the veil closely around your face in the chapel; Louis de Castine will meet you at the door, for the rest, trust Heaven.”

The arrangements were now completed, but Lucy Everett still lingered. Amid the confusion, the hurry and agony of suspense, the idea of a separation from her generous benefactress, had scarcely occupied a moment's attention, and until

now she had never perceived how strong were the feelings which that unwearied kindness had kindled. The ties of human love are various as the tints of autumn leaves; but there are none more tender and beautiful, than those which spring up between the lonely and the sorrowing, and those who have lightened their sorrows or gladdened their loneliness. The catholic and puritan wept like sisters in the parting embrace.

"Hasten, hasten," interrupted Madam la Framboise, "the minutes are precious and—hark—there is the vesper bell."

"Fare thee well, sweet English maiden," said Antionette, at length withdrawing her embrace. "We shall see each others' faces no more here, but by the cross and rosary on your neck, remember the catholic girl that loved you."

"Come, come, Lady Antoinette," said Madame La Framboise, drawing Lucy's arm in hers as she threw open the door. "If you linger longer here, the mass will be over ere we reach the chapel," and so saying she sallied forth into the corridor, with her trembling companion. The bell still tolled as they hurried on.

"Ah me, Lady Antoinette," exclaimed Madam La Framboise as they drew near the soldiers who guarded the entrance of the hall, "how I pity these solitary prisoners. I am sure if I were yonder English captive, I should have died long ago of very loneliness."

Lucy clasped her arm convulsively in hers, for at that moment they were passing the door. The soldiers bowed reverently, and they moved on unquestioned and unsuspected. They still pressed on through several lofty and dimly lighted apartments.

“We are almost at the chapel,” said her companion in a whisper, as they descended a narrow staircase. “The saints be praised—we have encountered no one as yet, and the danger is almost over. Imitate me, my dear young lady, when we enter and fear nothing. The Holy Virgin will protect you.”

Lucy had now need of some higher encouragement than aught which the benediction of the catholic could impart, for at that moment the bell ceased, the door opened, and amid a stream of pure and beautiful light they moved slowly through the aisles of the chapel. Oh the tumult and agony of that moment! To the agitated heart of the prisoner, every eye in this throng of worshippers, seemed at once to have detected beneath her light disguise, the form and features of the English Heretic. But this was soon past. In a moment after, she was bowing beside her companion, silent and unnoticed.

A quick succession of overpowering ideas crowded to the mind of the young puritan, as those rites and ceremonies which from her earliest recollection she had regarded only with unmingled horror, now burst upon her in all their imposing splendor. She raised her eye, loosening for a moment the crowded folds that veiled her features. The lights, the pictures, the wreathing music, the low, rich mournful melody from the chanting choir, all came over her bewildered fancy like the dim shadows of that land where the faint perceptions of faith vanish amid the light of glorious realities.

Surprised and indignant at this powerful effect on her feelings, she now strove altogether to divert her attention, and in wandering over the

chapel, her eye became fixed on a figure near the door, standing alone and erect amid the kneeling throng. The rich military habit denoted an elevated rank, and a look of calm and conscious superiority lingered on every feature. There were traces of deep thought and feeling on his countenance, almost contradicting the extreme youth otherwise indicated. His eye wandered carelessly over the kneeling assembly, and now and then a shade of contempt deepened the cold smile with which he surveyed them. Lucy gazed for a moment in suspense, but it was only for a moment; and with a thrill of delight and astonishment she now recognized the lonely and disguised stranger who had once so deeply claimed her sympathy.

“Are you mad young maiden?” said a low whisper beside her, at once recalling the recollection of her fearful situation. “Have the catholics no eyes? For heaven’s sake draw your veil, or we are ruined.” Madam La Framboise might well utter these astonished and terrified exclamations; for in the joy of that unexpected recognition, her young companion had for a moment forgotten the perilous circumstances that surrounded her. Quickly and tremblingly the injunction was obeyed; the worshippers were rising, and in the ceremonies which now ensued every nerve was indeed in fearful requisition. At length the last benediction was said, the assembly began quickly to disperse; and Lucy Everett, leaning on the arm of her companion, moved slowly through the crowded aisle.

Notwithstanding the drapery which now so thickly veiled her features, Lucy could still dimly perceive the form of the young officer standing

unmoved, near the entrance. They were approaching the spot where he stood, and a single word or look might make him aware of her presence. But at that moment, a quick pressure of her arm again warned her of the perils around her.

"Look, Antoinette," said her companion in her usual careless tone, "see here is your brother waiting to accompany you."

"Where, where," whispered Lucy, returning the grasp convulsively, and in vain seeking to discover among the crowd the person to whom she alluded.

"Hush, dear child, there is no danger," whispered the other, and then aloud, "we will wait here for him, Antoinette. It cannot be long ere he joins us."

But at that moment another glimpse at the mysterious stranger, again absorbed her whole attention. His eye was earnestly fixed upon her. Had he then detected her earnest glances? Her heart throbbed convulsively, for he was now advancing to meet them.

"Come Antoinette, are you ready?" said the stranger in that well remembered voice, which had last rung on her ear amid the forest of H——. "The boat is waiting for us. Are you ready for the excursion?"

"Ready—aye that she is," answered Madame La Framboise, disregarding the sudden emotion evinced by her companion. "You had better take your brother's arm, Antoinette," she continued with a slight and meaning pressure, and at the same time disengaging herself from her clinging grasp. "You will hardly return before midnight, and so I bid you good evening," continued

the lady as they moved into the hall. "A pleasant row," and smiling and bowing she disappeared.

Surprised, bewildered, and embarrassed beyond measure, with her arm in that of her companion, Lucy now moved rapidly through the palace. He—the brother of Antoinette de Castine—and she could scarce restrain the expressions of her doubt and amazement, as with rapid and almost unconscious steps she now trod the pavement without. To reveal herself at once, and claim his protection, was her first hasty resolution; but the next moment the conversation of her benefactress returned to her recollection. It was Louis de Castine as well as the stranger whose life her own exertions had once redeemed; and though the idea of personal danger had now vanished, every other reason for maintaining her disguise as long as practicable, was still as urgent as before. At length they stood on the shore, just above the point where Lucy and her savage companions had first landed. It was a clear and beautiful night, the dewy breeze blew cool and gently over her, as she landed in the shadow of the rock while her companion slowly loosened the boat from its moorings. The sweet waters of the Penobscot lay before them, smooth and beautiful, now and then softly leaving the pebbled shore; and the sounds of life came in low and mingled murmurs from the height above.

The soul of the young maiden grew calm amid these soothing influences. And now as the light oars rose and fell, slowly and gracefully, the boat moved forth from the shadows of the shore, scarcely leaving a trace of her light path amid the liquid moonbeams. Lucy, Everett gazed on the

dark rock and its frowning walls, so long her prison, now slowly receding in the distance, and for the first time amid the agitating events of the evening, the consciousness of her freedom rushed upon her mind. Those fearful barriers were at length past—the guarded hall, the court, the battlements, all were safely past, she was no longer a captive; and her whole soul rose, like a freed bird rejoicing.

“Antoinette,” exclaimed her companion, now for the first time interrupting the stillness, “you have grown strangely silent since vespers.”

“Aye.”

“Aye, indeed, but it is not your usual fault, and I acknowledge it requires some vanity to interrupt this beautiful stillness. I can forgive you, Antoinette, and the more especially as I am determined for this evening to engross a due share of the conversation myself.”

“Indeed,” replied his companion, hardly daring to exceed the monosyllable.

“Yes, a new resolution you think. But a truce to your railing now, Antoinette. It will do well enough for yonder gay drawing room, but even my sad words and feelings better become an hour like this. Indeed, Antoinette,” he added in a different tone, “I have more causes for sadness than you dream of.”

Lucy felt painfully that her part was now indeed but ill performed. She well knew what rich tones of kindness such an annunciation would have drawn from the affectionate Antoinette, but she dared not to trust her voice and she was silent.

“To commence then, with my important communication,” continued the youth, “I am about

to leave you, Antoinette. In five days I sail for France." He paused and seemed waiting for her comments, but only a sudden start announced the emotion of his auditors. "You are doubtless surprised at a resolution like this, at such a crisis. I know that the war which is but just opening upon these colonies, seems to you only a field of glory, where I might reap the laurels for which I have so long panted. But, Antoinette, it is that very crisis which occasions my departure. In such a war there is—there can be, no honorable part for me."

"And why?" exclaimed Lucy, who felt that silence now would not be overlooked.

"Do not mistake me, Antoinette. To the war in general, my remark has no application. As a war between France and England, I would yield my last life-drop freely in its battles. But as waged in these distant portions of the kingdom, a mere tool of selfish and fiendish purposes—as a war between the catholics and colonists—as a war of bloody and unprovoked extermination between a few ambitious and powerful individuals, and a simple, high minded people, I cannot—I will not engage in it. Antoinette, you are my father's child and have ever been to me a true and noble hearted sister. I will withhold nothing from you."

He paused a moment, and the impropriety, the indelicacy of thus intruding upon his confidence, became now so extremely embarrassing to his companion, that only a constant recurrence to the instructions of her benefactress, prevented her from revealing her character. But surely it would ill become her, to cast a blot upon the name of one whom Antoinette called brother; and determin-

ing to preserve her disguise, until the appearance of her promised guides, should relieve her companion from all wilful share in her escape, she still maintained a painful silence.

“Antoinette,” continued the youth, “among the individuals of whom I speak, you know that the Baron Castine is pre-eminent. He is your father, and mine, and as such I would fain speak of him with reverence; but as to this unnatural and deadly policy which he is now adopting, I must say of it, and will say it fearlessly—my whole soul abhors it. Think for a moment, Antoinette, if you can, of that fearful system of means in operation around us. Think of the high and holy influences of religion, so awfully perverted as to arouse, and keep forever alive in the minds of these savages, those deadly passions which are to be satisfied only with the extermination of these puritan colonies. And, Antoinette, you know too the fearful circumstances of their warfare. Think, if you can, without shuddering, of these beautiful settlements laid waste, and hundreds and hundreds of helpless beings captured or murdered in cold blood, without the shadow of a crime, and all for the aggrandizement of a single ambitious individual. I say, Antoinette, I will never soil my spirit with any agency, however remote, in crimes like these. I have made one effort, and it shall be my last. Our estate in France requires my presence; and there I shall await the termination of this struggle.”

“Antoinette,” continued the young officer after a few moment’s pause, interpreting the silence of his companion into an expression of displeasure, “I have spoken warmly, but I would that you at least should know the secret springs of

my actions, and I will say yet more. The church whose authority you reverence, the religion you love, with all its allurements, its splendid and imposing forms of devotion, I have learned to look upon as only a mighty fabric of human pride and error. Nay more, the doctrines of those whom, from your earliest recollection, you have been taught to despise as heretics, are to me the pure and sublime revelations of Heaven. Antoinette, my mother was a protestant."

"A protestant?" replied his companion involuntarily.

"Aye, I had thought you aware of this circumstance. She died indeed in my early infancy but not until she had stamped her own sweet picture on my memory, the image of all things holy and beautiful. My childhood too was past among the cottages of the Waldenses, in the dwelling of my nurse, a simple and pious woman, to whose care my mother's dying lips had consigned my earliest years. It was there, where "the bones of slaughtered saints lay bleaching on the Alpine mountains cold," in those valleys where the blood of the true and holy had in all ages been poured forth like water, that I learned to love those persecuted exiles, and surely it would ill become such an one to stain his hand in their blood. But, Antoinette, I will say no more on this subject," continued the youth, after again pausing in vain for a reply. "It must ever be a painful one, while we differ thus widely; but I have still another secret to confide to you. Listen patiently. It is a trust, a sacred obligation which I am about to confer upon."

There was now an evident embarrassment in the tones of the speaker. "Antoinette," he at

length resumed, "you know my life has been past in foreign climes. I have seen many of the high and the rich and the lovely, un fascinated; but Antoinette, I have at last found a flower that I could love. A rose has sprung up on my lonely path, wild indeed, and uncultured, but one that I could win and wear forever. My sister, I must leave these shores, but I leave behind me one whose love could make the lone wilderness bright and beautiful as Eden."

A cold dew gathered on Lucy's brow; she breathed slow, and heavily.

"During my late secret expedition," continued her companion, "I met with a beautiful high-minded and gentle creature, all unlearned in the knowledge of a cold and heartless world, but just such an one as the bright ideal around which my affections have ever clustered. She was a puritan girl, and her name, Lucy Everett."

A half murmured exclamation burst from the lips of his auditors.

"Nay, hear me through, my sister, I know your prejudices are all arrayed, but hear me through. To your energy and decision of character, I am about to confide a sacred trust. Lucy Everett is now a prisoner of the Indians, perhaps,"—and his voice sunk, "perhaps already their victim, The very night I left her native village, it was burned and plundered, and many of its inhabitants made captive. Among these were Lucy Everett and her servant. The latter I found among the prisoners at Quebec, but of the former I can learn nothing, save that she was separated from the rest on the first night of her captivity. Antoinette, you have influence with our father, you have powerful friends among these tribes. Let

me entreat you by your sisterly affection, to ascertain her fate, and to spare no pains or toils for her deliverance. You hesitate. Now my sister, you have an opportunity of proving the truth of your affection. As the preserver of my life, Lucy Everett claims your kindness. During my residence at H——, Vandreuil, fully aware of my sentiments with regard to some of his proceedings, dispatched messengers with instructions to murder me in secret, and but for the exertions, of this same Lucy Everett, I might now be sleeping in a distant and unknown grave. Oh had I time to tell you all, you would not wonder that I had loved this puritan stranger. And, Antoinette, she was like my mother—my beautiful and sainted mother, just such an one as I have heard her described, when she first came to our castle from her lowly and sequestered dwelling. Her character, her religion, her nation were the same, and her name too, my fair mother's name was Lucy—Lucy McGregor.

“Lucy McGregor!” repeated his auditress, in amazement, completely thrown off her guard by this unexpected disclosure. “Can it be?—Lucy McGregor the Baroness de Castine?” But she suddenly ceased her hurried exclamations; her companion was now gazing at her with looks of fixed astonishment.

“Antoinette! Antoinette!” he exclaimed doubtfully. “Prythee speak again—you have been sparing of your words this evening; and sure the light is not so dazzling, that you need sit with that impenetrable veil around you. Antoinette,” he exclaimed, with increased surprise, as his companion still remained silent and immoveable “surely this is no occasion for trifling.”

It was impossible longer to elude discovery. The young maiden slowly drew aside her veil, a shower of moonbeams fell upon her countenance, revealing at once to the eye of her astonished companion, the fair, rose-dyed features of Lucy Everett.

The oar dropped from his hand. There was something almost ludicrous, in the expression of that sudden and bewildered astonishment, with which he now silently surveyed her.

Briefly and simply, Lucy Everett told her tale. Meanwhile, they were slowly veering towards the appointed place of rendezvous, and the small white rock was now clearly visible, breaking the green outline of the shore.

“And do you think then,” exclaimed the youth in reply to her last remark, “that I would thus idly throw away my recovered treasure? What proof have you of the good faith of the savage Alaska? And how know we, that the whole may not be some treacherous scheme of these Indians, to recover again their victim?”

“But the token, sir. It was my own bracelet. I cannot be mistaken, and look yonder is their signal.” At that moment, a red and brilliant stream of light burst from the shore near the foot of the rock.

Louis de Castine looked earnestly thither. He leaned for a moment silently upon his oar. “Return! Did I hear you aright, Lucy Everett? Return to the palace and spread the alarm! Are these the lessons of gratitude you would teach me. No, dear Lucy,” he added again plying the oar, “I leave you no more until I see you safe under your father’s protection.”

They had now approached so near the shore,

that a low murmur of voices reached their ears, and a single figure at that moment became visible, standing in the shadow of the rock.

"It is Alaska," whispered Lucy, as her companion looked sternly and suspiciously towards him. "Believe me, sir, you wrong him. There is no room for treachery in his noble heart."

"Well then, my sweet sister," murmured the youth suddenly assuming an air of playfulness, which became his handsome features; "I have one word more for your private ear. Do not forget that I have this evening made you my confident, that I have laid open to you my whole heart, the very sanctum sanctorum of my affections. But you have not as yet, by word or look, intimated your approval. My sweet sister, may I construe this silence in my favor? When I am far away in a foreign clime, toiling wearily for the vain distinctions and honors of this earth, may I not have the assurance, that this consecration of my affections is at least not regarded with displeasure? Oh when my thoughts wander to those distant shores, and that one being for whom alone the laurels of earth are worth reaping, let me feel that my devotion is not regarded as wholly unworthy of its object."

"My brother," replied the maiden with a smile brushing away the dew that had gathered on her cheek, "she of whom you speak is a lowly being, and all unworthy of the love of one so noble. It is a destiny too exalted for such an one as Lucy Everett." As she spoke, the light gleamed full upon her countenance; she drew the veil once more around her, but not until Louis de Castine had read upon her bright and blushing features, the full approval of his love.

They were now landed in silence, among the clustering foliage at a short distance below the rock; and leaning upon the arm of her conductor, Lucy Everett moved tremblingly along the shore. Ere long, Alaska presented himself from the thicket. A gleam of joy kindled his dark features as he recognized the English captive, but this was immediately exchanged for something of sadness, of deep and melancholy curiosity, as he glanced upon the form of her conductor. After gazing a moment in silence, he pointed to the thicket before them; and winding around a narrow and hidden path, they now followed his steps.

In a few moments, they found themselves standing upon the edge of a wide area, in the center of which rose the blaze which had served as their signal. Several Indians were scattered on the grass around it, and two or three figures like those of armed soldiers, slowly pacing before it. For a few moments, Lucy Everett and her companion stood the silent and surprised spectators of the scene; but the eye of the former soon rested on a single figure, apart from the rest, and reclining in the attitude of devotion. His face was turned from them, but the light gleamed full upon his venerable form, and on the gray hair as it stirred with the evening breeze.

The next moment, with a wild and joyful cry, Lucy Everett had sprung from her retreat. "My father! Now heaven be praised, I have found my father."

Bewildered at that unexpected greeting, the old man raised his eye to the fair creature that was bending over him. She flung back the mantling drapery, and there, in the light apparel of

the catholic maiden, she stood, the loved and wept, his own long lost and beautiful daughter.

* * * * *

Years rolled on, and the war-cloud still brooded over the colonies of New-England, when the young Baron de Castine once more set foot on its shores. Oh the fearful traces that a few short years can write on the cherished treasures of earth! Castine was desolate—its frowning walls were levelled, and he who had reared them was buried amid the wilderness. Antoinette too was gone, his noble and true hearted sister; and she now moved in a distant circle of rank and fashion, the wife of the accomplished Beaumont.

And the young beautiful puritan? She too was changed. Four years had not passed so idly, that the warm dreams of sixteen summers still lingered on her brow. Four years of filial devotion, of patient, unwearying, uncomplaining care had not left their own fair traces in the heart, and on the face of the gentle and lovely.

Lucy Everett was an orphan. They to whom she had been as the green clustering ivy on the ruins, had gone, one by one, to heaven, and had left her on the earth a lonely orphan.

So she bade a last farewell to the green graves of her parents, and her native land, and ere long the ancient castle of Castine rung with shouts of welcome to the youthful Baroness, no less kind and beautiful, but more blessed of heaven than her unfortunate predecessor.

APPENDIX.



THE REGICIDES.

For the benefit of those who are not familiar with the history of the Regicides, I have collected the following authentic information. Some slight liberties have been taken with the dates, but with this and one or two exceptions more, the events will be found to be substantially those which form the outline of the story.

“Of about one hundred and thirty judges, appointed in the original commission by the commons’ House of Parliament, for the trial of king Charles I. only seventy-four sat, and of these sixty seven were present at the last session, and were unanimous in passing the definitive sentence upon the king; and fifty-nine signed the warrant for his execution, 1649. Of these fifty-nine, about one third, or twenty-four, were dead at the restoration, 1660. Twenty-seven persons, judges and others, were then taken, tried and condemned; some of whom were pardoned, and nine of the judges, and five others, as accomplices, were executed. Only sixteen judges fled, and finally escaped; three of whom, Major General EDWARD WHALLEY, Major General WILLIAM GOFFE, and Colonel JOHN DIXWELL, fled and secreted themselves in New-England, and died here.”—*Stiles’ History of the Judges.* p. 7.

With regard to the antiquity of the Whalleys, the Rev. Mark Noble gives some very voluminous details, in his Memoirs of the family of Cromwell. The substance of the matter however is, that General Whalley was descended from an illustrious family of that name, who figured in England in the reign of Henry the Sixth, and that his father married the daughter of Henry Cromwell the grandfather of Oliver, the Protector.

“Edward Whalley Esq. the judge, being a second son, was brought up to merchandise. No sooner did the contest between king Charles and his Parliament blaze out, than he (though in the middle age of life) took up arms in defence of the liberties of the subject ; and this in opposition to the sentiments of his nearest relations. Probably his religious opinions determined him as much or more than any other consideration. And though the usage of arms must have been new to him, yet he early distinguished himself in the parliament service, in many sieges and battles.” p. 9.

“Cromwell confided so much in him, that he committed the person of the king to his care. The loyalists have charged him with severity to his royal prisoner ; but the monarch himself, in a letter he left behind him when he made his escape, fully exculpates him from that charge.”

“He was one of the commissioners appointed and authorized by Parliament, as the High Court of Justice, and sat in that august and awful tribunal, to which Majesty was rendered amenable, and which had the intrepidity and fortitude to pass judgment on the life of a king ; one of whose judges he thus was, and the warrant for whose execution he signed.

“At the battle of Dunbar, Sept. 3, 1650, he with Monk, commanded the foot, and greatly contributed to the complete defeat of the Scotch army.—“Cromwell left him in Scotland with the rank of Commissary General, and gave him the command of four regiments of horse, with which he performed many actions that gained him great honor.”

He continued a steady friend to his cousin Oliver, after he had raised himself to the sovereignty ; and was entrusted by him with the government of the counties of Lincoln, Nottingham, Derby, Warwick, and Leicester, by the name of *Major General*. He was one of the representatives of Nottinghamshire, in the Parliament held in 1654 and 1656. The Protector made him Commissary General for Scotland, and called him up to his other House.

“He was looked upon with jealousy by Parliament after the resignation of Richard the Protector, especially as he leaned so much to the interests of the army. For this reason they took from him his commission. This still endeared him the more to the army, who when Monk’s conduct began to be problematical, deputed him one of their commissioners, to agree to terms of peace and amity with that in Scotland. But Monk, who knew his hatred to the royal family, and how much reason he had to dread their return, absolutely refused to treat with him.”

The restoration of monarchy soon after becoming visible, he saw the danger of his situation. For besides the loss of the estate he possessed of the Duke of Newcastle, and the manors of West-Walton and Torington. in the county of Norfolk, part of Queen Henrietta Maria’s jointure, which he had purchased, and whatever else estate he had, he knew even his life would be offered up at the shrine of the king, whom he had condemned to death ; he therefore prudently retired.—Sept. 22, 1660, a proclamation was published, setting forth that he had left the kingdom, but as there was great reason to suppose he had returned, £100 was offered to any one who should discover him in any of the British dominions, and cause him to be brought in alive, or dead, if he made any resistance. Col. Goffe was included in this proclamation.”

Here the European historians are lost. They represent that these two exiles escaped to the continent, and were at Lucerne, in Switzerland, in 1664 ; where some

say that they died ; others, that leaving that place, they privately wandered about for some years, and died in a foreign clime, but when or where unknown. But truly their remaining history, after they left England, 1660, is to be traced only in America." *Ibid.* p. 10, 11.

"The heroic acts and achievements of Gen. Whalley are to be found in all the histories of those times, in the records of Parliament, and the other original memoirs of Whitlock, Wellwood, Rushworth, and the periodical publications of that day, now before me. From all which it appears, that he was a man of true and real greatness of mind, and of abilities equal to any enterprize, and to the highest councils of state, civil, political and military ; that he was a very active character in the national events, for twenty years in the great period from 1640 to 1660. He was a man of religion. It has been the manner of all the court historians, ever since the licentious era of Charles II. to confound all the characters of religion with the irrational and extravagant fanaticism of that day, and of every age. But candor ought to confess, at least to believe, and even to know, that in the cause of liberty, in the Parliamentary cause, while there were many mad enthusiasts both in religion and politics, the great and noble transactions of that day, show there was also great wisdom, great abilities, great generalship, great learning, great knowledge of law and justice, great integrity, and rational, sincere religion, to be found conversant among the most vigorous and active characters of that era. Among these, Whalley ought to be ranked ; and to be considered as a man of firmness in a good cause, and like Daniel at the Court of Persia, of a religion of which he was not ashamed ; of an open, but unostentatious zeal, of real, rational and manly virtue, a determined servant and worshipper of the most high God ; of exemplary holiness of life ; of fervent indeed, but sincere and undissembled piety. The commissioners of Nottinghamshire give this testimony : "They think themselves happy in having a person of so high merit sent down

to them as Major General Whalley, who is their native countryman, a gentleman of an honorable family, and of singular justice, ability, and piety." " pp. 13, 14.

The following is the character of Gen. Whalley as delineated by the biographer of Cromwell.

" His valor and military knowledge were confessedly great; his religious sentiments wild and enthusiastic. From a merchant's counter to rise to so many and so high offices in the state, and to conduct himself with propriety in them, sufficiently evinces that he had good abilities; nor is his honesty questioned by any, which, as one of the king's judges, and a Major General, would lay him open to a very narrow scrutiny."

Little is recorded of Whalley's children, it is certain, however, that " he had a daughter who was married to Gen. Goffe; whom Goffe left in England, and with whom he kept up a constant correspondence, by the name of mother Goldsmith, while in exile in New-England." p. 12.

" William Goffe, Esq. was the son of the Rev. Stephen Goffe, a puritan divine, rector of Stammer, in Sussex. Disliking trade, and the war opening, he repaired to the parliamentary army; where his merit raised to be a quarter master, and then a colonel of foot, and afterwards a general. He was a member of parliament; and one of those who took up accusation against the eleven members, and who sentenced the king, and signed the warrant for his execution. He rendered the Protector great service, in assisting Colonel White in purging the parliament. For this and his other services, he received Lambert's post of Major General of foot. He was returned for Great Yarmouth in the Parliament of 1654; and for the county of Southampton in 1656. Last of all he was called up into the Protector's House of Lords. He was grateful to the Cromwell interest, and signed the order for proclaiming the Protector Richard. This attachment made him to be regarded by the Parliament, as well as by the army with jealousy, after they began to be dispo-

sed to a return of monarchy. And Monk, who knew he was an enemy to the king's return, refused to admit him to treat with him, though sent by the English army. At the restoration he left the kingdom with Whalley, whose daughter he married, and came with him to Boston, in New-England, 1660.

The following account of the Regicides after their arrival in America, may be relied on as authentic. It was compiled by Gov. Hutchinson from the diary and other papers of Goffe then in his possession, and was first published by him, as a marginal note, in his history of Massachusetts, vol. p. 215.

“ In the ship which arrived at Boston from London, the 27th of July, 1660, there came passengers, Colonel Whalley and Colonel Goffe, two of the late king's judges. Colonel Goffe brought testimonials from Mr. John Row and Mr. Seth Wood, two ministers of a church in Westminster. Colonel Whalley had been a member of Mr. Thomas Goodwin's church. Goffe kept a journal, or diary, from the day he left Westminster, May 4, until the year 1667; which together with several other papers belonging to him, I have in my possession. Almost the whole is in characters, or short hand, not difficult to decypher. The story of these persons has never yet been published to the world. It has never been known in England. Their papers after their death, were collected, and have remained near an hundred years in a library in Boston. It must give some entertainment to the curious. They left London before the king was proclaimed. It does not appear that they were among the most obnoxious of the Judges; but as it was expected that vengeance would be taken of some of them, and a great many had fled, they did not think it safe to remain. They did not attempt to conceal their persons or characters when they arrived at Boston, but immediately went to the governor, Mr. Endicot, who received them very courteously. They were visited by the principal persons of the town; and among others, they take notice of Col. Crown's coming

to see them. He was a noted royalist. Although they did not disguise themselves, yet they chose to reside at Cambridge, a village about four miles distant from the town, where they went the first day they arrived. They went publicly to meetings on the Lord's day, and to occasional lectures, fasts, and thanksgivings, and were admitted to the sacrament, and attended private meetings for devotion, visited many of the principal towns, and were frequently at Boston; and once when insulted there, the person who insulted them was bound to his good behavior. They appeared grave, serious and devout; and the rank they had sustained commanded respect. Whalley had been one of Cromwell's Lieutenant Generals, and Goffe a Major General. It is not strange that they should meet with this favorable reception, nor was this reception any contempt of the authority in England. They were known to have been two of the king's judges; but Charles II. was not proclaimed, when the ship that brought them left London. They had the news of it in the Channel. The reports afterwards, by way of Barbadoes, were that all the judges would be pardoned but seven. The act of indemnity was not brought over till the last of November. When it appeared that they were not excepted, some of the principal persons in the government were alarmed; pity and compassion prevailed with others. They had assurances from some that belonged to the General Court, that they would stand by them, but were advised by others to think of removing. The 22d of February, 1661, the governor summoned a court of assistants, to consult about securing them, but the court did not agree to it. Finding it unsafe to remain any longer, they left Cambridge the 26th following, and arrived at New-Haven the 7th of March, 1661.

They were well treated at New-Haven by the ministers, and some of the magistrates, and for some days seemed to apprehend themselves out of danger. But the news of the King's proclamation being brought to New-Haven, they were obliged to abscond. The 27th

of March they removed to New-Milford, and appeared there in the day time, and made themselves known; but at night returned privately to New-Haven, and lay concealed in Mr. Davenport the minister's house, until the 30th of April. About this time the news came to Boston, that ten of the judges were executed, and the governor received a royal mandate, dated March 5, 1660, to cause Whalley and Goffe to be secured. This greatly alarmed the country, and there is no doubt that the court were now in earnest in their endeavors to apprehend them; and to avoid all suspicion, they gave commission and instruction to two young merchants from England, Thomas Kellond and Thomas Kirk, zealous royalists, to go through the colonies as far as Manhados, in search of them.

“They made diligent search, and had full proof that the regicides had been seen at Mr. Davenport's, and offered great rewards to the English and Indians who should give information, that they might be taken; but by the fidelity of their friends they remained undiscovered. Mr. Davenport was threatened with being called to an account, for concealing and comforting traitors, and might well be alarmed. They had engaged to surrender, rather than the country or any particular persons should suffer upon their own account; and upon intimation of Mr. Davenport's danger, they generously resolved to go to New-Haven and deliver themselves up to the authority there. The miseries they had suffered, and were still exposed to, and the little chance they had of finally escaping, in a country where every stranger is immediately known to be such, would not have been sufficient to have induced them. They let the deputy governor, Mr. Leete, know where they were; but he took no measures to secure them; and the next day some persons came to them to advise them not to surrender.

“On the thirteenth of October, 1564, they removed to Hadley, near an hundred miles distant, travelling only by night; where Mr. Russel, the minister of the place,

had previously agreed to receive them. Here they remained concealed fifteen or sixteen years, very few persons in the colony being privy to it.

“The minister was no sufferer by his boarders. They received more or less remittances every year, for many years together, from their wives in England. Those few persons who knew where they were, made them frequent presents. Richard Saltonstall, Esq. who was in the secret, when he left the country and went to England in 1672, made them a present of fifty pounds at his departure; and they take notice of donations from several other friends. They were in constant terror, though they had reason to hope after some years, that the inquiry for them was over. They read with pleasure the news of their being killed, with other judges, in Switzerland.

“A letter from Goffe’s wife, who was Whalley’s daughter, I think worth preserving. After the second year, Goffe writes by the name of *Walter Goldsmith*, and she of *Frances Goldsmith*; and the correspondence is carried on, as between a mother and son. There is too much religion in their letters for the present day; but the distresses of two persons, under these peculiar circumstances, who appear to have lived very happily together, are strongly described.”

A far more detailed account of their sojourn in New-Haven is furnished by President Stiles in his History of the Judges. I shall make only a few extracts.

“About the time the pursuers came to New-Haven, and perhaps a little before, and to prepare the minds of the people for their reception, the Rev. Mr. Davenport preached publicly from this text, Isai. xiv. 3. 4. “Take counsel, execute judgment, make thy shadow as the night in the midst of the noon day; hide the out-casts, bewray not him that wandereth. Let mine out-casts dwell with thee; Moab, be thou a covert to them from the face of the spoiler.” This doubtless had its effect, and put the whole town upon their guard, and united them in caution and concealment.

As Kellond and Kirk, besides the royal mandate, received a warrant from Gov. Endicot at Boston, to make search through the colony of Massachusetts; so passing out of that jurisdiction into the jurisdiction of Connecticut, they obtained a similar warrant from the governor, Winthrop, at New-London, and upon entering into the colony of New-Haven, they applied to Gov. Leet, at Guilford, for a like warrant to search this jurisdiction also. They lodged at Guilford, and the next day rode to New-Haven, and might enter about noon." p. 32.

The governor and magistrates convened there the same day, and under great pressure and perplexity, the pursuivants demanding a warrant in the king's name for a general search—which was refused." p. 44.

There is some doubt as to the length of the pursuers' stay in New-Haven. President Stiles says.

"On the one hand, it is improbable they would spend but one day in a town where they did not doubt the regicides they came three thousand miles in quest of, were; and on the other hand, 'tis doubtful whether they would themselves do much at actual searching without the governor's warrant, which was refused. They might however go into a few houses, as Mr. Davenport's, Mr. Jones's, and Mrs. Eyers's, and finding it in vain, give over further search. Governor Hutchinson says, "they made diligent search." And this has always been the tradition in New-Haven." p. 61.

A few anecdotes of that day's search, have floated down to us in all their original quaintness. There are two, which the reverend biographer seems to dilate upon with peculiar satisfaction, and though not intimately connected with the story may perhaps afford some amusement to the curious.

"While the pursuers were searching the town, the judges, in shifting their situations, happened by accident, or design, at the house of a Mrs. Eyers, a respectable and comely lady; she seeing the pursuivants coming, ushered her guests out at the back door, who walk-

ing out a little ways, instantly returned to the house, and were hid and concealed by her in her apartments. The pursuers coming in, inquired whether the regicides were at her house? She answered they had been there, but were just gone away, and pointed out the way they went into the fields and woods, and by her artful and polite address, she diverted them, put them upon a false scent, and secured her friends." p. 31.

"The family of the Sperrys always tell this story; that while the judges were at the house of their ancestor, Mr. Richard Sperry, they were surprized with an unexpected visit from the pursuers, whom they espied at a distance coming up a long causeway to the house, lying through a morass, and on each side an impassible swamp, so that they were seen perhaps fifty or sixty rods before they came up to the house. But the judges escaped into the woods and mountains, and eluded their search." pp. 31, 32.

To the same date the president is disposed to refer the anecdote of the bridge. But the accounts of this circumstance are extremely contradictory; the only certainty with regard to it is, that the regicides were at one time concealed beneath a small bridge near New-Haven, while the royal pursuivants rode over it, and perhaps there is as little fiction in the particulars I have given of the affair, as in those which have found a place in graver pages.

The commissioners' own account of their journey will perhaps be read with some interest.

Extract from a Report made to Gov. Endicot by Thomas Kellond and Thomas Kirk.

"*Honorable Sir.*—We, according to your honor's order, departed in search after Colonels Goffe and Whalley (persons declared traitors to his Majesty) from Boston, May 27th, 1661, about six o'clock at night, and arrived at Hartford the 10th day, and repaired to Governor Winthrop, and gave him your honor's letter and his Majesty's order for the apprehending of Colonels Whalley and Goffe, who gave us an account that they

did not stay there, but went directly for New-Haven, but informed us that one Symon Lobden guided them to the town. The honorable governor carried himself very nobly to us, and was very diligent to supply us with all manner of conveniences for the prosecution of them, and promised all diligent search should be made after them in that jurisdiction, which was afterwards performed. The 11th day we arrived at Guilford, and repaired to the deputy governor, William Leet, and delivered him your honor's letter and the copy of his Majesty's order for the apprehending of the aforesaid persons, with whom at that time were several persons. After the perusal of them, he began to read them audibly, whereupon we told him it was convenient to be more private in such concernments as that was; upon which withdrawing to a chamber, he told us he had not seen the two colonels not in nine weeks. We acquainted him with the information we had received that they were at New-Haven since that time he mentioned, and thereupon desired him to furnish us with horses, &c. which was prepared with some delays, which we took notice of to him, and after parting with him out of his house and in the way to the ordinary, came to us one Dennis Scranton, and told us he would warrant that Colonels Goffe and Whalley at the time of his speaking were harbored at the house of one Mr. Davenport, a minister at New-Haven, and that one Goodman Bishop, of the town of Guilford, was able to give us the like account, and that, without all question, Deputy Leet knew as much, and that Mr. Davenport had put in ten pounds worth of fresh provisions at one time into his house, and that it was imagined it was purposely for the entertainment of them.

“ And the said Scranton said further, that Goffe and Whalley should say, that if they had but two hundred friends that would stand by them, they would not care for Old or New-England; whereupon we asked if he would depose to that: he replied he would, that it was openly spoken by them in the head of a company

in the field a training. Which words were also confirmed by several others, as also information that Goffe and Whalley were seen very lately betwixt the houses of Mr. Davenport and one Mr. Jones, and it was imagined that one lay at one of their houses, and the other at the other's. Upon which we went back to the Deputy's and required our horses, with aid and a power to search and apprehend them; the horses were provided for us, but he refused to give us any power to apprehend them, nor order any other, and said he could do nothing until he had spoken with one Mr. Gilbert and the rest of the magistrates; upon which we told him we should go to New-Haven and stay till we had heard from him, but before we took horse the aforesaid Dennis Scranton gave us information, there was an Indian of the town wanting, which he told us was to give notice of our coming.

“ And being at New-Haven, which was the thirteenth day, the deputy arrived within two hours or thereabouts after us, and came to us to the Court Chamber, where we again acquainted him with the information we had received, and that we had cause to believe they were concealed in New-Haven, and there upon we required his assistance and aid for their apprehension; to which he answered that he did not believe they were there. Whereupon we desired him to empower us, or order others for it; to which he gave us this answer, that he could, nor would not make us magistrates; we replied, that we ourselves would personally adventure in the search and apprehension of them in two houses where we had reason to imagine they lay hid, if they would give way to it and enable us; to which he replied, he neither would nor could not do any thing until the freemen met together: To which we set before him the danger of that delay and their inevitable escape, and how much the honor and service of his Majesty was despised and trampled on by him, and that we supposed by his unwillingness to assist in the apprehension, he was willing they should escape. After which he

left us and went to several of the magistrates and were together five or six hours in consultation, and upon breaking up of their council, they would not nor could not do any thing until they had called a general court of freemen. Whereupon we represented to them your Honor's and Governor Winthrop's warrants as precedents, who upon the receipt of his Majesty's pleasure and order concerning the said persons, stood not upon such niceties and formalities, but endeavored to make all expedition in seizing on them, if to be found in their government, and also how your honor had recommended this grand affair to him, and how much the honor and justice of his Majesty was concerned, and how ill his sacred Majesty would resent such horrid and detestable concealment and abettings of such traitors and regicides as they were, and asked him whether he would honor and obey the king or no in this affair, and set before him the danger which by law is incurred by any one that conceals or abets traitors; to which the deputy Leet answered, we honor his majesty, but we have tender consciences.

“ This was the substance of our proceedings, there were other circumstantial expressions, which are too tedious to trouble your honor withall, and which we have given your honor a verbal account of, and conceive it needless to insist any further; and so finding them obstinate and pertinacious in their contempt of his Majesty, we came away the next day in prosecution after them, according to instructions, to the governor of Manhados, from whom we received civil respects, and a promise, if they were within his jurisdiction, we should command what aid we pleased, but for sending of them according to your honor's request, he could not answer it to his masters at home, but if they came there he should give your honor timely notice. Whereupon we requested his honor, the governor of Manhados to lay a restraint upon all shipping from transporting them, which he promised should be done, and also to give order to

his fiscal or chief officer to make private search in all vessels for them that were going thence.

Upon which finding any other means ineffectual, we made our return hither by sea, to give your honor an account, and to which (when your honor shall require it) are ready to depose to the truth of it, and remain,

Sir,

Your honor's humble servants,

THOMAS KELLOND,

THOMAS KIRK,

Boston, May 29th, 1661.

30th May, 1661.

Mr. Thomas Kellond and Mr. Thomas Kirk having delivered this paper to the governor, as their return, in answer to what they were employed, deposed before the governor and magistrates, that what is there expressed is the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Per EDWARD RAWSON, Secretary."

The pursuivants state in this report, that they came to Boston by water, the constant tradition however is that they visited New-Haven on their return; probably they passed through it to Governor Winthrop at New-London, and proceeded from thence by water.

After the pursuivants were gone, and before the 17th of May, the magistrates caused a thorough though fictitious search to be made through the jurisdiction. They sent to Totoket, or Branford.

"While it is certain that the pursuivants came here, had an interview with the magistrates to no purpose; and that the judges ceased to lodge in town on the 11th of May, two days before they came; and so Governor Leet might say very truly on the 13th, that he did believe they were in town, and indeed might have every reason to think at that time, that they were absconded into the environs or the woods beyond the West-Rock. All tradition agrees that they stood ready to surrender

rather than that Mr. Davenport should come into trouble on their account ; and they doubtless came into town from Saturday till Monday for this end, and Mr. Gilbert expected their surrendery. But in this trying time their friends, for their sakes adventured to take the danger upon themselves, and risk events. A great, a noble, a trying act of friendship ! For a good man, one would! even dare to die ! Great was the peril especially of Leet, Davenport, and Gilbert ! Inveterate the resentment of Kellond and Kirk ! and pointed and pressing the remonstrances of the governor and secretary of Boston. The magistrates of New-Haven colony were truly brought into great straits—the fidelity of their friendship heroic and glorious ! Davenport's fortitude saved them !” pp. 62, 63.

“ *At a meeting of the General Court for the Jurisdiction, May 17, 1661.*

“The deputy governor declared to the court the cause of the meeting, viz. that he had received a copy of a letter from his Majesty with another letter from the governor of the Massachusetts, for the apprehending of Colonel Whalley and Colonel Goffe, which letters he shewed to the court, acquainted them that forthwith upon the receipt of them, granted his letter to the magistrate of New-Haven, by the advice and concurrence of the deputies, there to make present and diligent search throughout their town for the said persons accordingly ; which letters the messengers carried but found not the magistrate at home ; and that he himself followed after the messengers, and came into New-Haven soon after them, the 13th May, 1661, bringing with him Mr. Crane, Magistrate at Branford, who when they were come, sent presently for the magistrates of New-Haven, and Milford, and the deputies of New-Haven Court. The magistrates thus sent for not being yet come, they advised with the deputies about the matter, and after a short debate with the deputies, was writing a warrant for search of the above said colonels, but the magistrates before spoken of being come, upon fur-

ther consideration (the case being weighty) it was resolved to call the General Court, for the effectual carrying on of the work. The deputy governor further informed the court, that he himself and the magistrates told the messengers, that they were far from hindering the search, and they were sorry that it so fell out, and were resolved to pursue the matter, that an answer should be prepared against their return from the Dutch. The court being met, when they heard the matter declared, and had heard his Majesty's letter, and the letter from the governor of the Massachusetts, they all declared they did not know that they were in the colony, or had been for divers weeks past, and both magistrates and deputies wished a search had been sooner made, and did now order that the magistrates take care and send forth the warrant, that a speedy diligent search be made throughout the jurisdiction, in pursuance of his Majesty's commands, according to the letters received, and that from the several plantations a return be made, and that it may be recorded. And whereas there have been rumors of their being known at New-Haven, it hath been inquired into, and several persons examined, but could find no truth in these reports, and for any that doth appear, are but unjust suspicions, and groundless reports against the place, to raise ill surmises and reproaches." pp. 47, 48.

The following is Stiles' account of their residence at the cave.

"In 1785, I visited Mr. Joseph Sperry, then living, aged 76, a grandson of the first Richard, a son of Daniel Sperry, who died 1751, aged 86, from whom Joseph received the whole family tradition. Daniel was the sixth son of Richard, and built a house at the south end of Sperry's farm, in which Joseph now lives, not half a mile west from the cave, which Joseph shewed me. There is a notch in the mountain against Joseph's house, through which I ascended along a very steep acclivity up to the cave. From the south end of the mountain for thice or four miles northward, there is no possible as-

cent or descent on the west side, but at this notch, so steep is the precipice of the rock. I found the cave to be formed, on a base of perhaps forty feet square, by an irregular clump or pile of rocks, or huge broad pillars of stone, fifteen and twenty feet high, standing erect and elevated above the surrounding superficies of the mountain, and enveloped with trees and forest. These rocks coalescing or contiguous at top, furnished hollows or vacuities below, big enough to contain bedding and two or three persons. The apertures being closed with boughs of trees or otherwise, there might be found a well covered and convenient lodgment. Here, Mr. Sperry told me, was the first lodgment of the judges, and it has ever since gone and been known by the name of Judges' Cave to this day. Goffe's journal says, they entered this cave the 15th of May, and continued in it till the 11th of June following. Richard Sperry daily supplied them with victuals from his house, about a mile off; sometimes carrying it himself, at other times sending it by one of his boys, tied up in a cloth, ordering him to lay it on a certain stump and leave it; and when the boy went for it at night he always found the basons emptied of the provisions, and brought them home. The boy wondered at it, and used to ask his father the design of it, and he saw nobody. His father told him there was some body at work in the woods that wanted it. The sons always remembered it, and often told it to persons now living." pp. 76, 77.

"In 1664 they arrived at Hadley, and took up their abode at the house of the Rev. Mr. Russel. At this house, and at the house of Mr. Peter Tilton, Esq. they spent the rest of their lives, for fourteen or sixteen years, in dreary solitude and seclusion from the society of the world." p. 108.

It would be quite inexcusable to omit in this connection the universal tradition of a singular and romantic incident, that occurred during that period. It is thus related by President Stiles,

“ During their abode at Hadley, the famous and most memorable Indian war that ever was in New-England, called King Philip’s war, took place, and was attended with exciting a universal rising of the various Indian tribes, not only of Narragansett and the Sachemdom of Philip, at Mount Hope, or Bristol, but of the Indians through New-England, except the sachemdom of Uncas, at Mohegan, near New-London. Accordingly the Nipmug, Quanbaug, and northern tribes were in agitation, and attacked the new frontier towns along through New-England, and Hadley among the rest, then an exposed frontier. That pious congregation were observing a fast at Hadley, on the occasion of this war; and being at public worship in the meeting-house there on a fast day, Sept. 1, 1675, were suddenly surrounded and surprized by a body of Indians. It was the usage in the frontier towns, and even at New-Haven, in those Indian wars, for a select number of the congregation to go armed to public worship. It was so at Hadley at this time. The people immediately took to their arms, but were thrown into great consternation and confusion. Had Hadley been taken, the discovery of the judges had been inevitable. Suddenly, and in the midst of the people there appeared a man of a very venerable aspect, and different from the inhabitants in his apparel, who took the command, arranged, and ordered them in the best military manner, and under his direction they repelled and routed the Indians, and the town was saved. He immediately vanished, and the inhabitants could not account for the phænomenon, but by considering that person as an angel sent of God upon that special occasion for their deliverance; and for some time after said and believed that they had been delivered and saved by an angel. Nor did they know or conceive otherwise, till fifteen or twenty years after, when it at length became known at Hadley that the two judges had been secreted there; which probably they did not know till after Mr. Russel’s death, in 1692. This story, however, of the angel at Hadley, was before

this universally diffused through New-England by means of the memorable Indian war of 1675. The mystery was unriddled after the revolution, when it became not so very dangerous to have it known that the judges had received an asylum here, and that Goffe was actually in Hadley at that time." pp. 109, 110.

"General Whalley died at Hadley certainly after 1674, probably about 1678. And Gen. Goffe is to be heard of no more after 1679. p. 113."

"The tradition is that after Whalley's death, Goffe went off, first to Hartford, afterwards to New-Haven, where he was suspected and in danger of being known by his extraordinary dexterity with the sword, shewn on a particular occasion. And in apprehension of danger, he went off from New-Haven. Here tradition ends with respect to Goffe." p. 199.

"I was at Hadley, May 21, 1792, making inquiries only for gratifying my own curiosity, and without a thought of compiling this history. The Rev. Mr. Hopkins carried me to Mr. Russel's house, still standing. It is a double house, two stories and a kitchen. Although repaired with additions, yet the chamber of the judges remains obviously in its original state unmutilated, as when these exiled worthies inhabited it. Adjoining to it behind, or at the north end of the large chimney, was a closet, in the floor of which I saw still remaining the trap door, through which they let themselves down into an under closet, and so thence descending into the cellar for concealment, in case of search or surprise. I examined all those places with attention, and with heartfelt sympathetic veneration for the memories of those long immured sufferers, thus shut up and secluded from the world for the tedious space of fourteen or sixteen years, in this voluntary Bastile. They must have been known to the family and domestics; and must have been frequently exposed to accidental discoveries, with all their care and circumspection to live in stillness. That the whole should have been effectually concealed

in the breasts of the knowing ones, is a scene of secrecy truly astonishing." pp. 206, 207.

The fate of Goffe after leaving Hadley is quite uncertain. There are some circumstances however, which render my conjecture extremely probable. The idea of his openly residing at New-Haven was first suggested by the facts relative to Dixwell, another of the fugitive regicides, who was also for a short period secreted in Hadley. The latter had lived for many years in New-Haven under the assumed name of Davids, unsuspected, in a contented and happy retirement, loved and honored by many, though his real name and condition were known to but few. He was the correspondent and intimate friend of Goffe, and to whom would the latter be so likely to go, upon the death of his aged companion, as to him who had sympathized in his deepest misfortunes, and why should not his success and safety encourage him to make trial of the same experiment? Certain it is, that the low, rude stone, which bears the initials of the real and assumed name of Dixwell stands by another no less low, and rude, and still more mysterious in its inscriptions. And it needs but a slight stretch of imagination in those who look upon it, to believe that the exiled stranger sleeps beneath, with his brother exile, and but a faint tinge of romantic feeling, to read in those ancient and moss grown letters a more touching eulogy than any that can adorn the monument of his kingly persecutors.

Much conjecture at one time existed with regard to the sepulture of Whalley. All doubt was removed a few years since by the discovery of his remains in the house of Mr. Russel at Hadley. They were found in the cellar, inclosed and concealed within the stone wall.

THE FAIR PILGRIM.

“ IN 1620, the same month the Puritans arrived on the coast from England, James I. issued a charter to the Duke of Lenox, Marquis of Buckingham, and others, styling them the “ *Grand Council of Plymouth*, for planting and governing New England, in America.” This patent granted to them the territory between the 40° and 48° of north latitude.”

“ From the tranquility which the Brownists had enjoyed at New Plymouth, and the sufferings to which those who held the same opinion were exposed in England, an association was formed by Mr. White, a clergyman at Dorchester, in England, for the purpose of leading a new colony to that part of America where the brethren were settled. They obtained from the Grand Council of Plymouth, that part of New England which lies three miles to the south of Charles river, and three miles to the north of Merrimac river.

“ As the patent of the Council of Plymouth conveyed no powers of government, king Charles, by their urgent solicitation, granted them these powers by charter. The new adventurers were incorporated by the council as the body politic ; they were empowered to dispose of their lands, and to govern the people who should settle on them. The first governor and his assistants, were to be named by the crown ; the right of electing their successors was vested in the members of the corporation. In consequence of this alteration, seventeen vessels sailed for America in 1629. When they arrived at New-England, they found there the remains of a small body of Puritans, who had left their country the year before under Endicot ; and uniting with these, they settled at a place to which Endicot had given the name of Salem. This was the first permanent town in Massa-

chusetts. They soon explored the coast in quest of a better station, and laid the foundation of many towns, among which were Boston and Charlestown."

"On no part of the history of the United States, perhaps we might say of the world, does the eye of the philanthropist rest with more interest, than on the account of this little devoted band, now commonly spoken of under the touching appellation of the PILGRIMS. They possessed a much higher cast of moral elevation, than any who had before sought the new world as a residence. The hope of gain was the motive of former settlers,—the love of God was theirs. In their character and in their institutions, we behold the germ of that love of liberty, and those correct views of the natural equality of man, which are now fully developed in the American constitution."—*Willard's Republic of America*. pp. 48, 51, 46.

"*Gentlemen* of ancient and worshipful families, and *ministers* of the gospel, then of great fame at home, and *merchants, husbandmen, artificers* to the number of some thousands, did for twelve years together carry on this transplantation. It was indeed a *banishment* rather than a *removal*, which was undergone by this glorious generation, and you may be sure sufficiently *afflictive* to men of estate, breeding and conversation. As the *hazard* which they ran in this undertaking was of such *extraordinariness*, that nothing less than a strange and strong impression from *heaven* could have thereunto moved the hearts of such as were in it; so the *expense* with which they carried on the undertaking was truly *extraordinary*. Briefly, the God of heaven served as it were, a *summons* upon the *spirits* of his people in the English nation; stirring up the spirits of thousands which never saw the *faces* of each other, with a most unanimous inclination to leave all the pleasant accommodations of their native country, and go over a terrible *ocean*, into a more terrible *desart*, for the *pure enjoyment of all his ordinances*."

“ *General Considerations for the Plantation of New England.* ”

“ It will be a service unto the *Church* of great consequence, to carry the *gospel* into *those* parts of the world, and raise a *bulwark* against the kingdom of *antichrist*, which the *Jesuites* labor to rear up in *all* parts of the world.

“ All other churches of *Europe* have been brought under *desolations*; and it may be feared that the like judgments are coming upon *us*; and who knows but God hath provided this place to be a *refuge* for many, whom he means to save out of the *general destruction*.

“ What can be a better or nobler work, and more worthy of a *christian*, than to erect and support a *reformed particular church* in its infancy, and unite our forces with such a company of faithful people, as by a timely assistance may grow stronger and prosper; but for want of it, may be put to great hazards, if not be wholly ruined.

“ If any such as are known to be godly, and live in wealth and prosperity here, shall forsake all this to join with this *reformed church*, and with it run the hazard of a hard and mean condition, it will be an example of great use, both for the removing of *scandal*, and to give more *life* unto the *faith* of God’s people in their prayers for the plantation, and also to encourage others to join the more willingly in it.”—*Mather’s Magnalia*, Vol. I. pp. 64, 65.

By copying the following extract we do not intend to assert that the outline of this story is true, but merely to show that the example of devotedness here exhibited, is not unparalleled in the history of the Pilgrims.

“ Being happily arrived at *New-England*, our new planters found the difficulties of a rough and hard *wilderness* presently assaulting them: of which the worst was the *sickliness* which many of them had contracted by these other difficulties. Of those who soon died after their first arrival, not the least considerable was the lady *Arabella*, who left an earthly *paradise* in the family of

an *Earldom*, to encounter the sorrows of a wilderness, for the entertainments of a *pure worship* in the *house of God*; and then immediately left that *wilderness* for the heavenly *paradise*, whereto the compassionate *Jesus*, of whom she was a *follower*, had called her. The *mortality* thus threatening of this new plantation so *enlivened* the devotions of this good people, that they set themselves by *fasting* and *prayer* to obtain from God the removal of it; and their brethren at *Plymouth* also attended the like duties on their behalf; the issue whereof was, that in a little time they not only had *health* restored, but they likewise enjoyed the special directions and assistance of God, in the further prosecution of their undertakings."

Mather's Magnalia, Vol. I. p. 71.



CASTINE.



A CONSIDERABLE proportion of this story is fictitious. The following facts, however, are interwoven with other incidents, designed to illustrate some peculiarities in the condition of the New-England settlers.

"The peace of Ryswick was of short duration. In May, 1702, war was proclaimed by England both against France and Spain. The American colonies of both nations took an active part. While the English colonies were at war with the Spanish in the south, they had a more formidable enemy to encounter in the French at Canada. Notwithstanding the eastern Indians had given a solemn assurance of their determination to remain at peace with New-England, yet they soon commenced hostilities, and the whole country from Casco to Wells was devastated."—*Willard's Republic of America*. p. 97.

To the living witnesses of these atrocities, the name of Hertel de Rouville was fearfully familiar. He was pre-eminent among the French officers in Canada, for

treacherous and cold hearted cruelty, and as the historical records of that period show, the chief agent in scenes of bloodshed even more dreadful than any I have attempted to describe.

“At an early period, the Baron Castine, a Frenchman, had seated himself on the Penobscot, and opened a trade with the natives. He was a nobleman of distinction, a man of intrigue and enterprise ; and had formed an alliance with the savages in that part of the country, in order, it is supposed, to break up the settlements of the English in New England. To promote his designs, he married and had living with him at one time, six Indian wives. He had at the same time several Roman Catholic priests, at his palace on the east side of the Penobscot, in the present town of Castine. By the aid of these priests, and the efforts of his own genius, he acquired great influence over the natives, and not only furnished them fire arms, but taught them their use ; and such was his success, that at the commencement of Philip’s war, the knowledge of gunpowder and fire arms was universally extended among the savages in the northern part of New-England. The Baron was considered the most dangerous enemy of the English, and they at various times attempted to capture him ; but though his fortress was taken and plundered, he escaped to the wilderness.”—*Willard’s Republic of America*. p. 91.

With regard to the residence of the Baron Castine, it was certainly a place of considerable splendor and dignity in the eyes of that generation, and was known throughout the colonies by the name of Castine Palace.

One of the daughters of the Baron is mentioned in history, though not as acting in the events here described.







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